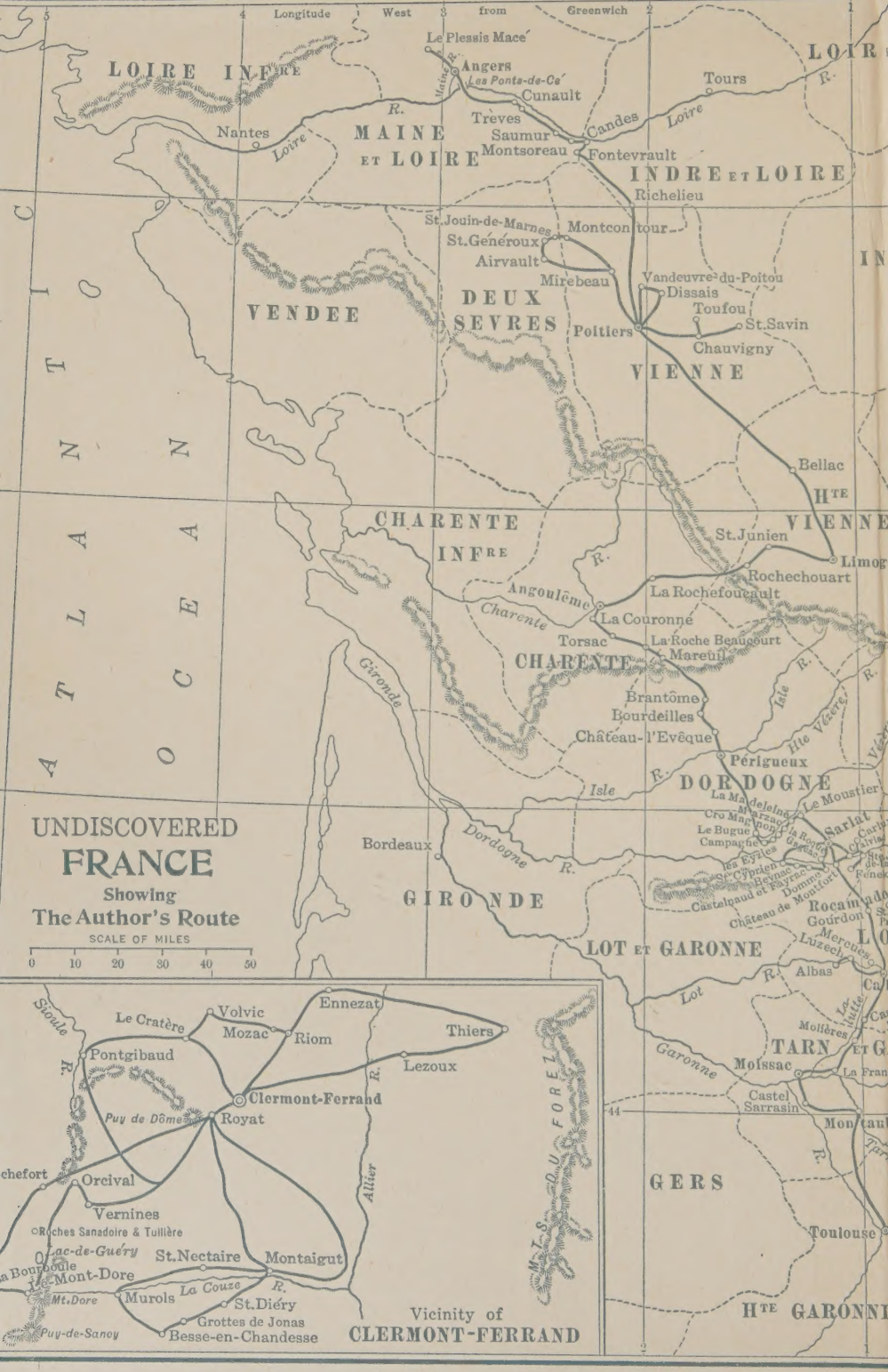
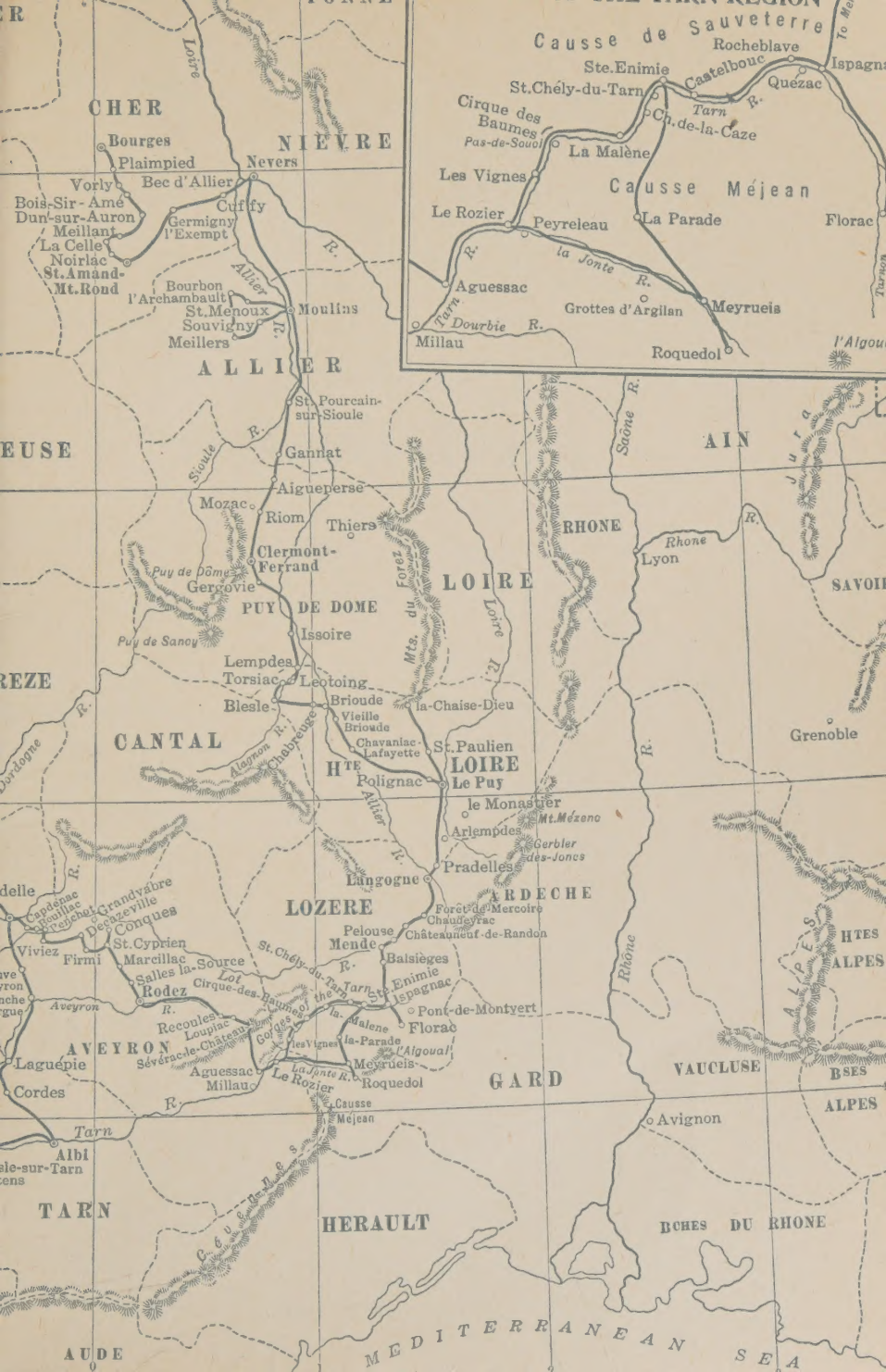
UNDISCOVERED FRANCE

EMILE F. WILLIAMS


Longitude West from Greenwich
LOIRE INFRE
Le Plessis Macé
Angers
Les Ponts-de-Cé
Cunault
Tours
Nantes
Loire
MAINE ET LOIRE
Treves
Saumur
Montsoreau
Candes
Fontevrault
INDRE ET LOIRE
Richelieu
St. Jouin-de-Marnes
Montcontour
St. Généroux
Airvault
Mirebeau
Vandeuvre-du-Poitou
Dissais
Toufou
St. Savin
Poitiers
Chauvigny
DEUX SEVRES
VENDEE
VIENNE
Bellac
HTE VIENNE
CHARENTE INFRE
St. Junien
Limoges
Rochechouart
Angoulême
La Rochefoucault
Charente
La Couronne
Torsac
La Roche Beaugourt
Mareuil
CHARENTE
Gironde
Brantôme
Bourdeilles
Château-l'Evêque
Périgueux
DORDOGNE
Isle
Le Moustier
Sarlat
Bordeaux
Dordogne
GIRONDE
Castelnaud et Fayrac
Château de Montfort
Gourdon
LOT ET GARONNE
Lot
Albas
Moissac
TARN ET G
Garonne
Castel Sarrasin
Montauban
GERS
Toulouse
HTE GARONNE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
UNDISCOVERED FRANCE
Showing The Author's Route
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
Sioule
Le Cratère
Volvic
Mozac
Riom
Ennezat
Thiers
Pontgibaud
Lezoux
Clermont-Ferrand
Puy de Dôme
Royat
Allier
Orcival
Vernines
Roches Sanadoire & Tuillière
Lac-de-Guéry
St. Nectaire
Montaigut
Mont-Dore
Mt. Dore
Murols
La Couze
St. Diéry
Grottes de Jonas
Puy-de-Sancy
Besse-en-Chandesse
Vicinity of CLERMONT-FERRAND
FOREZ


Causse de Sauveterre
Rocheblave
Ste.Enimie
Castelbouc
Quezac
Ispagna
St.Chély-du-Tarn
Tarn
R.
Cirque des Baumes
Pas-de-Souci
Cp.de-la-Caze
La Malène
Les Vignes
Causse Méjean
Le Rozier
Peyreleau
La Parade
Florac
la Jonte
R.
Aguessac
Grottes d'Argilan
Meyrueis
Tarn
Dourbie
R.
Millau
Roquedol
l'Algoual
CHER
NIÈVRE
Bourges
Plaimpied
Vorly
Bec d'Allier
Nevers
Bois-Sir-Amé
Dun-sur-Auron
Cuffy
Meillant
Germigny l'Exempt
La Celle
Noirlac
St.Amand-Mt.Rond
Loire
Allier
R.
Bourbon l'Archambault
St.Menoux
Souvigny
Meillers
Moulins
ALLIER
St.Pourcain-sur-Sioule
Sioule
R.
Gannat
Aigueperse
Mozac
Riom
Thiers
Clermont-Ferrand
Puy de Dôme
Gergovie
PUY DE DOME
Mts. du Forez
LOIRE
Puy de Sancy
Issoire
Lempdes
Torsiac
Leotoing
Blesle
Brioude
Vieille Brioude
la-Chaise-Dieu
Chavaniac-Lafayette
St.Paulien
CANTAL
Alagnon
Chabreuge
HTE LOIRE
Polignac
Le Puy
le Monastier
Mt.Mézenc
Arlempdes
Gerbler des-Jonc
Pradelles
Langogne
LOZERE
ARDECHE
Forêt de Mercoire
Chaudeyrac
Châteauneuf-de-Randon
Pelouse
Mende
Balsièges
Grandvabre
Dezezeville
Conques
Capdenac
Bouillac
Rejaché
St.Cyprien
Viviez
Firmi
Marcillac
Salles la Source
Rodez
Lot
Cirque-des-Baumes
St.Chély-du-Tarn
Tarn
Ste.Enimie
Ispagnac
Pont-de-Montvert
Florac
Recoules
Loupiac
Sévérac-le-Château
Aveyron
AVEYRON
Gorges du Tarn
les Vignes
la-Malene
la-Parade
Meyrueis
l'Algoual
Aguessac
Millau
Le Rozier
Roquedol
Causse Méjean
Laguépie
Cordes
Albi
Tarn
GARD
VAUCLUSE
Avignon
Rhone
Saône R.
AIN
Jura
RHONE
Lyon
SAVOIE
Grenoble
ALPES
HTES ALPES
BSES ALPES
TARN
HERAULT
BCHES DU RHONE
AUDE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Ruth Fiske
Cornwall -
April 1930 -

UNDISCOVERED FRANCE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/undiscoveredfran0000emil

Cliché T.C.F.

CHÂTEAU OF BEYNAC, ON THE DORDOGNE

UNDISCOVERED FRANCE

An Eight-Weeks Automobile Trip in the Provinces with special reference to the Architecture, Archæology, History, and Scenery

BY

EMILE FRANCIS WILLIAMS

With Illustrations and Map

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1927

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY EMILE FRANCIS WILLIAMS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO MY MOTHER'S COUNTRY

LA BELLE FRANCE

PREFACE

'UNDISCOVERED FRANCE?' said my editor when I took him my manuscript. 'I didn't know there was any.' — Neither did I in 1921 when I began to travel in the provinces of France. However, I soon noticed that, once off the routes established by tourist agencies and autobus companies, I never met an American and seldom other foreign travellers. As I continued to extend my own travels to every part of France, I was forced to the conviction that vast sections of the most interesting provinces were practically *terra incognita* to my countrymen. How very few American travellers have ever heard of Moissac, Conques, or Souvigny! How many have been to Saint-Savin, Angoulême, or Moulins? Only a sprinkling of the more enterprising, it would appear. Even Toulouse and Albi, Poitiers and Clermont-Ferrand are unknown to the majority.

This book is an effort to point the way for the traveller who enjoys varied and beautiful scenery, Roman ruins and mediæval monuments, and intercourse with a people whom modern life has as yet only superficially affected, a people who are still carrying on the same pursuits as did their forefathers, in the same houses, and with their simple faith and tenacity of purpose. We Americans all spring from Europe, at a more or less remote date, and the sight of the conditions under which our ancestors lived revives in us certain atavistic emotions of which we are often unconscious till they are stimulated by the very conditions under which they were acquired many centuries ago.

The adherence to old customs in provincial France is destined to go the way of all things human. The

peaceful penetration of the automobile, the cinema, and modern customs is rapidly bringing the larger cities down to the deadly level of other parts of the world, and if one would enjoy the picturesqueness of the ancient ways of life, one must make haste to see it before it entirely disappears.

With the aim of facilitating travel, I have cast this book in the form of a tour which I recently made with my wife. The hotels that we stayed at are mentioned for the purpose of aiding the movements of would-be followers. They were satisfactory at the time and probably will be found so now, but proprietors die or sell out, and it is well to refer to the latest guidebook for confirmation. As far as Clermont-Ferrand, the itinerary of our own tour is strictly followed and I have given the dates, as affording some help as to length of stay. The excursions described as from Clermont were made mostly from Royat, only two miles away, where there are excellent hotels to suit all purses, with the added advantage of being near the country instead of in a noisy city. Many friends have expressed the fear of not being able to make their wants known in a distinctly French region. This need deter no one; there is always some one in a hotel with at least a smattering of English, and the uniform courtesy we have always encountered everywhere simplifies travel, even for those who do not speak the language.

The Michelin road maps, Series Nos. 51 to 86, are superior to anything else on the market, not only on account of their accuracy, but for convenience in handling. Very useful also is the Michelin Guidebook, which contains a wealth of information about hotels, the entrances and exits to towns and cities, and the monuments that ought to be seen in each. Every French chauffeur carries one with him and both maps and Guide are obtainable everywhere.

I have taken pains to convert all measurements into miles, feet, and inches, for they mean so much more to us in that form than in kilometres and metres. Every one should remember that the kilometre is five eighths of a mile, the metre 3.28 feet, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres make an inch.

In order to avoid extreme heat and the vacation season, when hotels are sometimes crowded, the best time for visiting the regions I have described is from May 15th to July 15th, and after September 1st till the cold weather sets in. Unless the tourist is indifferent to chill bedrooms and drafty dining-rooms, no other time of year is comfortable. *Chauffage central* is for the most part a delusion, and not to be relied on for comfort, when operated by people possessed with the extraordinary hardiness and endurance of the French.

It is hardly necessary to state that the present tour covers but a small fraction of undiscovered France. Every year has revealed to us unsuspected artistic and architectural treasures, placed among natural surroundings, which more than justify the well-worn appellation 'la belle France.' If this book can but stimulate Americans to go and see for themselves what we have so greatly enjoyed, it will have accomplished its object.

EMILE FRANCIS WILLIAMS

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
April, 1927.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

ANGERS — LE PLESSIS-MACÉ

Arrival at *Le Cheval Blanc* — Cathedral Saint-Maurice — Château d'Angers — The Tapestries of the Apocalypse — The Museums — La Maulévrie — Hospice Saint-Jean — A fifteenth-century château, Le Plessis-Macé — La Préfecture — Other churches and ancient houses 1

CHAPTER II

ANGERS TO POITIERS

Les-Ponts-de-Cé — Troglodyte habitations — Cunault — Trèves — How we did not visit Saumur — Montsoreau — Saint-Martin-de-Candes — Abbey of Fontevrault — Tombs of Henry II and Richard I — Richelieu, the whim of the Cardinal — Arrival at Poitiers 23

CHAPTER III

POITIERS AND SOME ENVIRONS

History — Notre-Dame-la-Grande — Cathedral Saint-Pierre — Window of the Crucifixion — Baptistère Saint-Jean — Excursion to Mirebeau, Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, Saint-Généroux, and Airvault — A royal Merovingian saint and her church — Château of Dissais — A military parade — The palace of Duke Jean — Saint-Porchaire — Saint-Hilaire-le-Grand — Excursion to Chauvigny, Saint-Savin, and the Castle of Toufou — Twelfth-century frescoes at Saint-Savin 33

CHAPTER IV

LIMOGES AND ANGOULÊME

Bellac — Limoges — How France covered the land with churches — Cathedral Saint-Étienne — Saint-Pierre — Saint-Michel-des-Lions — Old porcelain and Limoges enamels — Ancient bridges — On to Saint-Junien — Rochechouart — Grand castle of La Rochefoucault — Arrival at Angoulême 57

CHAPTER V

ANGOULÊME TO PÉRIGUEUX

A comfortable hotel — Picturesque site of the city — Cathedral Saint-Pierre — Hôtel de Ville — Markets in France — L'Oisellerie — Torsac — Brantôme and its ancient abbey — Bourdeilles — Arrival at Périgueux 71

CHAPTER VI

PÉRIGUEUX TO SARLAT

Périgueux — Cathedral Saint-Front — Picturesque river-banks — Museum — Church of Saint-Étienne — Roman remains — The Quebec roof in Périgord — Along the charming Vézère — Les Eyzies — Prehistoric dwellings of the human race — Arrival at Sarlat 80

CHAPTER VII

SARLAT AND ENVIRONS

'*Avez-vous vu Padirac?*' — The eyrie city of Domme — Fascinating châteaux of the Dordogne — Our first *panne* — More châteaux — Our second *panne* — Old houses of Sarlat 88

CHAPTER VIII

SARLAT TO CAHORS

One more château on the Dordogne — Gourdon — Cahors — Cathedral Saint-Étienne, the first domed church in France — Grand twelfth-century sculpture — Mediæval character of the city — The finest fortified bridge in France — Curious old cities on the Lot 96

CHAPTER IX

CAHORS TO MOISSAC AND TOULOUSE

Desolate *causses* of the Quercy — Castelnau de Montratier — Molières — A farm owned by one family since Charlemagne — The Abbey of Moissac — Masterpieces of twelfth-century sculpture — The bridge of Montauban — The cathedral — The Musée Ingres — *Cornières* of Montauban — Arrival at Toulouse in the nick of time 106

CHAPTER X

TOULOUSE

History — A review of the Albigensian heresy and the crusade of Innocent III to eradicate it 117

CHAPTER XI

TOULOUSE (*continued*)

Cathedral Saint-Étienne — Picturesque ancient houses — La Dalbade — The old bridge — Sumptuous Hôtel d'Assézat — The Hôtel de Ville — Basilica of Saint-Sernin — The holiest spot in all the world — La Daurade — Les Jacobins — A wonderful museum at Les Augustins — Musée Saint-Raymond 125

CHAPTER XII

TOULOUSE TO ALBI

Rabastens and its fortified church — Lisle-sur-Tarn and its *couverts* — A thirteenth-century *bastide* — Gaillac, a seventh-century abbatial town — Albi — A gastronome's paradise — A fortress cathedral, stronghold of a militant bishop — Why Sainte-Cécile is a fortress — Treasures of art in the interior — The episcopal palace another fortress — Saint-Salvi — Le Pont Vieux 138

CHAPTER XIII

ALBI TO FIGEAC — ROCAMADOUR AND RETURN TO FIGEAC

The hill city of Cordes — Laguépie — Villefranche-de-Rouergue, thirteenth-century *bastide* — Villeneuve-d'Aveyron — Arrival at Figeac — The typical fortified church of Rudelle — Gramat — Descent into the canyon where is Rocamadour — *Le Lion d'Or* — A place of pilgrimage dating from the earliest Christian times — Truffle preserves — A circus that lost its way — Churches of Figeac — Mediæval streets and houses 149

CHAPTER XIV

FIGEAC TO CONQUES AND RODEZ

Capdenac — Upper valley of the Lot — Decazeville and its coal mines — *Le Pré des Moines* and the lovely valley of the Dourdou — Conques, a fortified abbey on a mountain-side — Romanesque architecture at its best — The richest church *trésor* in France — Marcillac — Salles la Source — Arrival at Rodez 159

CHAPTER XV

RODEZ — THROUGH THE GORGES OF THE TARN TO MENDE

Rodez. a hill city — Cathedral Notre-Dame — Church of Saint-Amans — The episcopal palace — Ancient houses — Along the Aveyron — Sévérac-le-Château — Le causse de Sauveterre — We reach the Tarn at Aguessac — Extraordinary aspect of the valley — Le Rozier — The Gorges begin — Wonderful French roads — *Cirque des Baumes* — Château de la Caze — Shooting the rapids of the Tarn — Sainte-Enimie — Le causse Méjean — Meyrueis — Ispagnac and Quézac — Florac — Causse de Sauveterre to Mende, another hill city — Cathedral Saint-Pierre — Old streets and houses 169

CHAPTER XVI

MENDE TO LE PUY

High plateaux in the Lozère — Pelouse — Châteauneuf-de-Randon, before which died Du Guesclin — *Clocher Mur* of Chaudeyrac — Langogne and its coppersmiths — Pradelles — Mont Mézenc and Le Gerbier des Joncs — Le Puy en Velay 190

CHAPTER XVII

LE PUY AND ENVIRONS

The miraculous origin of Notre-Dame-du-Puy — A cathedral on a mountain summit — In the heart of the Middle Ages — Church of Saint-Laurent — Saint-Michel de l'Aiguilhe — A chapel on a rock needle — Polignac, a castle of robber barons — An excursion to La Chaise-Dieu — The Dance of Death — Priceless tapestries of the old abbey 195

CHAPTER XVIII

LE PUY TO CLERMONT-FERRAND

The Glorious Fourth not forgotten at Le Puy — Birthplace of Lafayette — The Château of Chavaniac-Lafayette — Brioude — Church of Saint-Julien — Valley of the Alagnon — Issoire — The Cathedral of Saint-Paul — Gergovia, a capital of Gaul — Vercingetorix and Cæsar — Arrival at Clermont-Ferrand 216

CHAPTER XIX

CLERMONT-FERRAND

Clermont and Montferrand — Cathedral Notre-Dame — The Church of Notre-Dame-du-Port where Urbain II and Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade — About Romanesque capitals — Ancient houses — The Musée Bargoin 226

CHAPTER XX

ENVIRONS OF CLERMONT-FERRAND (1)

Ancient church of Chamalières — Royat and its baths — A twelfth-century fortified church — Montferrand, a city overlooked by progress — Thirty-five miles over mountain ridges — Vernines, Orcival and its pilgrimage — Roches Tuilière and Sanadoire — The thermal stations of Le Mont Dore and La Bourboule — Rochefort-Montagne — The Puy de Dôme — A Roman temple of Mercury 232

CHAPTER XXI

ENVIRONS OF CLERMONT-FERRAND (2)

A ride in the mountains to Pontgibaud — A castle of ancestors of Lafayette — Riom, the ancient capital of Auvergne — A chapel of Duke Jean de Berry — The town still essentially a mediæval city — The ancient Abbey of Mozac — Volvic and the Château of Tournoël — Ennezat and the fresco of 'The Quick and the Dead' — Thiers, where cutlery is still manufactured as in the Middle Ages 243

CHAPTER XXII

ENVIRONS OF CLERMONT-FERRAND (3)

The picturesque valley of la Couze — Saint-Nectaire-les-Bains — Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut — A gem of Auvergne archi-

tecture — Ruins of the formidable Château de Murols — A mountain city of the days of Henri IV — Besse-en-Chandesse and its Black Virgin — Prehistoric grottoes in chalk cliffs — List of *Monuments Historiques* and antiquities in the Puy de Dôme Department 259

CHAPTER XXIII

CLERMONT-FERRAND TO MOULINS

Aigueperse — Gothic church of Notre-Dame — Sainte-Chapelle — Gannat and the Church of Sainte-Croix — Saint-Pourçain-sur-Sioule — Approach to Moulins — Gothic Cathedral Notre-Dame — Stained glass — The triptych by the *Master of Moulins* — A château of the Bourbons — The Museum and the Bible of Souvigny 273

CHAPTER XXIV

ENVIRONS OF MOULINS

The Abbey of Souvigny, the tomb of the Bourbons — Treasures of mediæval architecture — Meillers — Bourbon l'Archambault, the cradle of the Bourbons — A marriage at the castle in the thirteenth century — The abbey church of Saint-Menoux — How to see nothing of France by automobile 283

CHAPTER XXV

NEVERS

A well-situated, clean city — The Cathedral of Saint-Cyr and Sainte-Julitte — The Romanesque Church of Saint-Étienne — The Château of the Dukes of Nevers — Lohengrin on the Loire — About Nevers pottery 298

CHAPTER XXVI

NEVERS TO BOURGES

Cuffy and the Corporation of the Mariners of the Loire — Germigny-l'Exempt — Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond — The Cistercian Abbey of Noirlac — La Celle Bruère, Roman centre of Gaul — The New York of American doughboys — A very ancient church — The grand Château of Meillant — Dun-sur-Auron — Bois-Sir-Amé and Agnès Sorel — Abbey of Plaimpied — Arrival at Bourges 305

CHAPTER XXVII

BOURGES

History — Sketch of the Life of Jacques Cœur — His palace — The Hôtel Cujas — Musée du Berry — Stair tower of the ancient Hôtel de Ville — The Hôtel Lallemant — The old portal of Saint-Ursin — Churches of Bourges — The Archevêché — Conflicting estimates of Bourges as a residence 312

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CATHEDRAL SAINT-ÉTIENNE OF BOURGES

History of the monument — General description — The west front — The Romanesque portals — The nave and choir — The spell of its wonderful stained glass — The different periods and where they may be seen — The crypt — Conclusion 325

Glossary 343

Bibliography 349

Index 353

ILLUSTRATIONS

Château of Beynac, on the Dordogne *Frontispiece*

Cathedral and Tower of Saint-Aubin, Angers 4

Cathedral of Angers, South Side 5

Cathedral of Angers — The Nave 5

Château of Angers, the Moat, and 'Bout du Monde' 8

Twelfth-Century Hall, Archbishop's Palace, Angers 9

Tapestry of the Apocalypse — One Panel 9

Dungeon, Chapel, and Tower of Henri IV, Château of the Plessis-Macé 16

Balcony of Diane de Poitiers, Château of the Plessis-Macé 16

Pincé Museum, Angers 17

House of Adam, Angers 17

Storehouse of the Ancient Hospital, Angers 20

Twelfth-Century Sculptures and Frescoes, Abbey of Saint-Aubin, Angers 20

Twelfth-Century Church at Cunault 21

Château of Montsoreau 21

Portal of Church at Candes 24

Abbey of Fontevrault 25

Tour d'Evrault, Old Kitchen at Fontevrault 28

Lantern of the Dead, Fontevrault 28

Tombs of Richard Cœur de Lion and of His Mother Eléanore de Guyenne 29

City Gate, Richelieu 32

Park of Château of Richelieu 32
Church of Notre-Dame-la-Grande, Poitiers 33
Cathedral of Poitiers — Window of the Crucifixion 38
Baptistery of Saint-Jean, Poitiers 39
Church of Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes 39
Church of Saint-Généroux 42
Twelfth-Century Bridge over the Thouet, near Airvault 42
Palace of Duke Jean de Berry, Poitiers 43
Isabeau de Bavière, Statue in the Palace 43
Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe (height 308 feet) 52
Interior of Saint-Savin 52
Fresco at Saint-Savin — The Ark 53
Capital at Sainte-Radegonde, Poitiers — Daniel in the Lion's Den 53
Capital at Upper Church of Chauvigny 53
Bridge of Saint-Étienne and Cathedral — Limoges 68
Château of Rochechouart 68
Château of La Rochefoucault — Inner Court 69
Cathedral of Angoulême 72
L'Oisellerie, Ancient Manor House, La Couronne 73
Ruins of Abbey of La Couronne 73
The Abbey, Brantôme 78
Ancient Grotto, Brantôme 78
Cathedral of Saint-Front, Périgueux — from the Air 79
Interior of Saint-Front, Périgueux 82
Old Houses along the Isle River, Périgueux 82

Roman Tower of Vésone, Périgueux 83
Road along the Vézère 83
Les Eyzies 86
Château of Campagne 87
Thirteenth-Century Fortified Gate, Domme 87
Château of Fénelon 90
Château of Laroque-Gageac 90
Renaissance Mantelpiece, Sarlat 90
Lantern of the Dead, Sarlat 91
Sixteenth-Century House, Sarlat 91
Houses, Fourteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, Sarlat 96
Birthplace of La Boétie, Sixteenth Century, Sarlat 96
Interior of Cathedral, Cahors 97
Cloisters of Cathedral, Cahors 97
Twelfth-Century Portal of the Cathedral, Cahors 100
Pont Valentré, built 1308 to 1355, Cahors 101
The Goose-Market, Cahors 104
The Sheep-Market, Cahors 104
The Barbican and Fortifications, Cahors 105
Old Mill on the Lot, Cahors 105
Moissac — Tympanum of Portal (circa 1135) 108
Moissac — Cloisters of the Abbey, Twelfth and Fifteenth Centuries 109
Moissac Portal — Isaiah 112
Moissac Portal — Right-Hand Panel 112
Twelfth-Century Capitals — Cloisters of Moissac 113

Fourteenth-Century Brick Bridge and the Museum, Montauban 116
Arcades and Market-Place, Montauban 116
The Festival of the Jeux Floraux in 1326 117
From a painting in the *Capitole*, Toulouse, by J. P. Laurens
Interior of the Cathedral, Toulouse 126
The Capitole and Dungeon 126
Portal of the Cathedral, Toulouse 127
Doorway of Gothic House, Toulouse 127
Church of the Jacobins, Toulouse 130
Hôtel d'Assézat, Toulouse 130
Basilica of Saint-Sernin, Toulouse 131
Apse of Saint-Sernin, Toulouse 134
The Museum, Toulouse 135
Fifteenth-Century Virgin and Child, Toulouse Museum 135
Lisle-sur-Tarn — Wooden Houses and Arcades around the City Square, Thirteenth Century 138
Gaillac 138
Cathedral and Archbishop's Palace, Albi 139
Apse of Cathedral, Albi 146
Interior of Cathedral, Albi 146
Albi Cathedral — The Choir 147
Albi Cathedral — Detail of Choir Screen 147
Cordes 150
Gothic Houses, Cordes 150
City Square, Villefranche-de-Rouergue 151
Old Mint, Figeac 151
The Fortified Church of Rudelle 154

Inner Court of the Sanctuaries, Rocamadour 154
Rocamadour 155
Conques 162
Tympanum of the Portal of the Church, Conques 163
Gold Statue of Sainte-Foy, Conques 168
Silver-Gilt Reliquary, Eleventh Century, Conques 168
Gold Reliquary of Pépin, Ninth Century, Conques 168
Cathedral, Rodez 169
Apse of Church, Conques 169
Gorges of the Tarn 178
Château-de-la-Caze, Gorges of the Tarn 178
Saint-Chély-du-Tarn 179
Peyreleau, Gorges of the Tarn 179
Castelbouc, Gorges of the Tarn 184
Gothic Bridge, Quézac 184
The Valley of the Lot at Balsièges 185
The Cathedral, Mende 190
The Church and Covered Fountain, Pelouse 190
Cattle Market, Châteauneuf-de-Randon 191
Covered Market, Langogne 191
Le Puy-en-Velay 196
Façade of the Cathedral, Le Puy 197
North Side of the Cathedral and Cloisters, Le Puy 206
Saint-Michel-de-l'Aiguilhe, Le Puy 207
Portal of Saint-Michel, Le Puy 207
Fresco of the Liberal Arts, Cathedral of Le Puy 210

Château of Polignac 210
The Choir, Abbey of La Chaise-Dieu 211
Château of Chavaniac-Lafayette 218
Capitals in the Church of Saint-Julien, Brioude 218
Apse of the Church, Issoire 219
The Cathedral, Clermont 226
Apse of Notre-Dame-du-Port, Clermont 227
Interior of Notre-Dame-du-Port, Clermont 230
South Portal — Notre-Dame-du-Port 231
The Washing of the Disciples' Feet, Clermont 231
Gallo-Roman Sarcophagus, Clermont 231
The Fortified Church, Royat 234
Orcival 234
The Washerwomen's Grotto, Royat 235
Remains of Roman Constructions, Royat 235
House of the Lily, Montferrand 238
House of the Annunciation, Montferrand 238
Panorama of the Puys from Temple of Mercury, Puy-de-Dôme 239
View of the Dikes and Valley of Rochefort 239
Château of Pontgibaud 246
House of the Consuls, Riom 247
The Town Belfry, Riom 247
The Holy Women at the Sepulchre, Capital at Mozac 252
Jonah and the Whale, Capital at Mozac 252
Reliquary of Saint Calmin, Abbey of Mozac 252
The Church of Ennezat 253
View toward the Nave 253
Château du Piroux, Thiers 256

Ancient Sign of the Guild of Blacksmiths, Thiers 257
House of the Wooden Man, Thiers 257
Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut 260
Saint Nectaire raises Bradulus from the Dead, Capital at Saint-Nectaire 261
The Betrayal, Capital at Saint-Nectaire 261
Château of Murols 264
The Church at Besse-en-Chandesse 264
Notre-Dame-d'Orcival 265
Notre-Dame-de-Vassivière 265
The Grottoes of Jonas 265
Hôtel de Ville, Aigueperse 274
The Cathedral, Moulins 274
Triptych by 'The Master of Moulins' 275
The Town Belfry, Moulins 278
Entrance of the Lycée Banville, Moulins 278
The Deanery, Moulins 279
Old Street, Moulins 279
Initial Letter of the Book of Daniel, Bible of Souvigny, Moulins Museum 282
Glazed Terra-cotta Statuette of Saint-Louis, Moulins Museum 282
Abbey of Souvigny 283
The Chapelle Neuve, Abbey Church of Souvigny 288
North Aisle of Nave, Abbey Church of Souvigny 288
Abbey Church and Priory, Souvigny 289
Church of Saint-Menoux 289
Bourbon l'Archambault 294
Choir of Saint-Menoux 295
Portal of Church of Meillers 295

Cathedral of Nevers 298
Interior of Saint-Étienne of Nevers 299
Porte du Croux, Ancient City Gate, Nevers 299
Former Palace of the Dukes of Nevers 302
Former Bishop's Palace, now Museum, Nevers 303
Church of La Celle Bruère 303
Abbey of Noirlac 306
Staircase, Abbey of Noirlac 307
Roman Column Marking the Centre of Gaul, La Celle Bruère 307
Château of Meillant 308
Stair Tower, Château of Meillant 309
Chapel of Château of Meillant 310
Town Gate, Dun-sur-Auron 310
Dun in 1615 311
From an old painting
Ruins of Bois-Sir-Amé, Château of Agnès Sorel 311
House of Jacques Cœur, East Façade, Bourges 316
House of Jacques Cœur, West Façade, Bourges 317
Gothic Stair Tower of Former Hôtel de Ville, Bourges 320
Tympanum of Portal of Church of Saint-Ursin, Bourges 321
Arms of Anne of Brittany and Louis XII, Hôtel Lallemant, Bourges 324
The Tithe Barn, Thirteenth Century, Bourges 324
South Side of the Cathedral, Bourges 325
The Five Western Portals of the Cathedral, Bourges 328
The Last Judgment, Tympanum of Central Portal of the Cathedral, Bourges 329

South Porch of the Cathedral, Bourges 332
Detail of South Portal of the Cathedral, Bourges 332
Interior of the Cathedral, Bourges 333
Window of Chapel of the Tullier Family (1532), Cathedral of Bourges 340
Duke Jean de Berry and His Second Wife, Jeanne de Boulogne, Cathedral, Bourges 341
Reconstructed Tomb of Jean de Berry, Bourges Museum 341

UNDISCOVERED FRANCE

CHAPTER I

ANGERS — LE PLESSIS-MACÉ

Arrival at *Le Cheval Blanc* — Cathedral Saint-Maurice — Château d'Angers — The Tapestries of the Apocalypse — The Museums — La Maulévrie — Hospice Saint-Jean — A fifteenth-century château, Le Plessis-Macé — La Préfecture — Other churches and ancient houses.

On May 30th we left Paris by train, to begin at Angers an automobile tour, through the southwest and the centre of France. Glad enough were we to leave behind us the restless city, its incessant noise and swarms of taxis. With all material concerns arranged to our satisfaction, we were at last free to enjoy without stint the glory of the springtime, the peace of the lovely French country, and the inexhaustible treasures of architecture with which all the provinces of France abound. A foretaste of the pleasures to come was given us from the train windows, by the sight of the vine-clad hills and the white villages of Touraine. It is indeed the garden of France, but a garden so full of history, legend, and romance that he who will may choose just which stimulant to the imagination affords the greatest joy. Full of pleasant anticipations we sped by town after town with curious belfries, picturesque bridges, past leisurely moving canal boats, threading their way through tender green lanes of poplars, by crumbling ruins on commanding hilltops, and all too soon we drew in to the station at Angers. There, waited the stuffy little omnibus drawn by the ancient white

horse, which meets the trains for the *Hôtel du Cheval Blanc.* We were soon installed in the comfortable large room that we had occupied the year before, but sorry to find that our landlords had changed and that the courtly old lady, very grand in her rustling black silk dress, and her two engaging daughters, had sold out to a Parisian family who were now running the house. The *Cheval Blanc* is a famous hostelry, for it is the second oldest in France, having been founded in 1514; and besides this title to fame it has acquired a well-deserved reputation for the excellence of its cuisine and the quality of its cellar. The owners control the entire output of some of the choicest vintages of Anjou, and there are none better in the opinion of many French connoisseurs. The house was being thoroughly renovated, and the fresh wall-papers, clean paint, and new furnishings made some amends for the absence of the exquisite manners of the former proprietors, so full of solicitude for the comfort of their guests.

What a wonderful town is Angers, with its many old houses, churches, museums, the feudal castle and other splendid monuments! Yet it is unknown to most American tourists. It is only sixty-five miles west of Tours, where they usually end the visit of what they call 'the château country,' overlooking the thousands of châteaux all over France. Angers offers greater and more varied interest than many other much-frequented places on the recognized tourist routes. Its history runs back to that of Gaul, when it was already, before the beginning of the Christian era, the capital of an important people. The later Roman city had baths, a theatre and an amphitheatre, the memory of which subsists in the Rue des Arènes. It should be especially interesting to Anglo-Saxons, for it was virtually a second capital of England during the Plantagenet period.

Henry II often came there and under him were built several edifices, the first of a strong Angevin school of architecture. One of these, the Église Saint-Serge, has a choir of the end of the twelfth century which is of the best and most elegant Plantagenet style. This style is characterized by having the arch of the intersecting ribs of each bay more pointed and consequently higher than the arches enclosing the bay, giving thus greater depth to the vaults and making them look like small domes.

Situated on the river Maine, only five miles above its junction with the Loire, the older part of Angers rises rather steeply on the slopes of the left bank and also extends some distance on the right bank in the ancient quarter of *la Doutre*. The newer city stretches in all directions, on the high plateau above the left bank, beyond a succession of fine broad boulevards that have supplanted on both sides of the river the fortified walls, which, until the last century, smothered it within a much-restricted space.

We had spent a few days at Angers the year before, when as customary with us we set out on our arrival to visit the cathedral, everywhere our first objective, for we rather specialize in architecture, though this does not exclude interest in everything curious or beautiful.

Saint-Maurice of Angers, though not one of the great cathedrals, is one of the oldest and is noteworthy in being one of the few that have escaped excessive restoration. It still preserves the original construction of its twelfth-century nave and transepts, its thirteenth-century choir and much stained glass of the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. Although early Gothic throughout, it lacks the exuberant wealth of decoration that characterizes that period elsewhere. The flat façade is rather severe, its one nave with no side aisles is very

simple, the choir with no ambulatory has but one bay preceding the apse; nevertheless, the proportions of the edifice are so well-balanced and the vaults are so elegant in their upward surge that one is impressed by a sense of grandeur and space not always realized, even in more ambitious churches.

The west front is at the top of a steep street that breaks into stairs as it approaches the cathedral square. It affords a pleasant glimpse of the river Maine below and well-cultivated fields across the valley. The façade is pierced by a single portal, rather low for the great height of the building. On either side are four tall statues set in niches surmounted by deeply recessed Gothic arches whose archivolts are decorated with a multitude of statuettes. Above the doors is a tympanum wherein sits a Christ in Majesty surrounded by the Symbols of the Evangelists. Above the portal is a fine window flanked by blind arcades, and high up, in niches covered with pinnacles, is an imposing row of eight gigantic stone statues representing Saint Maurice and his companions in the military costume of the sixteenth century. The upper part of the façade and the statues date from about 1540. The lofty spires of the west front were rebuilt in 1845 and are respectively two hundred and thirteen and two hundred and twenty-six feet high.

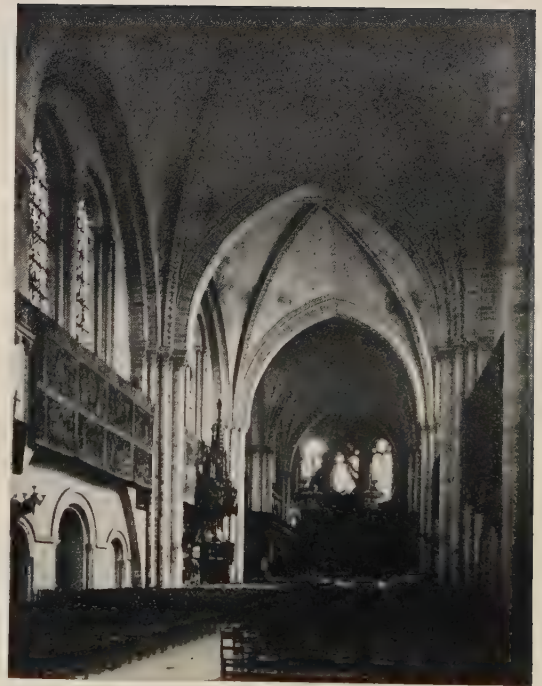
The excellent lighting of the interior is apparent as soon as we enter; there being no aisles, the windows open directly into the nave. This consists of three square bays, fifty-four feet wide, vaulted with the original ogival arches of the twelfth century, a great span for this early period. It was indeed the first great church to be so vaulted. The transepts and the first bay of the choir have the same width as the nave. The entire edifice is two hundred and ninety-seven feet long

Cliché T.C.F

CATHEDRAL AND TOWER OF SAINT-AUBIN, ANGERS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CATHEDRAL OF ANGERS — SOUTH SIDE



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CATHEDRAL OF ANGERS — THE NAVE

and eighty-five feet high; there is no triforium, only a narrow gallery for circulation, with a forged iron railing running around the church below the clerestory windows.

The stained glass of Saint-Maurice is one of its glories. The windows of the nave date from the twelfth, thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Most interesting are those representing the Life of the Virgin, the Martyrdom of Saint Catherine, and the Passion of Saint Vincent, all of 1170. A Crucifixion of the sixteenth century, opposite the church wardens' pew, is very fine. We noted in the south transept a 'Last Judgment' and a stunning rose window, figuring the Zodiac, by André Robin of Angers (fifteenth century); in the north transept a corresponding rose of the finest coloring and four great windows with subjects taken from the Apocalypse. Several signed by Robin bear the date 1452. The choir is illuminated by fine glass of the thirteenth century, illustrating the legends in the lives of Saint Julien, Saint Maurille, Saint Lawrence, and Saint Thomas à Becket. These windows, which are seen at their best in the morning, are unfortunately somewhat masked by the heavy graceless canopy of the great altar, over fifty feet high, and the huge carved wooden stalls that darken the choir and are almost the only false note in the whole structure. The eighteenth century to which these features belong was very hard on Gothic edifices; here as at Chartres and elsewhere it has left the impress of its nefarious taste.

We were fortunate in reaching Angers at a time of year when many of the wonderful tapestries of the Apocalypse, of which more anon, are loaned by the Museum to the cathedral for its adornment during months when they will not be injured by winter dampness. The effect of color and light produced by these

tapestries hung in profusion from the iron railings of the gallery, blending their colors with those thrown upon them by the late afternoon sun shining through the splendid old stained-glass windows, is gorgeous in the extreme, yet subdued and attuned by the simplicity of the setting to the religious character of the place.

The outer walls of the cathedral, between the south transept and the west front, give support to a row of very old houses leaning picturesquely against the church itself. Dwelling-houses, often of humble appearance, were thus built against churches in olden times, doubtless because space within city walls had become so scarce that the rental of every foot of ground afforded needed income for the support of the church. Since the middle of the last century these disfiguring excrescences have in most instances been cleared away and vast squares or gardens now give an adequate view of the monument; yet there still remain many churches which await better times to get breathing space about them, and these old rookeries are so picturesque that we could ill afford to lose them all.

The *Cheval Blanc* hotel is in a very narrow old street and it encloses two courtyards, both spotlessly clean, which give light and air. The first is used as an out-of-doors dining-room, garden, and entrance for the hotel omnibus. The *cheval blanc* is stabled in the rear courtyard. It is all very quaint and ancient and the timbering of the eaves of the roof is very interesting to those who are curious in the way of architectural details.

After a delectable dinner, at which we tasted for the first time one of the grand vintages of Anjou, *Château Serrant*, a rare treat now forbidden at home by fanatics ignorant of its harmless quality, we wandered out of the hotel to the rear of the cathedral, where are several fine old houses. Very interesting is *la Maison d'Adam*, a

half-timbered structure of oak and bricks built in the fifteenth century with elaborately carved door-posts, window frames, and corbels. There are many fascinating old streets in this part of the city which descend sharply to the river, occasionally by means of stairs. Angers boasts of a great many houses of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and one can study here the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance as well as in countless other places in France. It is not necessary to go to Nuremberg to see a picturesque mediæval city. Blois, Tours, Le Puy, Thiers, Montferrand, and scores of others have whole quarters that have remained unchanged, which are still inhabited, and where the same trades and crafts are carried on just as they were five or six hundred years ago. The cult of old houses is one of our hobbies and we shall often tarry before them. We wandered on in the approaching twilight, captivated by an old doorway here, a finely chiselled window there, or an enchanting door-knocker, until we reached *le Bout du Monde*, a broad elevated terrace skirting the eastern side of the Château d'Angers, from which it is separated by a dry moat, one hundred feet wide and thirty-six feet deep, spanned by a drawbridge with portcullis, the only entrance to the interior. *Le Bout du Monde* ends at a parapet commanding a fine view of the valley of the Maine. The setting sun illuminated the smiling country and mellowed even the forbidding mass of the stupendous castle. This is no princely residence like the châteaux of Blois and Amboise, or Chenonceaux and Azay le Rideau, but a gigantic feudal fortress built principally for business. Begun by Philippe Auguste, it was finished in the time of Saint Louis. There are seventeen huge round towers which are best seen from below, on the west side near the river. These were

originally one hundred and thirty feet high and they are connected by thick walls, the base of which is cut in the living rock. In 1585 Henri III, to conciliate the rebellious burghers, ordered the demolition of a large part of the fortress. The towers had been razed some thirty feet when the work of destruction was stopped by circumstances which fortunately preserved for us what was left of the castle.

The next day we were joined by a French lady whose acquaintance we had made in America when her husband was exchange professor at Harvard. Under her expert guidance we went to the old episcopal palace now turned into a museum of religious art. Much of it was built at the end of the eleventh century, other parts in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with modern additions in the Romanesque style of the earlier parts of the building. The basement, formerly a chapel, consists of a tall nave divided in two longitudinally by a row of columns between which are bold groined vaults. The decoration of windows and capitals attests the end of the eleventh century. The walls, parts of which go back to Gallo-Roman times, are said to be thirteen feet thick. A spiral staircase in a tower of 1510 leads to the great hall of the Synod (65 feet × 32½ feet), one of the rare examples extant of twelfth-century domestic architecture of the richer class, bequeathed to us almost unchanged. Even the tiled flooring is the very one trodden by the mediæval bishops. The most valued possession of the Museum is the admirable historical collection of tapestries; first and foremost is the series called the 'Tapestries of the Apocalypse' made in 1377 for Duke Louis d'Anjou by Nicholas Bataille, of Paris, on cartoons by Jean Bandol, of Bruges, the oldest known to exist in France. The successor of Louis d'Anjou, King René of Provence, be-

Neurdein Phot.

CHÂTEAU OF ANGERS, THE MOAT, AND 'BOUT DU MONDE'

TWELFTH-CENTURY HALL, ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, ANGERS

Giraudon

TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE — ONE PANEL

queathed them to the Cathedral of Angers, where they were received in 1480. Originally there were seven pieces aggregating four hundred and seventy-two feet in length. Each piece comprised fifteen panels; the first panel eighteen feet high with the borders, contained a tall seated personage meditating on the visions of Saint John; two rows, each consisting of seven pictures of these visions, together as high as the first panel, followed, with explanatory quotations from the Apocalypse, in white Gothic letters on a brown ground, inserted in the borders. The nobles of the Middle Ages were very hard on their tapestries. The ease with which these could be transported from place to place on the occasion of a tourney, an *ambassade*, a mystery play, or any kind of a feast, made them highly prized. In a few hours the most cheerless manor could be transformed into an agreeable abode or the scaffoldings in public places for jousts and tournaments dressed up sumptuously. The easiest mode of travel was then by water; in that case another calamity befell the tapestries that were used to cover inside and out, the tents erected on the barges that conveyed the lord and his followers. They were thus sometimes exposed for days and weeks to the caprices of the weather. We know that King René d'Anjou used them so when he went to Saumur or to his kingdom of Provence. Small wonder is it, then, that these tapestries have suffered such damage that the borders have been partially cut out as well as all the inscriptions, reducing the height of two panels to fourteen feet. During the Revolution, when the taste for tapestries was at a low ebb, they were used to cover munition wagons and cut up for blankets for sick and wounded soldiers. Fortunately some people prized them enough to rescue them when possible, so that out of the ninety original panels we

still have seventy and a few unimportant fragments. The mediæval canons loved them above all other treasures, and as soon as they became the property of the church they refused to lend them for secular purposes, reserving them entirely for the embellishment of the cathedral. In an inventory of 1553 they were estimated to be worth 200,000 livres. After the Revolution they were considered almost worthless. Fine tapestries were used at Angers to make bedside rugs, to protect vegetation from the cold in greenhouses, to line carpets, to prevent horses from chafing themselves in their stalls, and even as floor cloths, when ceilings were whitened. In 1843 all that remained of the vast collection from the cathedral was put up at auction by the *Département des Domaines*, the then owner, and purchased by an enlightened priest, Monseigneur Angebault, for three hundred francs! He generously returned them to the custody of the canons of Saint-Maurice. They would now bring millions of dollars, but having been made *Monuments Historiques* they cannot be sold. Other delightful tapestries are those of the fifteenth century; the 'Life of Saint Maurille,' 'Christ before Pilate,' the 'Life of Saint Martin,' the 'Life of Saint John the Baptist,' the 'Visitation.' The early sixteenth century is represented by the 'Angels carrying the Instruments of the Passion,' 'Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons,' and 'La Dame de Rohan jouant de l'Orgue,' the last two closely resembling in beauty of design, texture, and coloring the famous 'Dame à la Licorne' series at the Cluny Museum. Many other superb pieces belong to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, so that one may study the historical development in sequence for five centuries, an opportunity hardly to be found elsewhere. This collection alone is worth the trip to Angers. The Tapestries of the Apocalypse, par-

ticularly, have the same charm as primitive paintings, the coloring is very simple, the backgrounds are mostly solid red or blue, and the designs are drawn with boldness and vigor. The beasts of the visions of Saint John are marvellous creatures of the imagination, forceful and terrible like the pagan divinities of wrath of the temples of India and Cambodia. An interesting collection of ancient reliquaries and church vessels, a few primitive paintings, sculptured reredos, embroidered church vestments, and other ecclesiastical objects are shown in glass cases in the great hall.

We next visited the Musée David d'Angers, where a splendid collection of the works of this great sculptor has been gathered in the very halls where young David studied. One hundred and fifty-odd statues, two hundred busts, and countless reliefs, medallions, statuettes, and drawings constitute an unrivalled opportunity for those wishing to make an exhaustive study of this artist. For our part we found it too exhausting in the torrid heat of ill-ventilated rooms. After hurriedly glancing at the most remarkable canvases of the picture galleries, we escaped to the open air and the battlements of the Château d'Angers, where a soldier, badly wounded in the World War, piloted us over the three thousand feet circuit of its walls. The view was very fine but there is little else of interest in the fortress except a charming little château of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, where tradition has it that King René d'Anjou was born in 1409, and the adjoining chapel of the fifteenth century. Both these buildings unfortunately are now used for the storage of arms and are closed to visitors.

In the afternoon we motored with our friend to the adjoining town of Les-Ponts-de-Cé, where at *La Maulévrie*, once a hospital as its name indicates, Professor

B—— directs for the *Institut Pasteur*, to whom it was bequeathed by its creator Monsieur Gaston Allard, an extensive arboretum and research laboratory. The large grounds contain an admirable collection of living trees and shrubs from all parts of the world, the conifers being especially well represented. We were interested to find here most of those of the Pacific Coast, even the sequoias and the yew-like California nutmeg, the latter more thrifty and better fruited than any we had chanced on the year before in the Yosemite Valley. We dined here in the cool of the evening and Monsieur B—— entertained us with instances of the curious customs which still survive in this conservative province of Anjou, where the inhabitants are as tenacious of rights acquired in ancient times as though they still lived under the sway of their old dukes and barons. They are also fervent Catholics, and monks and priests are frequently met with in the streets of Angers, where they have been filtering in and quietly reopening many educational establishments that were closed by the expulsion laws of 1905. The fine conduct of the priests who fought in the Great War has done much to relax the enforcement of these harsh edicts in this intensely religious region. It would be difficult for a foreigner residing here to adapt himself to the many strange privileges which have the force of law among domestics, farmers, and tradesmen. They cannot be ignored, social ostracism would surely follow, and in some instances the *tribunal correctionnel*. Our Parisian landlord at the *Cheval Blanc* was looked upon by every one as an intruder, quite as much as though he had hailed from foreign parts, and his success seemed doubtful in the face of the local opposition.

The next afternoon we went through funny crooked and narrow old streets, full of enticing bits of archi-

tecture, down to the river which we crossed on the *Pont de la Haute Chaîne*, at one end of which still stands the tower to which was attached one end of the chain that defended the Maine. Across the river, in buildings of the ancient hospital of Saint Jean, is housed the Museum of Archæology. Its large garden, with many Roman remains and pieces of mediæval sculpture, is a favorite playground for the *mamans* and *bébés* of the neighborhood. A great Gothic hall, the old *Salle des malades*, is more like a church than our conception of a hospital. It is one hundred and ninety-seven feet long, seventy-four feet wide, and very lofty. Dating from the end of the twelfth century, it is itself well worth a visit were there nothing else to enjoy. Just as in the nave of a church, two rows of graceful columns divide it longitudinally into three equal aisles of eight bays, distinguished for the boldness of the proportions, the elegance of the Gothic vaulting, and the grace and delicacy of the mouldings. The whole vast area is filled with collections quite beyond description, of very great interest to collectors or archæologists, wood carvings, Roman marble and stone fragments, ironwork, ancient clothing, mosaics, enamels, old furniture, and a thousand and one other relics dear to the heart of the antiquary. Adjoining is a charming cloister, two sides of which are of the twelfth century, a third of the sixteenth, and the fourth missing. A fine Romanesque portal leads into a twelfth-century chapel remarkable for the structure of its vaults in four compartments, supported in the centre on two graceful columns. The sculptured arched windows still contain some twelfth-century stained glass of great beauty.

Retracing our steps across the *Pont de la Haute Chaîne* (we love the name), we sauntered through the Botanic Garden and the *Jardin du Mail*, the favorite

promenade of fashionable Angers, indeed very attractive. Tea was next in order, and this time I was glad of the opportunity to rest weary limbs and cool off a bit with an ice in a funny little shop. The delicious little cakes which one finds everywhere in France must be a temptation of Satan's to spoil one's appetite for dinner, as indeed does the whole tea institution, but the *petits fours* are irresistible and I fell from grace every time Madame had a chance to demand tea, especially for a *baba au rhum.*

The next day remains in our memories as a red-letter day of the most pronounced hue, for we were invited to *déjeuner* at a real feudal castle, the Plessis-Macé, now the summer home of Madame B——'s parents. We picked up our friends at *La Maulévrie*, then motored some ten miles north of Angers to the little village which had grown up under the shelter of the walls of the château. The latter is within a spacious oblong enclosure about three hundred feet long surrounded by high walls of the eleventh century, with a wide outer moat, now mostly dry and partially grown up with self-sown trees and shrubs. The original entrances, at either end of the oval court of honor, are still extant, defended by towers pierced with an archway, but the portcullis and drawbridges have vanished, the latter replaced by permanent bridges over the moat. Within the entrance at the left, are the remains of the dungeon-keep built under Louis XI, now a towering ruin sixty or seventy-five feet high. The roof and floors have fallen in, but one can still trace the original arrangement of the apartments by clambering up a steep slope of débris which has filled the inside of the building and its approaches to a depth of thirty feet.

When the American forces were in France during the War, a company of our men was invited to visit the

Plessis-Macé. The boys, exuberant at the chance of a holiday, were particularly attracted by this old dungeon, where they inscribed their names and home towns on the crumbling walls. Some who must have been no mean gymnasts reached dizzy heights to record their visit. The owners fortunately have not resented this desecration, but value it as a precious souvenir of the assistance America gave France in a desperate hour. They offered at the time to house a company of our soldiers, but the château having been long before classed as a *Monument Historique*, permission had to be obtained from the Minister of Fine Arts. It was refused on account of the historical value of the place and the very great danger of fire.

Next the dungeon is the sixteenth-century chapel, a jewel of the Renaissance, panelled and decorated with exquisitely carved woodwork throughout the interior. A curious overhanging gallery, reserved of old for the people of quality, can be reached from the second-story apartments so that the gentles need not mingle with the dependents, though it is also accessible by a little spiral staircase within a carved framework, a real masterpiece of chiselled walnut.

Adjoining the chapel are the fifteenth-century buildings now inhabited by the family. Some modifications naturally have been made in the course of years. A conspicuous feature of the façade is a charming second-story balcony with a delicately carved stone parapet of the Renaissance period, protected from the weather by a large overhanging roof. Here sat of yore the ladies, to view the jousts and tournaments in the court of honor below. The kitchen and service wing follows, as far as the second entrance tower. The entire right-hand side of the court is occupied by great commons with huge roofs, where are spacious stables, barns,

haylofts, and guard rooms, capable of housing several hundred men, and under it all large vaulted cellars for the storage of food and munitions sufficient to provide for a lengthy siege. These vast quarters are now empty, save for a farm horse or two and a few carts and wagons. The entire domain, which formerly had an extent of about two hundred and fifty acres, was surrounded by a masonry wall that is now in a ruinous condition.

We were greeted at the entrance by our kind hostess and some of her guests, and allowed to gratify our curiosity without delay. The many ground-floor rooms all open on the court of honor through wide French windows; they are large, lofty, and succeed each other in true Gothic fashion, without hallways of any sort. The building being only one room deep, the wall on the side of the moat is that of the fortress. Here and there a narrow passage or staircase is contrived within these walls which are seven or eight feet thick. The few deeply recessed mullioned windows on this side were made in the sixteenth century, when the defensive possibilities of the château had become less important under powerful kings who maintained order in the country. A delightful coolness pervaded these large rooms, where heat or cold penetrates but slowly the heavy stone walls. The living quarters were thoroughly renovated between 1860 and 1872 and again by the present proprietor at the time the property was purchased, and Monsieur B—— assured us that such was the soundness of the original construction that nothing more need be done for a hundred years. At one time a series of splendid tapestries decorated the walls, but they were sold after the death of a former owner. The finest piece of all, the history of the Holy Sacrament, may now be seen at the Château of Lan-

DUNGEON, CHAPEL, AND TOWER OF HENRI IV, CHÂTEAU OF THE PLESSIS-MACÉ

BALCONY OF DIANE DE POITIERS, CHÂTEAU OF THE PLESSIS-MACÉ

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

PINCÉ MUSEUM, ANGERS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

HOUSE OF ADAM, ANGERS

geais, near Tours, for which it was purchased by Monsieur Siegfried in 1888.

We were then taken through the chambers, which are a repetition of the ground-floor rooms, though with a lesser stud. The absence of hallways and corridors to reach the various rooms would seem a serious inconvenience to American housekeepers, but these useful features of modern houses were unknown in fifteenth-century dwellings. In our progress through the apartments, our hostess mentioned the famous visitors who had occupied the various rooms, Louis XI here, Henri II there, Diane de Poitiers the room with the balcony, and Henri IV a modest chamber in a tower, showing that royalty had frequently visited this charming abode. A narrow staircase built within the thick walls leads to a *chemin-de-ronde* connecting all the battlements. Up here is the watch-tower with its stone seat, where the warder was stationed day and night. In the basement of a tower is the prison, an indispensable adjunct of every feudal castle. Beyond the moat are several very large oaks, and tradition has it that the largest, a huge wide-spreading giant now well over a thousand years old, is '*le chêne justiciaire*,' that one under which sat the lord of the manor in fine weather to render justice and see it executed. Monsieur B—— called our attention to the fact that the low horizontally spreading branches of this oak were peculiarly handy for the operations of the hangman.

After a delicious meal, largely the product of the estate, the opportunity presented itself of conversing seriously with well-informed French people. Though the French are seldom inclined to talk overmuch about themselves to strangers, yet, when once one obtains their confidence, and they feel sure they will not be misunderstood, they are very willing to open their

minds freely and to respond to sympathetic questioning. We have always been impressed by the sound sense, the dignity and the poise of the home-making and home-loving people of France. This is the class that really controls her destinies and rescues her when the politicians threaten to run the Ship of State on the rocks. One does not read much about them in the newspapers, nor in the cheap fictional literature which foreigners are too apt to assume pictures truthfully the national temperament. The real people of France are a serious-minded, hard-working, thrifty set of men and women, devoted to their families, honest and virtuous, moderate in their appetites, peace-loving and religious, the backbone of everything that is really worth living for on this earth. They love their country with a fervor which has always inspired them to fight so valiantly for its independence, that they have generally repulsed foreign aggression even against great odds. Yet the superficial traveller, reading only the brilliantly shallow literature of the Paris boulevards, crowding the smaller theatres, where salacious plays tickle the senses, and witnessing the too free-and-easy morality of a goodly number of the gilded youth and the equally unmoral proletariat, thinks he knows the French and boldly proclaims them a frivolous people, given over to excitement, love of change, and lacking all the virtues which he has taken no trouble to seek.

The conduct of the French nation during the Great War has somewhat modified this unjust verdict, and many of our boys, who had the opportunity and the capacity to see and observe, have come home wiser than an earlier generation of travellers. It was quite the fashion in my youth to consider the brilliant, corrupt, and vicious court of Napoleon III as representative of the French people. We are glad to observe

that there appears to be now generally prevailing in America a truer standard of judgment, and that from a better knowledge we estimate the French more justly, on the whole. A residence of eight years among them as a lad and frequent long visits since the War have enabled us to appreciate these interesting people at their true worth and to stand forth as their champion against a malignant, ever-active alien propaganda.

A delightful custom among representative French families is for all its members who can possibly do so, to meet together in the country at the family seat, with wives, children, and grandchildren, to spend a few weeks together every year. To perpetuate this institution a large residence is really needed by the head of the house. Though the French language has no exact equivalent for the word 'home,' the nearest being *foyer* or hearth, yet the cult of the home is far more generally observed than with us. The unit is still the family, not the individual.

After this long digression, let us return to Angers, to see things of interest neglected the year before. Foremost of these was a series of Romanesque arcades at the *Préfecture*, discovered by us through picture postcards. We had unaccountably overlooked them, and several references to them in books studied during the last winter had made us very curious about them. The *Préfecture* is located in buildings of the ancient Abbey of Saint-Aubin, much modified in the twelfth century and again in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries so that now no semblance of the earlier constructions is apparent, except in inconspicuous spots. The iron railing of the huge entrance court came from the choir of the great church at the Abbey of Fontevrault. The façade, of no special interest, dates from 1850. The courtyard is bordered on the left by an

arcaded gallery under which is visible a Romanesque portal with triple archivolt covered with carvings, and a fine line of twelfth-century arcades decorated with columns, festoons, sculptures, and precious paintings on stone, of Biblical personages. In a gallery at the farther end of the courtyard is another portal of the twelfth century with archivolts covered with angels and warriors still bearing traces of the colors in which they were painted. Latin verses explain that they represent the conflict between the Virtues and the Vices. We were much pleased to have seen at last these important Romanesque remains, for this period is none too well represented at Angers, and painted sculpture of mediæval times is of the greatest rarity and value everywhere. Other parts of the abbey have been utilized in the *Préfecture*, most of them altered beyond recognition. The chapter hall serves as a document room for the archives of the *Département*, and the old monks would weep could they see it to-day.

The Musée Pincé is installed in a delightful house of the Renaissance, complete in every detail. Both the house and its contents, collections of old things of interest to the student, well repaid a visit. Then once more we must see the Musée Saint-Jean more carefully, and this time we had it almost all to ourselves. The *gardien*, taking a hint from our enthusiasm, to show us especial favor, led us through queer little gardens and over curious bridges to a very fine old building not yet open to the public, the *Greniers Saint-Jean*, formerly the magazines and storehouses of the twelfth-century hospital. Under this building are said to exist vast cellars, ogival-vaulted, that were excavated in the slate rock of the locality. The building is now filled with very fine carved wooden façades of old houses, window frames, doors and lintels, brackets and cor-

STOREHOUSE OF THE ANCIENT HOSPITAL, ANGERS

Giraudon

TWELFTH-CENTURY SCULPTURES AND FRESCOES,
ABBEY OF SAINT-AUBIN, ANGERS

TWELFTH-CENTURY CHURCH AT CUNAULT

CHÂTEAU OF MONTSOREAU

nices of rare beauty showing skilled craftsmanship. The most remarkable feature of this hall, however, is its wooden roof which at present is only visible in part. Such a forest of rafters and trusses over a span of perhaps fifty feet, girders, struts, and posts at every angle in an apparent maze of confusion we had never seen, but as this roof has stood since 1170 its builders must have known what they were about. This framework will be wholly visible when the restorations interrupted by the War are completed. It is an important contribution to our knowledge of mediæval architecture. Such framing was used in large churches, but the space between the vaults and the roof being generally quite dark, it can be examined only with difficulty. Fire has destroyed many of the best ones, that at Chartres, for instance, known as *la forêt*, which was set on fire by careless workmen and burned in 1836 (now rebuilt with cast-iron trusses), and that at Reims Cathedral, set on fire by incendiary shells in 1914, which is to be rebuilt of steel, thanks to the generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Why such enormous magazines should have been required for a hospital is strange, as is also the excessive height of the *Salle des malades*. It must have been impossible to heat, but perhaps the *malade* of the twelfth century was sturdier and less accustomed to luxury than the twentieth-century patient.

We examined nearby the outside of the church of the old Abbey of Le Ronceray (eleventh century) now secularized and used, as well as the other monastery buildings, by the National School of Arts and Crafts. To judge by the number of these and the extent of ground they cover, this must have been a large, important, and influential religious establishment. Angers, as well as many other places in France, is so

largely made up of the remains of ancient convents and monasteries that it makes one wonder if there was any land left for any one else.

We paid our respects to a few other churches and found them well worth the trouble, Saint-Serge, formerly that of an abbey, and La Trinité, a twelfth-century edifice that was a dependence of the Abbey of Le Ronceray.

It has been the custom of authors for at least several centuries to speak of 'black Angers.' Whatever it may have been in the days of Henry II and Richard Cœur de Lion, to-day it is a bright, cheerful city with agreeable boulevards, spacious squares, and well-planted public gardens. The white limestone of the region is largely used for building, the low height of the houses and business buildings gives plenty of air and light everywhere, with a skyline ennobled by the graceful spires of the cathedral and the massive nobility of the tower of Saint-Aubin.

CHAPTER II

ANGERS TO POITIERS

Les-Ponts-de-Cé — Troglodyte habitations — Cunault — Trèves — How we did not visit Saumur — Montsoreau — Saint-Martin-de-Candes — Abbey of Fontevrault — Tombs of Henry II and Richard I — Richelieu, the whim of the Cardinal — Arrival at Poitiers.

We hired at Angers for an indefinite period the Renault landaulette and the chauffeur Gustave Gardais, who had served us so faithfully the year before, and promptly on June 2d, Gustave drew up before the door with the car just out of the paint shop, shining like a new vehicle. Our two small trunks and minor baggage were quickly stowed beside him under a rubber cloth and we were off. We had found this type of conveyance quite ideal for two people. We usually rode with the top down; in case of a shower it could be raised in a few seconds, furnishing perfect shelter. Poor Gustave had but a *tentette* over him, with nothing to protect the sides, but after three years in the trenches he thought this protection entirely adequate.

We motored rapidly through Les-Ponts-de-Cé, catching on the wing a glimpse of the tower of the castle of King René. Seven bridges over a canal and six branches of the Loire explain the name of the town which straggles for two miles along a street lined with quaint houses. The air was cool and fresh and flowers abounded everywhere. On reaching the left bank of the Loire we turned eastward in lovely country, on a high plateau with fine views to right and left. Soon we reached again the bank of the Loire, along which for many miles the road is squeezed in between the

river and a limestone bluff of moderate height. In this cliff are habitations dug out of the soft rock, provided with doors, windows, and a chimney, carried aloft through the bluff. Thousands of peasants in France live in these troglodyte abodes, just as did their forbears, the cave men of the Stone Age. They assert that these houses are cool in summer, warm and dry in winter. Occasionally only the stable and cellar were within the bluff. At Cunault a fascinating steeple compelled us to alight and visit the church beneath it, a gem of Romanesque Architecture with some Gothic modifications. Over the portal we found a painted 'Adoration of the Virgin.' The barrel-vaulted nave, very high and spacious, is flanked by two aisles extending clear around the choir supported on scores of columns with delightful carved capitals. It is a very large church for a small village to support and this explains the touching appeal which was printed above a contribution box: '*Si vous êtes émerveillé par la beauté de cette belle mais pauvre église, mettez une offrande dans la boîte.*' The church dates from the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries and is called by authorities on the subject one of the most remarkable in Anjou. Our pleasure at discovering it was the greater for never having heard of it. Close by stands the Château of Cunault and some old houses in attractive gardens. Most of the picturesque village is strung along the road that follows the river, with roses, honeysuckle, and many other flowers covering walls, hedges, and buildings in profusion.

Our curiosity, whetted by our first success at Cunault, made us stop before the church of Trèves. Again a lovely Romanesque edifice of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries rewarded us, this one small, but with delicately carved capitals and an interesting tomb. So

PORTAL OF CHURCH AT CANDES

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

ABBEY OF FONTEVRAULT

intent were we on getting to Poitiers before night, where we had secured our quarters by telephone from Angers, that we rode through Saumur without inspecting its château, originally built in the tenth century by Foulques Nerra, ancestor of Henry II of England, enticing though it was on its commanding rock. Punctuality is a most reprehensible trait when one travels by road, and, as I am its slave, it has made me pass by unwittingly many places that I have since deeply regretted missing. 'Never hurry anywhere' ought to be the first maxim of the traveller, 'for you will be sorry later.' It is so easy to think one cannot see everything in France! This is quite true, but somehow the thing we have missed always turns out to have been the one thing we ought to have seen. To be sure, it is not at all easy to know what to visit. Little help can be expected of hotel-keepers or even of the ordinary Frenchman. So many places and objects that seem of prime importance to a stranger are but commonplaces to him. Only a diligent study of history, architecture, archæology, literature, and the special guidebooks of the French provinces will reveal to the traveller the immense stores of interest, well-nigh inexhaustible, to be found in France. So, alas, we neglected Saumur, its château, its three old churches, its two museums and Hôtel de Ville.

About seven miles beyond it we rode by the Château de Montsoreau, the name of which evokes the memory of Dumas's famous novel 'La Dame de Montsoreau.' In 1455, when it was built, the Loire washed the foot of its walls, which are now separated from it by the road. Though now in bad condition, there is still so much left of beauty and interest that it has been acquired by the Beaux-Arts and will eventually be restored and preserved. Just beyond Montsoreau, the

Vienne flows into the Loire at the little town of Candes, formerly surrounded by walls and a moat, traces of which still remain. Here stands the Church of Saint-Martin, begun at the end of the twelfth century and finished in the fourteenth, very beautiful for its graceful proportions, the elegance of the pillars and vaulting, and abundant and original decoration. On the north side is a curious entrance under an arcaded porch, somewhat like a narthex, the ribs of its vaults all converging upon a finely carved central pillar. Fourteen statues of saints stand, in exquisitely chiselled niches, on either side of the portal. This was a fortified church, as is evident from the two strong square towers connected by a machicolated parapet above the narthex. Within the church is a lateral apse enclosing the spot where stood the cell in which Saint Martin died in 397. Buried here at the time, his body was later stolen and carried to Tours. A passion for relics of saints led to many such thefts during the Middle Ages, when a new church or abbey needed them to establish its reputation as a holy shrine.

After photographing the charming rose-covered houses in the square below the church, we left the Loire and sped southward through a pleasant valley bordered by fine woods to the old town of Fontevrault.

This was the seat of one of the most powerful abbeys of France, founded toward the end of the eleventh century by Robert d'Arbrissel who became the first Abbot. The abbey included a convent for men and one for women under an abbess. When approaching his end, Robert d'Arbrissel abdicated in favor of the then abbess, Pétronille de Chemillé, and she, obeying the wishes of Robert, transmitted her authority to her female successors forever; hence this establishment, though consisting of separate convents for each sex,

was under the sole sway of an abbess, a condition unique in Christendom. When the Plantagenets became kings of England, they greatly favored the Abbey of Fontevrault, where several of them desired to be buried. The highest aristocracy contributed to its membership and many of the abbesses were princesses of the royal blood. In 1804 the buildings were converted into a prison, but at last, after many years had elapsed, the French Government came to a realization that it should preserve its old monuments for the coming generations as a precious heritage of the past, and also as a valuable stimulant to attract visitors. As early as about 1835 began the custom of classing them as *Monuments Historiques*, placing them at the same time under the surveillance of the Minister of Fine Arts; funds were also appropriated in a modest way to preserve them from actual ruin. The tourist, indeed, has become a very profitable asset for the country. In 1912 it was estimated that five hundred million francs were spent in France by foreign travellers and this figure was enormously exceeded by 1924. It has in consequence become the established policy of the country to place all edifices of historic interest under the direction of the Beaux-Arts and to restore them gradually to their original condition. This has already been done at Avignon, Carcassonne, Mont-Saint-Michel, Pierrefonds, and countless other places. Eventually, as fast as available funds permit, all landmarks of French history will be rescued from the vile uses they were so often put to during and since the Revolution and France will become a huge museum. At Fontevrault, which until recently could be visited only by special permission rather difficult to obtain, the abbey church, the chapter hall, cloisters, refectory, and old kitchen are now open to the public in the afternoon.

Having two hours to wait for the time of admittance, we sauntered over to the village church, a very picturesque, pathetic old building with broken, uneven paving and time-stained walls, but boasting a fine altar of 1618 in gilded wood, formerly belonging to the abbey, and two remarkable altar backs. Outside is a quaint porch with curious timber work, and nearby an old chapel, now converted into a dwelling-house, surmounted by a graceful *lanterne des morts.* Just what was the purpose of these funerary lanterns, which are usually found in cemeteries, was long a matter for controversy until the discovery (a few years ago) of a passage in the writings of Peter the Venerable, one of the great abbots of Cluny in the twelfth century, which seems to settle the matter. He says that the light that was kept burning through the night was a homage rendered to the Christians who slept their last sleep in the consecrated ground of the cemetery. These lanterns seem to have been more common in the Limousin, the Poitou, and the Saintonge than elsewhere, and it is in these provinces that are found the most varied and elegant types. Most of them date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, becoming rare from the beginning of the thirteenth.[1]

After the village clock had struck two, we plied the knocker of the great prison door, were admitted and turned over to a guard, who showed us first the outside of the *tour d'Evrault* or old kitchen. The inside, being full of old lumber, was not on exhibition. This looks like a huge stone beehive, octagonal in plan, with a central open stone lantern and eight smaller ones around it, probably chimneys. It is thought that the chief cook occupied the centre and the other cooks the eight surrounding compartments, so that each had her

[1] R. de Lasteyrie: *l'Architecture Religieuse en France à l'Epoque Romane.*

TOUR D'EVRAULT, OLD KITCHEN AT FONTEVRAULT

LANTERN OF THE DEAD, FONTEVRAULT

Neurdein Phot.

TOMBS OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AND OF HIS MOTHER
ELÉANORE DE GUYENNE

own fireplace and thus harmony was maintained. A very similar abbey kitchen exists in England at Glastonbury in Somersetshire. It is octagonal above a square base, with chimneys at the four corners of the square. We were next taken to the refectory, a fine vaulted hall at present empty of all furniture, but with good Gothic windows and the usual reader's stone desk and seat high above the floor. Next come the sixteenth-century cloisters into which opens, through a fine doorway of the same period, the chapter hall decorated with frescoes portraying scenes of the Passion and portraits of Abbesses; all very magnificent, but with overmuch restoration of doubtful merit. Unquestionably the finest building is the abbey church, consecrated in 1119 by the Pope Calixtus II, which bore the name of *Grand Moustier* or Big Church, and the rank of a basilica. It is two hundred and seventy-three feet long and very wide and lofty. The nave originally had side aisles and a wooden roof. In 1160 the aisles were removed, and since then great piers, composed of groups of columns, support four domes on pendentives. A fifth dome over the crossing is a remarkable adaptation of a half-sphere to a square opening, but the details are too technical to be discussed in this work. The capitals above referred to are continuous with each other, constituting thus a sort of frieze of which the sculptors took advantage for the treatment of group subjects. Thus the 'Death of the Virgin' covers two capitals and the figures extend in a close procession on each side of these two capitals. Around the choir runs the original ambulatory, making the choir look very contracted, as it is seen from the much wider nave. Although the restorations are not completed, they are sufficiently advanced to enable one to take in at a glance the whole of the interior; the

vastness is overwhelming. It gives one something of a thrill to come unexpectedly on the tombs of Henry II, Eleanor de Guyenne, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Isabelle d'Angoulême, each tomb of the twelfth century and bearing a recumbent painted statue somewhat above life-size. The first three are of tufa and the fourth of wood. Of all the statues that the church contained, they are the only ones that escaped mutilation at the time of the Revolution; they were previously buried without doubt. The nave was barbarously damaged when it was made into a prison; several stories were built in it, just as in the palace of the Popes at Avignon which became military barracks. The original floor had just been uncovered at the time of our visit, but nothing was being done to replace the flagging. Many years may elapse before the condition of French finances is such as to permit the entire restoration of this still very complete ancient abbey.

From Fontevrault a very beautiful drive took us to Richelieu, a curious toy city, with walls and a moat, which the great Cardinal built because he thought it convenient to have one beside his vast château and park, where after all he seldom resided. It is the work of the celebrated architect Lemercier and is a unique specimen of French domestic architecture of the seventeenth century. The city is rectangular, with fortified gates in the centre of each wall, and streets laid out symmetrically. Towers with crenellated battlements ornament rather than defend each corner of the walls. The *Grande Rue*, running from north to south, is lined on both sides with houses exactly like each other and with *portes-cochères* quite in the grand style. A large square in the centre is bordered by a fine Hôtel de Ville, a market with an interesting wooden roof, and a church with a façade of the distressing

Jesuit style, not unlike that of Saint-Roch in Paris. Richelieu having built his city found great difficulty in peopling it. Special inducements in the form of remission of taxes were offered for many years to any one who would remove to it. It is certainly populous enough to-day and we thought it quite a bustling place for so small a town. Of the grand palace erected by the Cardinal, nothing remains but one wing, though the park is still very lovely with its shady avenues bordering sheets of water, which formerly embellished the surroundings of the château.

We were soon again in the open country and a quick run of less than thirty miles through the gently undulating plains of Poitou was most restful after a day crowded with interesting things. We passed many fine stretches of woodland, with wild roses blooming by the roadside. The farmers were already mowing their fields, enlivened by thousands of poppies and cornflowers, and the sweet odor of the fresh hay was wafted to us by a cool westerly breeze which augured for a comfortable night at Poitiers.

We entered the town between frowning towers, remains of the old city walls. Poitiers, built at the confluence of two rivers, is perched upon a hill, as all well-located cities should be. After following a wide boulevard along the Clain and getting a glimpse of the charming Romanesque belfry of the Church of Montierneuf, we turned up the *Grande Rue*, which ludicrously belies its name, and, reaching the top of the hill, we forced a passage, by dint of much tooting, through the crowd of good Poitevins around Notre-Dame-la-Grande. In the gathering dusk it appeared to us the most beautiful church we had ever seen. A short turn to the left brought us to the *Hôtel du Palais*, modern, comfortable, and clean, where we found awaiting us a good

room, with a pleasant prospect and a well-appointed bathroom with hot and cold water actually running. This indispensable requisite in bathrooms could not always be depended on at Angers and other provincial towns.

CITY GATE, RICHELIEU

Neurdein Phot.

PARK OF CHÂTEAU OF RICHELIEU

CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME-LA-GRANDE, POITIERS

CHAPTER III

POITIERS AND SOME ENVIRONS

History — Notre-Dame-la-Grande — Cathedral Saint-Pierre — Window of the Crucifixion — Baptistère Saint-Jean — Excursion to Mirebeau, Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, Saint-Généroux, and Airvault — A royal Merovingian saint and her church — Château of Dissais — A military parade — The palace of Duke Jean — Saint-Porchaire — Saint-Hilaire-le-Grand — Excursion to Chauvigny, Saint-Savin, and the Castle of Toufou — Twelfth-century frescoes at Saint-Savin.

THE very name of Poitiers evokes the spectre of the past and the recollection of important events that are milestones in the history of Western civilization. It was Christianized by Saint Hilaire in the third century, but the Visigoths in the fifth century established there the Arian schism. From Poitiers Alaric II marched to his death and the destruction of his hosts by Clovis, at Voulon, in 507. The Saracens, who had taken possession of Poitou, were crushed and driven back near Poitiers by Charles Martel in 732. Charlemagne held it till it became the appanage of the Duke of Aquitaine, from whom it passed to his daughter Eleanor de Guyenne. Her second marriage to Henry II transferred it to the English Crown. Eleanor frequently resided in Poitiers; she embellished it, built new city walls, and granted a charter to the inhabitants in 1199. From then on for nearly two hundred years it was alternately in the possession of either the French or the English king. Its famous capture by the Black Prince took place in 1356. The changes of nationality of this royal pawn ended with its reconquest in 1369 by Bertrand du Guesclin, since which year it has remained French, though the blessings of peace were but

temporary, for Poitiers played a troublous rôle in the drama of the Reformation. On the breaking-out of the religious wars in 1562, in the same year it fell, first to the Protestants and then to the Catholics. In 1569 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Admiral Coligny, who abandoned the siege only to be signally defeated at Montcontour.

The university, established by Charles VII in 1432, is to this day one of the leading institutions of France. Poitiers is an old provincial capital, quiet and almost devoid of any industries, an ecclesiastical, judicial, and university centre, whose picturesque site, old houses, monuments, and especially an admirable series of Romanesque churches, make it one of the most interesting cities of the country.

On the morning of June 3d we started out on foot to visit Notre-Dame-la-Grande and were at once confirmed in the good impression of the previous evening. The façade, carved like the ivory jewel cases of India, is in the best style of the twelfth century and unrivalled among French Romanesque churches. The illustration, better than any description, shows the general disposition, but it barely suggests its charm. Over the whole church time has encrusted its patina, softened all sharp angles, planted lichens on damp walls, filled crevices with moss, and even with little tufted plants, giving to the structure an air of hoary antiquity in admirable keeping with the quaint ancient houses that abound in this quarter of the city. Inset under the peak of the roof, an oval panel contains a figure of Christ with the Symbols of the Evangelists. The niches below hold statues of the twelve Apostles and two unknown bishops. In the spandrels above the portal and the slightly pointed blind arcades that flank it, a multitude of little personages tell their story. First

Adam and Eve, beside the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, around which is coiled the Serpent; then the four Evangelists, the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the Nativity. In the Annunciation, the Virgin wears pointed shoes and a long robe; in the Nativity, lying in an amply draped bed, the Virgin points to her Son lying in the manger, above which appear the heads of the ox and the ass; then the women wash the Child in a vase similar to the twelfth-century chalices — all very naïve and touching in its simplicity. Making the circuit of the church we were mostly impressed by the number of curious conical roofs covered with thin imbricated stone slabs. Every tower and every turret was capped like our kitchen pepper-pots. The French have noted the resemblance and call this form of roof *en poivrière*. With the fish-scale effect of the slabs it is very pretty. Notre-Dame-la-Grande is by no means a large church. It was so named because there existed nearby a chapel now destroyed, Notre-Dame-la-Petite. In its old dress it appeals to us like a battered carved reliquary, which we love for its meaning in spite of worm holes and imperfections.

The interior, attributed except for restorations to the eleventh century, consists of a narrow barrel-vaulted nave with two groined vaulted aisles, almost as tall as the nave. These features are characteristic; we found them reproduced in most of the Romanesque churches of Poitou. We shall find a happier solution of the problem of stability in other regions that we shall visit. There being no clerestory, the only light comes from the windows of the aisles; the church is therefore quite dark, notwithstanding the garish colors in barbaric designs that, since its restoration in 1857, cover walls, columns, and capitals. There probably is authority for such polychrome decoration of horizontal

and vertical zigzag band designs, diamonds, squares, the saw-toothed ornament, the wave pattern, etc., for they are everywhere in Poitou churches, but nowhere with such crude and startling colors. The storied capitals are numerous, exhibiting all sorts of fabulous men and beasts, rendered especially hideous by the paint that covers them. There are no transepts, and the aisles lead directly to an ambulatory that goes around the choir; into it open three Gothic chapels added in the thirteenth century. Above the altar is a large fresco representing the Virgin seated with the Child in her lap, and six attendant female personages. On the ceiling is the Christ in Majesty, with the four Symbols of the Evangelists. These frescoes are attributed to the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, but in the gloom that envelops them, even on a clear day, nothing can be made out of their quality. A curious little Virgin and Child stands behind the main altar; it is Our Lady of the Keys, a miracle-working image very dear to all good Poitevins. The story is that in 1202, when Poitiers was being besieged by the English, a traitor offered to steal for them the keys to one of the city gates. The keys disappeared, but were found later in the hands of this Virgin, who had evidently taken possession of them to foil the design of the traitor. For centuries a solemn procession, headed by the Mayor and the aldermen, was held on Easter Monday to thank Notre Dame des Clefs for her intercession. Only about 1880 was this curious old custom discontinued.

In the lower town, near the Clain, is the cathedral church of Saint-Pierre, an unusual site, for in most French cities the highest existing eminence is selected. It is very large, partly Romanesque, but principally Gothic in its construction and not very interesting out-

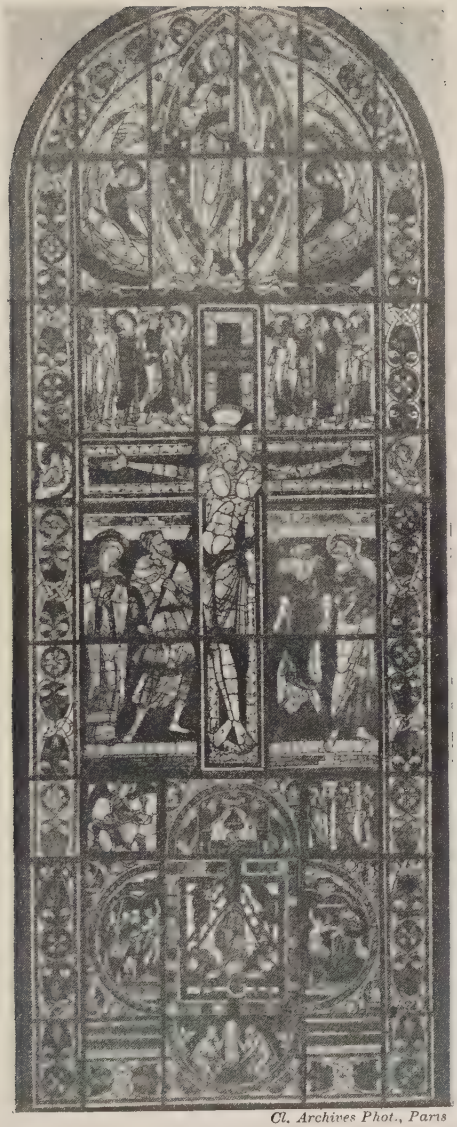
wardly. It was largely due to the generosity of Henry II of England and his queen Eleanor de Guyenne. Though the major part was already built by 1189 when Henry II died, the completion lagged along so slowly that not until 1379 was it consecrated, and the two steeples are yet unfinished. The west façade, too wide for its height, appears the more so because its floor is ten steps below the square in front of it. The three deeply recessed Gothic portals bear witness in the mutilation of their statues to the destructive fury of the religious wars. The multitudinous statuettes of the archivolts still people them, but those in the tympana above the doors are sadly wrecked. Entering the door, we descend four steps more and find ourselves in a huge nave two hundred and ninety-five feet long and eighty-eight feet high, divided by two rows of arcades into three equal aisles, unusually and almost too perfectly well lighted. The transepts are shallow, and the apse is square-ended as at Laon. The vastness is emphasized by the vaults of the side aisles being almost as lofty as those of the central nave. Moreover, all three are somewhat narrower and lower at the end of the choir, producing by this artifice an effect of retreating perspective which induces the illusion of greater length. No more beautiful Plantagenet vaults may be seen in France than in this cathedral.

The great glory of Saint-Pierre is its stained glass. The three windows at the end of the choir are justly celebrated, in the centre the window of the Crucifixion, at the right the lives of Saints Peter and Paul, at the left the legend of Saint Lawrence. Most interesting is the middle one; the whole composition is subordinated to a great figure of Christ on the Cross, quite Byzantine in its drawing, with each foot nailed separately. The play of the muscles is solely delineated by the

leading; under the arms of the Cross, at the left, are the Virgin and the lance-bearer; at the right, Saint John and the sponge-bearer. Above, in two panels on a reduced scale, appear the Apostles with arms and faces uplifted, beholding Christ ascending to Heaven in a great almond-shaped nimbus with a red ground sown with stars. At the right and left stand angels, whose long wings follow the ogival curve of the window. The Cross is red, as is also the background of the Calvary; that of the Ascension is blue. Below the Cross, in a large medallion with four lobes, is pictured the martyrdom of Peter, above which two small panels represent the Women at the Tomb. This surprising specimen of very early thirteenth-century glass, so imperious in style, even grim, commands respect and admiration through its composition, so well managed, so decorative, and through the sombre richness of its coloring made up of strange lights and deep shadows. Other windows belong to the thirteenth and the two following centuries, but they are so wholly overshadowed by this great window that one comes back to it again and again.

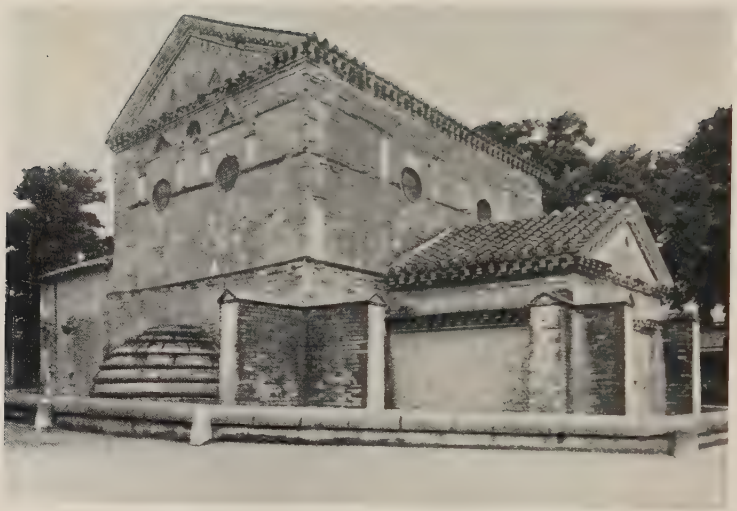
The carved wooden stalls of the choir, luckily overlooked by the Revolution, date from 1235 to 1257, the only ones of that period in France, with the less important ones of Notre-Dame-de-la-Roche, near Chevreuse.

The Baptistère Saint-Jean, the oldest monument of Poitiers and reputed as the earliest Christian edifice in France, had drawn us to Poitiers above all else, and thither we now went. It is but a few steps from the cathedral and, standing isolated in a small square, it can be closely examined on all sides. According to Father de la Croix, the monographer, this little building is only forty-three feet long by twenty-six feet



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CATHEDRAL OF POITIERS, WINDOW OF THE CRUCIFIXION



Neurdein Phot.

BAPTISTERY OF SAINT-JEAN, POITIERS

CHURCH OF SAINT-JOUIN-DE-MARNES

wide; the lower part of the construction dates from 320 to 330. The tank that was used for baptism by immersion is in plain sight, an octagonal basin about seven feet wide, four to five feet deep, with steps descending to the centre where stood the neophyte. When, at the end of the sixth century, baptism by immersion was superseded by baptism by sprinkling, the tank was filled in and floored over until 1803 when excavations revealed its presence and set at rest the speculations of archæologists as to the original use of the building. Every one now concedes that it was a baptistery, erected soon after the edict of Constantine legalizing the practice of the Christian cult. The walls were made higher and the edifice was converted into a church at the end of the seventh century. Burnt by the Normans in 865, it was altered again in the reconstruction; then a narthex was added in the eleventh century. During the Revolution it was leased as a storehouse, after which it was on the point of being demolished several times, on the plea that it impeded traffic, that the space it occupied was needed to complete the square, etc., until the State purchased it in 1834. Now cared for by the *Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*, it is a museum of Roman and Christian archæology containing, besides the central baptismal font, a collection of precious sarcophagi from the Gallo-Roman and Merovingian cemeteries of the region. It is very thrilling to us who wax enthusiastic at home over early colonial houses, scarcely if ever two hundred years old, to examine buildings built by men whose labors ended over sixteen hundred years ago. Fragments of marble Roman pilasters, bits of primitive sculpture about the entrance and on the little Romanesque windows, the curious triangular design so frequent in the decoration of early churches, and especially

the construction *en petit appareil*, as the use of small cubical blocks all equal to each other is called by French builders, are all of them factors that testify to the great age of this edifice. Simple though it be, there is much elegance in its proportions and decorations; the latter at one time must have been quite sumptuous, for walls and ceilings were covered with frescoes of which only fragments remain. High above the altar are the twelve Apostles; on the other walls Saint Maurice carrying lance and shield, and four mounted personages, more or less defaced, who seem to be the first Christian emperors, Constantine, Constant, Theodosius, and Valentinus II. Competent judges assign these frescoes to the twelfth century; yet in spite of the extreme rarity in France of examples of this period, we have been unable to find any adequate description of them.

In the afternoon we motored to Saint-Généroux to visit its ancient church. The *route nationale*, though the shortest between any two important points, is usually quite devoid of interest, for it purposely avoids villages, and except for occasional fine scenery, it lacks the human interest of the *route départementale* or the *chemins de grande communication*. Moreover, the *route nationale*, perforce much neglected during the World War, was not everywhere repaired even in 1925. We found the minor roads in better condition, pleasanter to ride on, more picturesque, and constantly offering delightful surprises not to be found on the greater arteries.

Reaching Mirebeau, we stopped to visit its two early churches of some interest; one in particular had a delightful crocketed steeple. We were especially pleased by the quaint narrow streets and the remnants of old city walls overgrown with creepers and flowering

vines. Thence we went on, through pleasantly accidented country, fragrant with the perfume of flowers, only glancing at the towering ruins on the peaked hill of Montcontour, where a decisive battle was fought, well known to every French schoolboy. There the Protestant army of Admiral Coligny was well-nigh annihilated by that of the Duke of Anjou, later King Henri III.

We were hardly by Montcontour, when we drew up before a delightful Romanesque church which turned out to be the high spot of the day. Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes was the seat of a rich Benedictine abbey, founded in the fourth century. The existing church, erected between 1095 and 1130, is, with an unimportant cloister, all that is left of this celebrated abbey, the nursery of no less than five local saints. The large size of the church, two hundred and seventy-three feet in length and almost fifty feet in height, shows its original importance. Four groups of sturdy columns divide the beautiful twelfth-century façade into three parts, corresponding to the three divisions of the interior. The corner pillars are surmounted by octagonal turrets, arcaded on every face, and capped by conical stone roofs like Notre-Dame-la-Grande at Poitiers. Statues in the upper part of the façade represent the Last Judgment. The nave has ten bays, of which only the first three carry the original vaulting, the remaining bays, the choir, its ambulatory, and three dependent chapels, are all vaulted in the Plantagenet ogival style of the thirteenth century. The crossing carries a twelfth-century octagonal dome, surmounted by a two-storied square belfry. During the troublous times of the fifteenth century, the choir and the south side of the church were fortified. A large square tower with crenellated and machicolated

parapet gives it on this side a very belligerent aspect. There are dozens of quaintly carved capitals; some are foliated, but the greater part are storied with subjects drawn from Christian lore and the Scriptures. Behind the apse a little old woman has a garden, from which she provides the altar with flowers. Desiring to see the outside of the apse and chapels, we asked her permission to enter and found a profusion of exquisitely carved decoration about the windows, on the corbels supporting the roofs, and at the summit of the buttresses. We also enjoyed from this commanding point a fine view over the rich fields and meadows, once the property of the abbey.

A mile beyond is Saint-Généroux, a modest country church with no claim to fame except that a minor part of its construction goes back to the seventh and ninth centuries. This gives it great archæological value, though most of the construction dates from the twelfth century. These tiny country churches, with their uneven, broken flooring and comfortless wooden benches, are inexpressibly touching. They made an irresistible appeal to our notice and, seldom neglecting them, we were often rewarded by finding within or without a bit of a gem that would have ennobled any setting. There is also a lovely little château at Saint-Généroux by the side of a little river which we crossed on a fascinating Gothic bridge of the thirteenth century barely wide enough for our car. From here the road took us through lush meadows gay with flowers, and groves enlivened by the songs of hosts of unfamiliar birds, to Airvault. Here again an ancient abbey church awaited our inspection, this one dating from the eleventh century, and again said the guidebook, 'one built in the finest Romanesque style of Poitou.' It is true — each church does seem finer than the last,

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHURCH OF SAINT-GÉNÉROUX

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

TWELFTH-CENTURY BRIDGE OVER THE THOUET, NEAR AIRVAULT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

PALACE OF DUKE JEAN DE BERRY, POITIERS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

ISABEAU DE BAVIÈRE
STATUE IN THE PALACE

but this one had been much made over in the Gothic period and we admit having a decided preference for purity of style. The unusual characteristic here is a narthex, parts of which date from the foundation of the abbey in 971. This precedes a nave and side aisles of seven bays, with vaulting of the twelfth century. Over the crossing is a fine spire one hundred and ninety-three feet high. The interior possesses some finely carved statues and tombstones, but the hour was late and these could not well be seen in the half-light of approaching sunset.

We were amazed during this short afternoon excursion at the great number of places of interest to be found in Poitou. It is not a question of going on for a few hundred miles to the next point worth a visit, as in the United States, but every few miles bring one to a town or village with a history running back into the mists of time and with the stamp of man's occupation enduringly written in stone. Besides the churches, bridges, houses, farmhouses, castles, and ruins which invite inspection at every step, the country is picturesque, fertile, and pleasing. No wonder that the barbarous hordes from the sandy, sterile plains of North Germany pressed westward during all the centuries, bent on possessing themselves of these fair, well-watered lands; no wonder either that the present occupants cling to them tenaciously as have their forefathers since the beginning of history. An old civilization is what makes touring in France, England, and Italy so much more profitable and stimulating than travel in our own country. We have little to offer save scenic attractions; great and unique as many of these are, when once seen they do not compel a return as does the human interest in Europe — the curious customs of the people, often their costumes, their way of

living, in short, their entire philosophy of life. That a majority of our people now appreciates this seems evident from the increasing number that every year crosses the ocean, recruited, moreover, principally from its most intelligent classes. This contact with nations that have been trying out for two thousand years problems that affect us vitally has already had its influence in the United States, a very much more civilized place to live in now than it was in my youth.

Being now sufficiently steeped in antiquity for one day, we readily turned homeward. A bracing ride in the long summer twilight quickly brought us back to a delicious dinner, daintily served at our comfortable hotel, where everybody was so kind and willing in our service.

June 4th was the Sunday of the Pentecost, which with the Monday following is a holiday in France. After the morning services were over, we walked down the hill to visit the Church of Sainte-Radegonde, near the cathedral. Radegonde was the unfortunate queen of Clotaire I; after some years of married life and the murder of her brothers, she fled from his court, placing herself under the protection of the Church. She took the veil and eventually found a refuge in the Abbey of Sainte-Croix, near Poitiers, which she had founded, and lived there until her death in 587. Ever since she has been worshipped as the patron saint of Poitiers. In the church erected by her about 560 she was buried and her tomb became the object of a popular pilgrimage which still attracts picturesque crowds of worshippers, from the 5th to the 13th of August. The Merovingian edifice was taken down and the present one erected toward the end of the eleventh century. Only the choir and the belfry over the portal retain the Romanesque character of the original construction; the

nave was made over in the Gothic style at the end of the twelfth century, the portal is Flamboyant Gothic of the end of the fifteenth century. Before the latter is a flagged area several steps below the street, enclosed by stone parapets lined with stone benches. The carved lions that ornament the enclosure are the symbol of justice. Here sat the ecclesiastical court to try such cases as pertained to its jurisdiction. The judges and the interested parties occupied the area, personages of consequence and witnesses sat on the benches, and the spectators stood outside. The church is a narrow edifice without aisles or transepts, of greater interest in some details than as a whole. The choir in particular is a very lovely example of eleventh-century Romanesque. We noticed here the same polychrome decoration as at Notre-Dame-la-Grande, but the coloring is so much better that we can well believe that it may be original Romanesque work. The capitals of the columns between choir and ambulatory are conspicuous for their lack of flare; the carving is crude with a Carolingian aspect. The best one represents Daniel in the Lion's Den, an amusing, naïve conception. The ceiling carries a fine fresco of Christ sitting in Majesty on a throne surrounded by the four animals of the Apocalypse; below him is a seated Virgin and Child, attended by two angels; at the right are three bishops and at the left three women. In the middle of the south wall of the nave is the highly venerated little chapel '*du pas de Dieu*' (God's footprint). Two statues represent the apparition of Christ before Sainte Radegonde; between them is a stone with the imprint of a foot, believed to have been left by Him when He appeared before Sainte Radegonde shortly before her death. In the crypt is the black marble sarcophagus, on a base of the fifteenth century, thought

to be the very one in which the body of Sainte Radegonde was laid at rest by Saint Gregory of Tours. Before the tomb stands a beautiful white marble statue of her made in 1658 by Nicholas le Gendre reproducing the features of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. It was donated by the Queen as a thank offering for the recovery of the infant Louis XIV, who had fallen ill at Poitiers. Sainte Radegonde bears the royal crown, the sceptre, and wears a robe sown with the lilies of France. Some stained-glass windows of the thirteenth century seemed to us very beautiful, though somewhat marred in spots by repairs with inferior modern glass, whose thin tones contrast unpleasantly with the rich, warm coloring of the old glass. The fourteenth-century north windows of the nave are unique in having bright-colored figures distributed on a grisaille background, an innovation which can hardly have been successful, for it was not, we believe, repeated elsewhere. Other paintings and statues deserve notice, but above all artistic or architectural curiosities we were impressed with the halo of sanctity which pervades the church. The veneration in which it is held by the visitors, the devout crowd of worshippers clustering about each hallowed spot, cast a spell which even the least sympathetic foreigner can hardly escape.

In the afternoon a short motor ride took us to the little village of Dissais, where is a lovely château of late fifteenth-century construction, built by the Bishops of Poitiers. It is most complete externally, with crenellated walls and towers, moat and drawbridge, court of honor, chapel, and beautiful park. We were admitted to the court and gardens, but the interior was not open to visitors.

June 5th, we were awakened by military strains which floated up to us from the Place du Palais, where

a battalion of infantry escorting a general and his staff aligned itself and rested its arms. The officers were walking toward our hotel when our *garçon* with the morning *café au lait* opportunely appeared, and informed us that a new general for the division of Poitiers had arrived the night before, and was about to relieve the outgoing general. Being assured that we need not hurry, for '*le général n'est pas encore levé*,' we breakfasted leisurely on the bitter coffee and thin milk usual in French hotels, and delicious *petits pains* and *croissants*, that somewhat atone for the deficiencies of the coffee. Later an excited waiter announced '*il a commandé son café*.' Thus warned, we descended to the street through a crowd of fine-looking officers, well-set-up men, mostly of stocky build, with clear eyes and healthy, rosy cheeks, and soon witnessed a pretty military ceremony. A Gallic touch was the accolade, the kiss on both cheeks, which the two generals exchanged when the command was turned over to the new general. As the troops marched off, we sauntered across the square to the Palais de Justice, which conceals behind a modern conventional façade what now remains of the palace of the Counts of Poitou. Jean de France (1340–1416), Duke of Berry, Count of Poitou and Auvergne, third son of King Jean le Bon, began its construction about 1388 on the site of a former royal palace, once the residence of Henry II of England. Duke Jean is one of the most interesting figures of the fourteenth century. As a statesman he was vacillating and irresolute; a most exacting and grasping ruler of his people, who detested him; full of vanity, sensual, eager for enjoyment, good to the point of weakness with his servants who exploited him; simple at heart, notwithstanding his ostentation, taking money with both hands to spend it with a prodigality without

measure. We shall visit his tomb at Bourges and see there statues of him that reveal the man. Posterity has condoned his faults, for his character was redeemed and ennobled by a passionate love of the arts which, in the midst of the English wars and the domestic turmoils of his day, he managed to cultivate and encourage. Like our own prince of art, J. Pierpont Morgan, he accumulated vast collections of tapestries, embroideries, engraved stones, and illuminated manuscripts. That no paintings are included in the inventories which still exist, is only because detached paintings (easel pictures) had not yet come into vogue. He was above all else a great builder. Poitiers, Bourges, and Riom were embellished with his palaces and churches, and his architect, Guy de Dammartin, erected for him many other buildings of less importance. One should see at the Musée Condé at Chantilly the exquisite miniatures executed under his direction, by the foremost artists of the day, for his book of hours, '*Les Grandes Heures de Jean, duc de Berri.*'

Returning to the Palais de Justice, the concierge led us first into the great hall, a lofty apartment one hundred and sixty-four feet long by fifty-six feet wide, dating from the twelfth century. The ceiling is a pointed barrel-vault of timber; the stone walls are decorated with blind arcades, Romanesque on one side, Gothic on the other. The principal feature of this hall is the magnificent west end constructed by Duke Jean. Several steps lead to a platform behind which are built, side by side, three enormous fireplaces, each with its own flue and chimney, but with a mantel extending over all three. Above each fireplace are panels with shields supported by angels with outspread wings, the whole surmounted by a gallery with an elegant openwork balustrade, reached by little staircases concealed at

each end within the walls. In front of the great windows that rise to the ceiling extends an openwork stone screen with three great gables in Flamboyant style. The jambs of these gables are surmounted by four late fourteenth-century statues of great beauty, representing probably Charles V, Isabeau de Bavière, Duke Jean and his second wife Jeanne de Boulogne. Two projecting stair turrets at the ends of the gallery frame in all this lacework in stone with their own exquisitely carved openwork. Near the great hall stands *la tour Maubergeon*, palatial apartments erected by Duke Jean for his own residence. Four mediæval-looking towers enclose a suite of large rooms with ogival vaults of noble proportions. The high richly-mullioned windows that descend to the floor are no longer the narrow openings of a fortress. Secure behind his powerful city walls, Duke Jean wanted abundant light and air in his home. This building when we saw it had but recently been rescued from the many business concerns that had been established there since the Revolution, and much-needed repairs were still unfinished; even bare and naked as it was we could easily imagine the beauty it would have when fully restored. One must see *la tour Maubergeon* and the great hall from the outside; it is one of the fine sights of Poitiers.

From the palace we went to the Church of Saint-Porchaire, whose fine tower of the end of the eleventh century is a landmark in all directions. The church itself is so embedded in the houses on either side that nothing but the tower with its dilapidated portal can be seen. A tour of the interior convinced us that beyond bold vaulting of the beginning of the sixteenth century there was little here to detain us, so we went on to the Church of Saint-Hilaire-le-Grand, one of the most important monuments in Poitiers, both from an

archæological and an architectural point of view. The outside is not impressive; too low and squat, its great width is no longer relieved by towers adequate to give proper balance. The great belfry built by Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, according to some authorities, by Charlemagne according to others, fell to the ground destroying the façade and part of the nave during the siege of 1569. Only in 1869 was reconstruction undertaken when the nave was shortened by two bays and the simple modern façade erected. The interior plan is unique in France in that the nave has three aisles on each side, making seven parallel avenues of columns in all, which accounts for the great width. The central nave is vaulted with a series of domes resting on squinches. So unusual is this style of vaulting in a church having side aisles, that only at the Cathedral of Le Puy does this occur again. Another feature not common in France is that the choir is seven or eight feet above the level of the nave, thus emphasizing still more the want of height in relation to width. Two ample transepts precede the choir and its ambulatory from which depend four apsidal chapels. The multiplicity of arcades, of pillars with capitals, some quite primitive, others curiously carved, gives the interior a forest-like appearance which is not without majesty. All the construction dates from the eleventh century. The sacristy occupies the lower story of the old tower whose primitive capitals, strongly reminiscent of Roman tradition, have given rise to archæological controversies which are far from settled. A fourth-century burial slab, a twelfth-century tomb, recessed in the wall of the south transept, and the primitive squinches of the nave detained us so long that we had to hurry back for lunch that we might have the whole afternoon to motor to Saint-Savin.

Leaving Poitiers by the faubourg Saint-Saturnin, we passed swiftly by the huge artillery barracks and were soon in the open country, characterized about Poitiers by nut trees in wheat-fields, frequent stone crosses, old women or girls grazing two or three cows or goats by the roadside, a few vineyards and fields of grain or hay. An automobile was seldom to be seen; as soon as we were clear of the towns, except for farm wagons, donkey carts and cattle, we had the road to ourselves, and had held undisputed possession ever since leaving Angers.

Entering Chauvigny, we were at once attracted to the Church of Notre-Dame (eleventh and twelfth centuries) in the lower town. We found it a good Romanesque structure, but of far greater interest than the building was a sixteenth-century fresco lately discovered under a coat of whitewash, representing the Christ bearing an enormously elongated cross with the help of a great multitude; popes, prelates, kings, monks, nobles, and commoners, all sharing in the burden in a wonderful expression of symbolism. The higher town crowned with a church and great ruins was tempting us, but we deferred visiting it until on our way back. A quick run over a good road soon landed us in the great square of Saint-Savin, dominated by the extremely high crocketed spire (three hundred and eight feet) of the church, naturally that of an ancient abbey, this one founded by Charlemagne in 811. This proved to be big game and we were correspondingly elated, for our only information concerning it had been found in the *Guide Bleu*, after all, as we discovered on better acquaintance, the most reliable source of information available while on the road.

The Church of Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe was erected about 1080, after the destruction of the first

edifice by the Normans; it is in many respects the most complete church of that period in France. The central nave, sixty-nine feet high, a great height for the time, is barrel-vaulted; the side aisles, of the same width as the nave, are covered with groined arches at a slightly lower height. The floor is a few steps below the level of the town square. This feature, so frequently met with in France, is due to the world-wide tendency to raise street levels from time to time. It is far more noticeable in old countries than at home, though some instances come to mind in various towns of New England. There is a small transept with two apsidioles and an ambulatory around the choir into which open five radiating chapels. The ensemble of the plan is thus a perfectly typical instance of the Romanesque style of Poitou, all but the Gothic spire, which is an addition of the fifteenth century. Under the choir is a crypt followed by a second one at a lower level. Even in summer these vast churches are damp and we found the large doors of the portal wide open to dry out the interior. To keep out cattle, the entrance was piled high with a barricade made of the rough straw-seated chairs so commonly used in French churches. The old woman who sold candles took it down and we entered. Of even greater importance than the architecture are the frescoes which cover the walls and vaults of Saint-Savin. Ever since our first acquaintance with the French school of painting, made at Avignon in 1921, we had eagerly followed up every chance to study primitive frescoes, which are rare and often difficult to see owing to position and poor lighting. No comprehensive critical study of this important branch of French art has yet been made, though special places have been described remarkably well. It therefore attracted us as a *terra incognita* does the explorer.

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

SAINT-SAVIN-SUR-GARTEMPE
(height 308 feet)

INTERIOR OF SAINT-SAVIN

FRESCO AT SAINT-SAVIN — THE ARK

CAPITAL AT SAINTE-RADEGONDE, POITIERS
Daniel in the Lion's Den

CAPITAL AT UPPER CHURCH OF CHAUVIGNY

There were a few frescoes to be seen at Angers, Poitiers, and the churches of the environs, but here was a feast and we went right up in the air. Literally do we use this colloquial expression, for the frescoes completely cover the vaults of the ceiling, and our eagerness to see them brought on a stiff neck that reminded us of Saint-Savin for several days. The paintings are mainly of the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries; the subjects of those in the porch under the spire are a Last Judgment, one of the most ancient presentations of this subject in France, the Signs of the Zodiac, and scenes drawn from the Apocalypse. Those of the vaults of the nave, numbering about thirty, represent the Creation and scenes from Genesis and Exodus. At the end of the choir, the Christ is surrounded by saints, either protectors of the abbey or famous by their deeds in Aquitaine. Pictures of abbots, bishops, and holy personages ornament the chapels. The most naïve and curious series illustrating the lives and martyrdom of Saint Savin and Saint Cyprien, his disciple, is in the crypt. Above a tribune opening into the nave from the second story of the porch are subjects taken from the Passion and others from local history. Alone, a Virgin in the narthex over the entrance has been assigned to the thirteenth century. Having feasted our eyes as long as our necks could stand it, we went into the *gendarmerie* next door which occupies a part of the old conventual buildings. The wife of one of the officers conducted us through it and also into the fine garden by the side of the Gartempe, a placid stream flowing just beyond the east end of the church. An excellent view was had here of the square tower over the crossing and of the apse and its five chapels: 'the hen and chickens,' said the gendarme's wife. Beyond the *gendarmerie* is a small

fifteenth-century château embowered in trees and shrubs, formerly the residence of the abbot, now private property.

Eager for fresh discoveries, after purchasing all available literature and pictures, we returned to Chauvigny to visit the upper town. A steep and narrow road took us to the square before Saint-Pierre, a solid, substantial church looking as though it might defy the ravages of time for centuries to come. It was, of course, of the Romanesque style of Poitou. The belfry built in the thirteenth century makes a fine landmark on the top of this bold hill. At Saint-Savin there was little sculpture; here it was the dominant decorative medium. All the pillars are surmounted by curious barbaric capitals, most of them storied, with subjects recalling those of the tapestries of the Apocalypse at Angers. We recognized here the same gruesome beasts and birds, half animal, half human. Several capitals represent awful wingèd dragons devouring men firmly held in their claws. All the torments of hell are evoked to strike the imagination of the sinner with terror. There were but few treating events in the life of the Saviour, notably the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple, etc. The polychromatic designs which, just as at Notre-Dame-la-Grande, cover walls and columns seemed to harmonize in this church with the barbaric capitals. The mediæval artist certainly showed genius in imparting to these lessons in stone such realism as would stir the feelings of the faithful.

Above the church, five feudal castles of the eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries once frowned upon the town of Chauvigny. These are now for the most part hopeless ruins, their high vine-embowered towers, however, contributing mightily to

the romantic beauty of the hilltop. A chapel on the slope of the hill, at least as old as the eleventh century, now does duty as a forage barn. We often ran across old churches now used for secular purposes; so many were left as a legacy by the ages of strong faith that the number is greater than we moderns care to support.

We now turned north toward the pretty village of Bonnes, which we descried from Chauvigny across the wet meadows that border the Vienne. A mile beyond we entered the park of the Château of Toufou, rich with magnificent old beeches. A short climb took us to the gate, beyond which was a well-planted garden and, abruptly dominating the Vienne, the towers and battlements of a splendid residence. A part of the extensive buildings dates from feudal times, the inhabited portion, mostly from the Renaissance. Hardly had we reached the gardens when a wicked-looking cloud warned us that a storm was imminent. As it was really too late to visit the château we retreated hurriedly to our car and returned to Poitiers in an awful storm, leaving unvisited this historic place, which is but one of many to draw us again to Poitou.

We determined that evening to go on to Limoges on the morrow, our haste being somewhat due to fear of great heat when we should be farther south. The guidebook spoke of '*chaleurs d'Afrique*' to be expected at Toulouse in midsummer, of plateaux that were '*Arabie Pétrée*' in July. We hoped to get away before these terrors came to pass. We may have been fortunate in striking upon a cool summer, for it is a fact that we suffered from heat nowhere, and need not have hurried as we did. As far as we can ascertain, the heat in the south of France is not greater than in Boston or New York during a hot spell and it need be no bugbear to the careful traveller. Museums and churches are

usually cool throughout the day and the narrow streets also, unless they are enfiladed by the sun. Other sights can be planned for early morning and late afternoon. We left Poitiers fully conscious of the fact that we had not done it full justice, and we resolved to return as soon as possible for a long stay. It offers exceptional advantages for such a purpose. Within forty miles of it we have plotted on our road maps seventy points of architectural or archæologic interest which positively must be seen. The region is especially rich in Romanesque churches, Roman ruins, Druid monuments, and fascinating châteaux. The city is pleasant, agreeable to live in, with good hotels, excellent food and wines. A cultivated society exists there which a residence of some length would give opportunity to cultivate; and last of all, but not the least of its inducements, is the low cost of living, about the same as at Angers. For instance, an automobile such as we had is let there for a third of what would be asked in Paris.

CHAPTER IV

LIMOGES AND ANGOULÊME

Bellac — Limoges — How France covered the land with churches — Cathedral Saint-Étienne — Saint-Pierre — Saint-Michel-des-Lions — Old porcelain and Limoges enamels — Ancient bridges — On to Saint-Junien — Rochechouart — Grand castle of La Rochefoucault — Arrival at Angoulême.

June 6th. We bowled along on the *route nationale*, blissfully ignorant at that time that we were missing several ancient churches on either side of it which could easily have been visited. Reaching Bellac at noon, we entered the *Hôtel de la Pyramide* by the back way, and our arrival in a slovenly courtyard was announced by a monkey, Kiki, frantically ringing a bell on a beam overhead. We were shown through the kitchen, up back stairs into a long, darkened dining-room full of *habitués* at the long table. A small one having been quickly laid for us at a window, a very good *déjeuner* gave us a better impression of the house than we had received on arrival. Even Evian water was at hand without sending out for it around the corner, a practice pretty general in small towns. After lunch, we strolled toward the church in rather oppressive heat, and seeing that it was down in the lower town and not particularly inviting from afar, we shrank from attempting the steep sun-baked street and came back to our *voiture*. Our failure to see Bellac church is but an instance of the occasional lack of information in the guidebook. We know better now. We had a delightful ride to Limoges, through rolling country with fine woods and the largest chestnut trees we have ever seen. These produce the big nut called *marron* in France,

which is a valuable article of food there and in Italy, not so sweet as our chestnut but more nourishing and important economically.

We reached Limoges at four and found ready for us at the *Hôtel de la Paix*, a fine large room apparently very clean, but more light disclosed centuries of dust under the beds. These proving very good sufficed, with a well-appointed bathroom, for the measure of our needs. Some things it is best to ignore, and hunting for dust under beds is a bad practice in almost all hotels. We soon went out to visit the cathedral around which cluster the old silent streets, narrow and crooked, which constituted *la Cité* in the Middle Ages. *La Ville* arose about the same time, under the shelter of the Abbey of Saint-Martial situated outside the walls of *la Cité*. *La Ville* was peopled by an active, industrial, and commercial population engaged in the production of the arts and crafts that soon made Limoges famous. By the twelfth century it had already outgrown *la Cité* threefold and kept on expanding until in the eighteenth century the two jurisdictions, which had frequently been in armed conflict with each other, were finally united, creating modern Limoges.

On the site of an earlier church, of which only the belfry erected in 1242 was utilized, the Cathedral Saint-Étienne was begun in 1273 in the Gothic style of the Île-de-France. Only the choir was finished by 1325; two centuries then elapsed before the completion of the transepts; by 1548 only two bays of the nave had been constructed, and not until 1873 was the edifice at last finished, with the erection of the last three bays of the nave and a porch connecting it with the belfry tower of 1242.

The lack of continuity in its erection is reflected in its outward dress, a composite of many periods. The

cathedral had the misfortune of being begun too late; the first ardent outburst of faith, which had animated clergy, nobles, and commoners of the eleventh and twelfth centuries to strip themselves of their worldly goods for an investment in the protection of Heaven, had already begun to burn itself out. Let us pause a moment to consider what Henry Adams says on this subject:

> 'The measure of this devotion, which proves to any religious American mind, beyond possible cavil, its serious and practical reality, is the money it cost. According to statistics, in the single century between 1170 and 1270, the French built eighty cathedrals, and nearly five hundred churches of the cathedral class, which would have cost, according to an estimate made in 1840, more than one thousand million dollars, and this covered only the churches of a single century. The same scale of expenditure had been going on since the year 1000, and almost every parish in France had rebuilt its church in stone; to this day France is strewn with the ruins of this architecture, and yet the still preserved churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries . . . are numbered by hundreds, until they reach well into the thousands.' And farther on, 'the bourgeois had put an enormous share of his capital into what was in fact an economical speculation devoted to shortening the road to Heaven. . . . He watched this result with his usual practical sagacity and required an experience of only about three generations (1200–1300) to satisfy himself that relics were not certain in their effects; that the Saints were not always able or willing to help; that Mary herself could not certainly be bought or bribed;

that prayer without money seemed to be quite as efficacious as prayer with money; and that neither the road to Heaven nor Heaven itself, had been made surer or brought nearer by an investment of capital which amounted to the best part of the wealth of France. Economically speaking he became satisfied that his enormous money-investment had proved to be an almost total loss, and the reaction on his mind was as violent as the emotion.'[1]

As we stood facing the north side of Saint-Étienne, we had before us a clumsy thirteenth-century apse, a towering Flamboyant portal of the fourteenth to the sixteenth century at the end of the north transept, and a nave partly Flamboyant, partly modern. By a happy inspiration the architect who finished the cathedral in 1873 ended the Gothic edifice one bay short of the belfry tower of 1242, treating the latter, which is glaringly out of harmony with the rest of the construction, somewhat as a campanile, a low porch only connecting it with the church. The lower stories of the belfry are but a graceless mass of ponderous masonry; the upper would be quite elegant were they set on a more suitable base.

The principal entrance is by the north portal; once within no one can escape being impressed by the boldness of the vaulting and the elegance of the sculptured details, notably the choir screen of excellent Renaissance workmanship, ornamented with six bas-reliefs representing the Labors of Hercules, an instance of the renascent paganism which irrelevantly marks the period even in Christian churches. Many of the statues and tombs are mutilated; there is an atmosphere of decay and neglect here as also in other

[1] Henry Adams: *Mont-Saint-Michel* and *Chartres*, pp. 94–95, 98–99.

churches of Limoges that we visited. Religion is evidently not the principal concern of the inhabitants of the city, the manufacturing ability which distinguishes them is more occupied with modern edifices and new houses than with the preservation of ancient monuments. At Lyon, Troyes, Amiens, Beauvais, and wherever industrialism prevails, we have noticed the same look of neglect in the churches. We would not imply that these are wholly irreligious cities, but the candle of faith evidently burns there dimly and money for the support of the church is not readily forthcoming.

When we left the cathedral we witnessed an amusing little scene before the porch. A group of schoolboys, all wearing the ugly but practical black apron common all over France, were engaged in one of the gentle games that delight French children. A sturdy middle-aged priest strode by, beckoned one of the boys to him and affectionately putting his arm around his shoulders drew him close saying in a tone of reproof: '*François, pourquoi n'étais-tu pas à la messe dimanche?*' The boy muttered some excuse we did not hear and the priest, putting his own hand over the boy's ear, smartly slapped its back, saying: '*Voilà, que çà ne t'arrive plus jamais.*' That the kindness involved in this light punishment was appreciated we realized, when with an indescribable look of affection and gratitude, the boy escaped and resumed his play. We saw several such instances which showed the close tie existing between curés and their flocks. '*Le curé était comme notre autre père,*' once said to us a young Chamonix girl.

The dining-room of the *Hôtel de la Paix* is a separate establishment, where each meal is paid for in cash, the morning coffee alone being served and billed by the hotel. Quite common in the cities, we believe this ar-

rangement is made to escape at least a part of the government tax on hotel bills. We were served by waitresses wearing *le barbichet*, the elaborate Limousin coif, very becoming to and enhancing the beauty of the dark-eyed girls who waited on us.

We visited Saint-Pierre-du-Queyroix the next day, a large church, mainly Gothic, though comprising all styles of architecture from the twelfth century onward. It is more quaint than beautiful, has some good stained-glass windows, some finely carved stalls, and a fourteenth-century alabaster Virgin and Child of considerable artistic value. The general impression we carried away was that of a messy interior. Saint-Michel-des-Lions interested us far more, its sharp spire of 1383 is surmounted by a huge openwork copper ball, a shining beacon in every direction. Two dilapidated stone lions lie before the portal, but their senility, as they date from the twelfth century, is quite pardonable. Several excellent stained-glass windows of the fourteenth century, very large and with great richness of coloring, make a superb effect. Many of the relics formerly in the Abbey of Saint-Martial, which before the Revolution was perhaps the most important Romanesque church of Limousin, are now at Saint-Michel, notably the very head of Saint Martial, patron saint of Limoges, venerated in a special chapel at the right of the main altar. All about these two churches are the few old streets which formerly clustered about the Abbey of Saint-Martial; narrow and ill-paved but still possessing ancient houses of timber and clay, they hold the attention so that it is hard to leave them. One old street houses all the butchers. Though rivals in trade they are almost all connected by marriage with each other; ever since the tenth century they have always belonged to the

brotherhood of Saint Aurélien, forming a guild as influential to-day as ever it was in the Middle Ages. Many old streets have disappeared in the march of modern improvements, for Limoges is a very growing city; its old quarters have been taken down to make new streets and boulevards and to erect more salubrious houses for its prosperous inhabitants.

Every one associates Limoges, as a matter of course, with the manufacture of porcelain, but though the city and its environs are thickly sown with porcelain factories, nothing of any merit was to be seen in the shops. We vainly sought a souvenir worth our while. To account for this we were told that the production is largely controlled by foreign houses, who stipulate for the acquisition by them of the entire output.

In the galleries of the Musée Adrien Dubouchet is shown every stage in the manufacture of porcelain. Well-arranged cases exhibit first the raw materials, then every successive step in the preparation until the finished product is reached. An admirable display follows of the porcelain of all countries, the nucleus of which is the famous collection of Monsieur Jacquemart, an authority well known to American amateurs, through his monumental works on porcelain. A good collection of paintings, many by excellent artists, is exhibited on the second floor, but best of all is the gallery devoted to Limoges enamels. The oldest pieces go back to the beginning of the art; others represent the evolution of different periods, culminating in the splendid specimens made at Limoges in the thirteenth century. Those of this period are marked by a fine sense of decorative design, simplicity of conception, and richness of color, qualities that make this period one of the finest which the art of enamelling has seen. That the simplest methods in design attain a higher

result than those which are elaborate and intricate may readily be perceived by comparison with the later, often superb specimens of the sixteenth century by Léonard Limosin, Pénicaud, and other famous artists. Splendid though they are in technique, delicacy and refinement, it is often at the expense of higher qualities. The National School of Decorative Arts is appropriately housed in the Museum building, thus giving to the pupils concrete examples of the best work of the past and stimulating their efforts to surpass it.

In the afternoon we walked down to the Vienne to see the eight Gothic arches of the bridge, the thirteenth-century Pont-Saint-Étienne. Twelve hundred yards downstream is the Pont-Saint-Martial, built on the Roman foundations of a bridge it replaced seven hundred years ago, an amazing instance of the soundness of Roman and mediæval work. Both bridges are classed as *Monuments Historiques*. We were not prepared for the lovely view of Limoges that we had from the Pont-Saint-Étienne, whence it is picturesque and attractive. The towers of the cathedral and the spires of the churches dominate the city, apparently everywhere embowered in tree-tops, while in the foreground quaint wooden houses with overhanging stories and roofs line the quays along the river. Flowing placidly below huge sloping embankments, the Vienne presents an animated scene full of color and life, essentially French. At the foot of the steep narrow steps descending to the edge of the water, young women in bright colors with bare arms energetically pound their washing on flat stones with a short paddle; children wade in shoal spots and perch on piles and wharves; men and boys fish eternally, seldom apparently landing anything, but intently watched by

the always present group of interested spectators. Much amused by this unfamiliar spectacle, we lingered awhile, then sauntered along to the fine gardens of the *Evêché*, rising in successive terraces from the river to the former palace of the Bishop, now a museum. There are none better in France than these old episcopal gardens, delightful reminders of the wealth and good taste of their makers and now, fortunately, a joy to many thousands. We rested here watching the adorable French babies at their games, the groups of *mamans* and *bonnes* industriously plying both their needles and their tongues, not unmindful at the same time of the charming view we had of the country beyond the river.

June 8th. We left the *Hôtel de la Paix* at eight-thirty on a beautiful clear morning. A heavy shower the preceding night having laid the dust and cooled the air, we greatly enjoyed our ride to Angoulême. Somehow Limoges, notwithstanding its many *Monuments Historiques*, had failed to make the favorable impression we had carried away from every other city thus far visited. We may have expected too much after Angers and Poitiers, or we may have been disagreeably affected by the brutal spectacle of modern improvements elbowing their way into the old quarters, leaving in their wake either dusty vacant lots or monotonous modern houses, good to live in, no doubt, but devoid of interest.

The fine woods we drove through were a surprise, for we had never thought of France as the well-wooded country that it is. Our spirits were quite restored by the time we reached Saint-Junien. No modern improvements here; the narrow crooked streets, full of teeming life and fourteenth-century houses, put us into the best of humor before we reached the church. This is

a puzzling specimen of early twelfth-century art of the transitional period, Romanesque in all essentials, yet with pointed arches over the portal and in some of the openings of the tower. Above the western portal rises a massive belfry containing, we were told, beautiful chimes, flanked by two octagonal turrets with cylindrical crowns, capped by sharp conical roofs covered with imbricated stone slabs. Against the northern transept is a quaint Romanesque stair turret; the tower over the crossing is octagonal and like the others has a conical roof.

Entering the church we found it was on the plan of a Latin cross; the square pillars of nave and choir, faced with an engaged column, support blunt pointed arches, yet the barrel-vault of the nave and the groined vaults of the aisles belong to the Romanesque period. This was almost our first meeting with pointed arches in Romanesque buildings. Since then we have often seen such, especially in Burgundy. At either side of the entrance are two enormous ribbed holy-water vessels of stone, belonging to the twelfth century, but of far greater importance to represent this period is a carved limestone sarcophagus behind the main altar, containing the body of Saint Junien. A seated Christ in Majesty, surrounded by the Symbols of the Evangelists, decorated the end; on one side in an almond-shaped mandorla, or medallion, is a seated Virgin with the Child Jesus standing, the right hand raised in blessing; on both sides of the Virgin, in two rows of niches, are seated twelve of the twenty-four Elders of the Apocalypse. On the other side in the centre is the iron door, protected by complicated locks and padlocked iron bars, behind which are the relics of Saint Junien; on either side in niches are the remaining twelve elders, and below the door a panel supported by two angels

contains the lamb and a cross typifying the Saviour. The twenty-four Elders are very remarkable. All are seated, but in different attitudes; they hold in one hand a stringed musical instrument, in the other something that may be a lamp. The carving about the Christ and the Virgin is very beautiful; the draperies, although a little stiff, show grace and elegance of adjustment.

It being market day, the square before the church presented an animated spectacle. So intent were peasants and townspeople on their trading and bargaining that no attention whatever was paid to us as we gazed with interest at the unwonted scene. The fresh fruit and vegetables were temptingly displayed, poultry cackled, sheep bleated, and rabbits eyed us curiously. A row of young women dressed in gay colors stood silently at the edge of the curbstone, each holding before her a basket of luscious fruit. We made some purchases, then went on to the thirteenth-century bridge which crosses the Vienne on eight arches. At one end is the chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Pont (1451–1454), of course another *Monument Historique*, and also one of the favorite places of worship of the canny monarch Louis XI, who never neglected an opportunity to propitiate the Virgin and the Saints. A curious ceremony attracts a large number of pilgrims here every year, but we have been unable to discover its object. The country hereabouts is one which Corot loved to paint, and its landscapes were introduced in many of his best pictures.

We arrived at Rochechouart at eleven, and driving to the grand-sounding, though modest, *Hôtel Beausoleil*, we found that a change of proprietors was taking place. However, *déjeuner* would be ready at twelve, so we went to see what is left of the old château rebuilt in

the early sixteenth century, now occupied by the *Sous-Préfecture*. Through a Renaissance portal we entered a picturesque paved courtyard flanked by heavy towers of the thirteenth century. A carved lion in a niche at the left and sculptured window frames and gables showed a good deal of style. The lion seemed to be the sole occupant of the premises, for though we entered some of the offices we could find no one to open the museum, advertised on a signboard. On a bold rocky bluff a little beyond the château was a shady promenade with a beautiful view over the country, where we watched some boys collecting *tilleul*, the blossom of linden trees from which is made in France a soothing infusion, beloved by great and small. Magnificent trees grew on this bluff where traces of ramparts were still apparent. Except for a curious twisted octagonal spire, the church offered no special interest. Returning to the *Beausoleil*, we found luncheon was punctually served at twelve, as formal as though nothing were happening, the usual *hors d'œuvres*, eggs, meat, potatoes, fruit, and *café noir*. All sat at one table with much conversation going on in which Gustave took the leading part, recounting his journey around the world; for Gustave has been a world traveller. After being wounded two or three times during his three years in the trenches, he, with two other privates and orderlies, accompanied the mission of General Janin to the United States in 1918. He was greatly impressed by their having been lodged in New York in the same hotel as the five officers of the mission. After visiting Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco, the French joined in the fall the White Army of Kolchak in Siberia. When news of the armistice arrived, they regained France through Peking, Cochin-China, and the Suez Canal, thus completing *le tour du monde*, a

Neurdein Phot.

BRIDGE OF SAINT-ÉTIENNE AND CATHEDRAL, LIMOGES

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHÂTEAU OF ROCHECHOUART

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHÂTEAU OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULT, INNER COURT

marvellous feat in the eyes of the *habitués du Beausoleil.* Gustave often referred with pride to his travelling first-class with the officers, *en route* to San Francisco, and to the grand reception tendered them there by the French residents. 'Whenever we went out there was always an automobile ready to take us to see the sights; if we went into a café we could order anything we chose to drink, and never was there anything to pay; a privilege which was abused by no one,' he never failed to add.

Fortified by the good lunch at Rochechouart we went on through excellent little country roads to La Rochefoucault, seat of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of France. As one approaches from the east, the square dungeon, one hundred and fifteen feet high, surrounded by massive buildings and peaked towers grouped on the summit of a rock cliff above the Tardoire River, makes a truly imposing sight. A château was built here in the ninth century by the first Foucault de la Roche, of which only foundations remain. The existing dungeon was erected early in the eleventh century; in the fourteenth century the two entrance towers at its right were put up, as also the southeastern and northern towers. In the sixteenth century François de la Rochefoucault, who had the honor of being godfather to King François I, transformed the feudal castle into a princely habitation. Long windows framed in between elegant pilasters were pierced in walls no longer needed for defence; a beautiful spiral staircase was built and the inner court was adorned with three stories of arcaded galleries with richly coffered ceilings, one of the marvels of French domestic architecture. The La Rochefoucaults were created dukes in 1622, the present bearer of the title being a descendant of the author of the fa-

mous '*Maximes.*' Married to an American girl, daughter of Senator Mitchell, there is unfortunately no direct heir to carry on the succession, an only son having died when still a boy. We visited all the state apartments, the chamber in which was born Marguerite d'Angoulême, sister of François I and grandmother of Henri IV,[1] the private apartments of the present duke and duchess, the chapel, and even the spacious kitchen, with its serried ranks of beautifully burnished copper saucepans. The château was unoccupied for nearly two hundred years and suffered severely from its use as a prison during the Revolution. It was partially restored about 1909, but some wings are still in an almost ruinous condition. We made a hasty visit to the thirteenth-century village church, whose crocketed spire is most attractive, and after a fine run of eighteen miles arrived at Angoulême, a city which, like Poitiers, stands upon the summit of a commanding promontory. Turning into a long street with an easy grade, we soon reached the spacious courtyard of the *Hôtel de France,* located in a seventeenth-century private mansion of great appearance which stands on the northeastern edge of the plateau. We were quickly shown to a very large, well-furnished room with a magnificent outlook over the country, and an intimate view into the fine garden that reaches the edge of the old city walls.

[1] Marguerite d'Angoulême, often called Marguerite de Valois or de Navarre, was a cultivated patroness of arts and letters. She is best known by her reputed authorship of the *Heptameron* and many volumes of poems and letters.

CHAPTER V

ANGOULÊME TO PÉRIGUEUX

A comfortable hotel — Picturesque site of the city — Cathedral Saint-Pierre — Hôtel de Ville — Markets in France — L'Oisellerie — Torsac — Brantôme and its ancient abbey — Bourdeilles — Arrival at Périgueux.

Our first dinner at Angoulême was excellent beyond any yet set before us; the food was abundant, of high quality and the cooking a model of perfection. All this part of France is renowned for the careful attention it gives to good living, and the *Hôtel de France* certainly does its best to maintain the reputation of the country. It is wonderfully run, by one of those French women one reads about but rarely sees, and Madame has her eye on, and her finger in, everything. That the fine cuisine was appreciated by the Angoumois was shown by the large number of army officers, proverbially competent judges in such matters, who took their meals there. An artillery school, powder works, and an important foundry for naval guns, besides the usual garrison, make the city quite a military centre. Two or three guests in privates' uniforms must have been college graduates, fortunate young men *de bonnes familles* doing their one year of obligatory service. The luxury of hotel dinners can only be dreamt of by the ordinary rank and file.

The old part of the city stands two to three hundred feet above the waters of la Charente, and is surrounded by a street, often changing its name, terraced above the ancient ramparts, which affords magnificent distant views of the country beyond. At the east a gently sloping isthmus connects it with extensive modern

suburbs which have spilled over to all points of the compass. We walked out on the northern walls after dinner to enjoy a fine sunset gilding the Charente with its golden glow. A few houses on the town side of the street are old and have curious details, corner turrets, belvederes, mullioned windows, and massive doors with heavily grated wickets. We went as far as the now centennial lindens of the *Place Beaulieu*, the highest point of the city commanding a vast panorama. Balzac, often a visitor at Angoulême, speaks of these old lindens in the '*Scènes de la Vie de Province*' written almost one hundred years ago. At one end of the square are the many buildings of the Lycée, surmounted by the denticulated spire of the old chapel; at the other, the public gardens whose paths, shaded by thickly planted trees and shrubs, descend with many zigzags to the bottom of the valley.

Early the next morning we went to visit the Cathedral Saint-Pierre, a curious Romanesque-Byzantine edifice. Begun in the eleventh century, it was rebuilt for the greater part in the early twelfth. Mutilated in 1568 by the Calvinists it was long afterwards restored *in toto*, but unfortunately added to freely, by Monsieur Paul Abadie, the architect of the Church of the Sacré Cœur in Paris. The façade, like that of Notre-Dame-la-Grande of Poitiers, presents a marvellous scene carved in stone, picturing both the Ascension and the Last Judgment. Not less than seventy-five personages are shown, either singly or gathered in groups, under the many lovely blind arcades. The tympanum of the main portal is a modern addition, as are also the entire gable and the graceful towers flanking it, capped with the now familiar pepper-pot roofs. Beautiful indeed is the great belfry at the end of the north transept. Its six slightly retreating stories, rising to a height of one

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CATHEDRAL OF ANGOULÊME

L'OISELLERIE, ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, LA COURONNE

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

RUINS OF ABBEY OF LA COURONNE

hundred and sixty-four feet, are decorated with Romanesque arcades blind in the two lower stories, then open on all sides in the four upper ones and producing a delightful effect of grace and lightness, notwithstanding the massiveness of the belfry. The interior of the church is interesting architecturally, for here are met again the cupolas or domes, first seen at Fontevrault. There are, of course, no side aisles, the whole width of the nave being covered by three large domes on pendentives, erected in the early twelfth century. Over the crossing is a dome supported on an octagonal drum, apparent outside the cathedral. It is pierced on each face by Romanesque windows in pairs framed in by carved colonnettes. Notwithstanding the beauty of the minor ornamentation, the interior struck us as bare and cold — restoration is everywhere too evident, the stone too new and clean. We were glad to leave and return to a study of the panels of the façade.

Our next visit was to the Hôtel de Ville, a spacious, imposing building built by Paul Abadie in thirteenth-century style, on the site of the feudal castle of the Counts of Angoulême and including in its construction two massive towers of the old château. The belfry, one hundred and eighty-seven feet high, is just as conspicuous a feature of the Angoulême skyline as that of the cathedral. We were shown a museum of exceeding local archæological interest, a beautiful staircase, a superb *salle des mariages* — such a contrast to our plain mayor's office, where the nuptial knot is occasionally tied! In France no couple is legally married except by the civil authorities. The splendor of the civic apartments provided for this ceremony has failed wholly to supplant the church wedding which usually follows and which is certainly still considered by almost every one as the real ceremony, notwithstanding the Code

Napoléon. In a small public garden at the south of the Hôtel de Ville is a charming statue of Marguerite d'Angoulême. Having already seen the chamber in which she was born at La Rochefoucault, we were not prepared to find another in the castle of Angoulême. We leave it to others to decide on these rival claims. On our way back we stopped at a little shop, where *Spécialités d'Angoulême* were temptingly displayed, and we bought chocolate drops *au Cognac*, packed in fascinating little barrels, and *Duchesses d'Angoulême*, tablets of chocolate flavored with bits of orange peel — most delicious!

In the afternoon we wandered through the quaint little streets of the upper town, every few steps bringing us to some curious house or building, attractive by its novelty. We completed the circuit of the city and saw some very grand houses on the west side, almost everywhere, for some occult reason, the court end of a town. This 'West End' is built with streets laid out at right angles, on the site of the vast gardens of the former Counts of Angoulême.

June 10*th*. It was hard to leave our fine quarters at the *Hôtel de France*, and but for the inexorable impulse which drives travellers onward, we might be there still. Madame, at her desk making out bills, stretched out a long hand over her account book to bid us good-bye; she perfectly agreed with us when we told her she kept an excellent house and we parted the best of friends. A great market was going on in the square before the hotel. Flowers in enormous profusion, vegetables, live poultry, geese, and ducklings encumbered even the narrow sidewalks; donkeys parked all around provided the music for this characteristic scene. Across the square in the *Halles* (covered market) every kind of food, fresh and delicious, was artistically displayed.

'Nothing to compare with it at home,' longingly sighed my wife. We drove on to l'Oisellerie, an old manor of 1540, now turned into a school of agriculture. We entered a large paved courtyard surrounded by picturesque buildings inserted between cone-capped little towers at each corner and passed into charming gardens, with stone balustrades, old yew trees, roses, lilies, and a small stream. The pupils were working in groups in well-tilled fields beyond. It was an ideal spot for such a school.

Passing through La Couronne, we stopped to photograph the ruins of its abbey destroyed by the Revolution. Little of the twelfth-century church is standing but enough to excite regret at the senseless vandalism which robbed us of it. We went on through quiet, pretty valleys with diminutive rivers meandering through rich meadows dotted at intervals with picturesque small villages, until an unusually graceful church tower at Torsac made us alight to take its picture. It belonged as usual to the twelfth century. Across the street was a little château which a good woman informed us was for sale. Had we not had a long programme for the day before us, we might have become real estate owners in France, so attractive did it look across the small stream from which we examined it. At La Roche Beaucourt, a few miles farther on, we caught glimpses of a grand modern château, built under the Second Empire in the style of the Renaissance, in a densely wooded park with running streams in all directions. As we were not hunting for modern châteaux, we turned to the village church standing near by. To our surprise all the doors were locked; until now we had found every church open, often with no one within to protect it from theft or profanation. A villager passing by informed us that it

had become unsafe and was awaiting restoration. We went on, perforce, through more beautiful and more accidented country, often passing by delightful little manors, invariably perched on a hill, until at the edge of a declivity, burst into view a particularly attractive little town, nestling on an island, between two arms of a clear small river, in a tight little valley bounded by steep calcareous cliffs on our right and queer rounded hills at our left. Crossing a little stone bridge we drew up at the *Hôtel Chabrol* that literally overhangs La Dronne. We had arrived at Brantôme. Locke has described it so bewitchingly in 'The Wonderful Year' that we had determined not to miss it if ever we came within reach. For once a novelist has failed to exaggerate the charm of the scene of his novel; we found it a little gem and we commend this work to all our readers, that they may be impelled to follow our lead. We were now in Périgord, world-famed for truffles and *pâtés de foies gras*, both of which delicacies were bountifully provided with the excellent *déjeuner* which we found ready. After sipping our coffee on the tiny balcony over the river, we sallied forth to visit the town. Recrossing the bridge and following the river, we came upon what is left of the abbey. This was founded by Charlemagne, burnt by the Normans in the ninth century, rebuilt and again mutilated in the English wars, yet much remains that is interesting. The belfry, built on a precipitous rock high above the church, is the only remnant of the constructions of the eleventh century. Four retreating stories with a pyramidal four-faced roof constitute a prototype of all the Romanesque belfries of the Limousin. Under its foundations are vast caverns whose roofs are supported on natural pillars and antique Roman columns. The church, a bare single hall, made over in the thirteenth

century and lately restored by Paul Abadie, the favorite son of all this region, is only moderately interesting; the adjoining cloisters of the fifteenth century are more so; the monastic buildings of the eighteenth century, now a school, were filled at the time of our visit with the droning sound of recitations going on in the upper stories. Of greater interest were the grottoes in the cliff behind these buildings, said to be of Druid origin, which served the early Christians as a place of worship. Two rudely carved reliefs in the live rock represent the Last Judgment and the Crucifixion. At the left of the grottoes a spring, reputed as possessing miraculous healing powers, gushes from under the rock. This is a famous place of pilgrimage and the blackened rock above the altar before which candles are burned shows that the fervor of the pilgrims is even to-day undiminished. The banks of the river are everywhere protected by pretty openwork parapets, interrupted before each house by steps leading to the water's edge, with often a woman there doing her washing. At the lower end of the city — for Brantôme was a city in the Middle Ages — some remnants of the old walls and towers that defended it still mount guard at the entrance to a very curious bridge of the sixteenth century, with an elbow almost at right angles midway of its course. Near by in a public garden are two exquisitely carved little stone Renaissance rest-houses; everything is small in Brantôme. Crossing the river we returned through the centre of the town, visiting the secularized parish church of the fifteenth century, now a market, alas. Several good Renaissance houses ornament the principal street, as does also a little manor protected as a *Monument Historique*. Not so fortunate was a thirteenth-century house, which now deprived of its upper stories, still does service as a

forage barn. Returning to the hotel and while preparing to depart we entered into conversation with a French army officer who seemed to be much interested in meeting Americans so far from the beaten track. He gave us some valuable information about the region, for his work had made him familiar with every interesting detail of it and he was urgent in pressing us to visit Domme, Les Eyzies, and Sarlat, protesting that he held no mandate from any advertising agencies, but was only desirous that Americans might see all the wonders of his country. We then left Brantôme by the road along the Dronne; the cliffs just outside the town, judging by the number of children, must have been inhabited by a teeming population. Some of the caves were two-storied.

Made lazy by the superabundance of a Brantôme luncheon, we passed through Bourdeilles, only glancing at the outside of the château, which we discovered afterwards was a regrettable omission. There were two castles within the double walls of defence, one of the fourteenth and the other of the sixteenth century; the first on an inaccessible rock above the river, with interesting remains of the chapel, guard rooms and dungeon-keep, one hundred and twenty-five feet high; the second, once inhabited by the celebrated Abbé de Brantôme, is in the best style of the Renaissance, with fine carved wooden mantelpieces, and decorative paintings in the halls, that escaped destruction at the time of the Revolution. Soon after leaving Bourdeilles we were overtaken on an exposed ridge by a terrific thunderstorm; for over half an hour we waited anxiously for a let-up, and when it came went on rapidly through Château l'Evêque, along the swollen Beauronne, the road often obstructed by fallen branches, and at last we entered Périgueux just as the rain ceased

THE ABBEY, BRANTÔME

Ul. Archives Phot., Paris

ANCIENT GROTTO, BRANTÔME

Cliché C.A.F.

CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX, FROM THE AIR

falling. At the *Hôtel des Postes et du Commerce* we were glad enough to get a distressing cherry-pink third-floor room with a bath, but with no prospect, which we changed later with much satisfaction to a pleasanter second-floor room without a bath, but with an outlook on the street.

CHAPTER VI

PÉRIGUEUX TO SARLAT

Périgueux — Cathedral Saint-Front — Picturesque river-banks — Museum — Church of Saint-Étienne — Roman remains — The Quebec roof in Périgord — Along the charming Vézère — Les Eyzies — Prehistoric dwellings of the human race — Arrival at Sarlat.

June 11*th.* Sunday morning gave us a delightfully amusing introduction to the people of Périgueux and its suburbs, for we ran into a fruit and vegetable market in front of the cathedral. The market is such an integral part of French life that we must be forgiven our too frequent references to this indispensable institution. We noticed many amazingly decrepit old men and women; everywhere much in evidence, in Périgueux the number of these unfortunates seemed greater than elsewhere. The peasant women especially, disfigured early by hard field work and too many children, become very soon veritable old witches, but brave and voluble ones withal. Making our way through the throng of pushcarts, we reached at last the Cathedral of Saint-Front, one of the strangest church buildings in France. The plan follows the outline of a Greek cross, the nave, the choir, the transepts, and the crossing are roofed by five large domes on pendentives, resting at every corner on enormous square pillars pierced and somewhat lightened in appearance by tall, narrow arcades that also help circulation. At the north, south, and west ends of the cross are portals and thirty-six windows furnish a sufficiency of light. The blank surfaces of the interior walls are decorated with blind arcades supported on pilasters; a quarter sphere covers the end of the apse. The simplicity of this ar-

rangement and the amplitude of the dimensions produce an effect of force, grandeur, and majesty that is quite overwhelming, recalling Saint Mark's of Venice, whose plan is the same. The comparison ends there, for, unlike the latter, Saint-Front is almost wholly devoid of ornamentation and the successive restorations by Abadie, Brugère, and Paul Boeswilwald have left it bare and cold. There are few details to study and to stimulate interest. Very imposing is the general impression, but it is all that counts. Preceding the nave and lengthening it are two bays of an earlier church, perhaps that of the eleventh century, upon which stands a remarkable square belfry, two hundred feet high, of Romanesque style, terminating in a cylindrical drum, capped with a conical roof covered with vertically imbricated scale-like tiles. The outer face of the drum consists of a row of antique columns, doubtless coming from various Roman monuments, for they are of varying lengths and different diameters. The construction of this belfry, which belongs to the very first years of the eleventh century, has been much criticized because no provision was made, as at Brantôme, to afford a firm base to the upper stories, built in retreat on each other. Though the openings of the first story had to be solidly blocked up, it has stood for over nine centuries and gives great beauty to the outward appearance of Saint-Front. A few yards in front of the cathedral still stands, like a ruin, the primitive façade of the sixth-century church, a very precious relic, highly prized by all archæologists. The date of Saint-Front is still the subject of much controversy, the most recent studies favoring the belief that the bays of the older church and the belfry are fragments of the edifice begun in 984 and consecrated in 1047, then burnt in 1120, and that the structure on the plan of a

Greek cross dates from 1125 to 1150. At first only an abbatial church, it became the cathedral in 1569 after the partial destruction by the Huguenots of the original Cathedral of Saint-Étienne had rendered it unfit for the purpose.

Leaving Saint-Front by the north portal, we walked down to the river Isle, through a maze of narrow streets lined by interesting old houses, to get from the river a comprehensive view of the cathedral. Here it is seen to the best advantage and its resemblance to the ancient churches of Saint Mark's, Saint Sophia, etc., is very striking, for there is an unobstructed view of the belfry and the five domes capped with beehive-shaped lanterns. Much of what is before us, however, is modern restorers' work, and it lacks the convincing touch of the Romanesque architect. In the words of a French critic, Saint-Front has been too much 'Abadiesée.' The streets around the cathedral are those of the city of the Middle Ages which grew about it in the quarter called the Puy Saint-Front. Many of the houses, mostly dating from the sixteenth century, are classed as *Monuments Historiques;* along the river are still a few extremely picturesque fifteenth-century houses with overhanging stories and preposterous roofs, and remnants of the old city walls that were formerly washed by the river.

To reach the gardens of the *Préfecture*, admirably placed on high ground above the Isle, we climbed innumerable steps. France houses her *préfets* sumptuously. Even in remote departments the *Préfecture* is usually a palatial building, often an old château with historical associations. Beautiful gardens are generally attached, in some cities open to the public during certain hours. Even the *sous-préfet* is treated with great liberality. At Loches we had found him housed in the

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

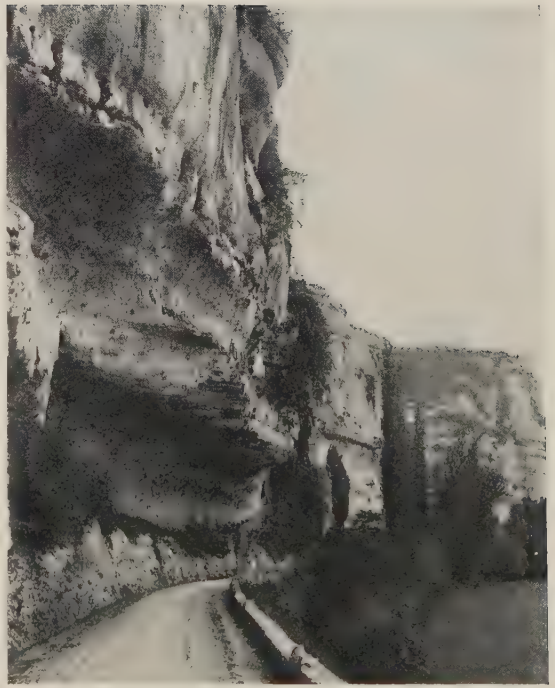
INTERIOR OF SAINT-FRONT, PÉRIGUEUX

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

OLD HOUSES ALONG THE ISLE RIVER, PÉRIGUEUX

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

ROMAN TOWER OF VÉSONE, PÉRIGUEUX



Cliché T.C.F.

ROAD ALONG THE VÉZÈRE

greater part of the ancient castle royal of Louis XI and Louis XII. In front of the *Préfecture* at Périgueux is a wide esplanade, shaded by rows of large trees, the fashionable centre of the city. Facing it are many handsome houses and the extensive buildings of the Musée du Périgord. This provincial museum we found especially rich in prehistoric remains, Gallo-Roman antiquities, and the art of the Middle Ages. With naïve ambition it includes within its comprehensive scope paintings primitive and modern, statuary of all periods, every division of natural history, furniture, armor, jewelry — in short, all the crafts of mankind from the earliest to the latest times.

After lunch we walked to the southwestern part of the city to visit what is left of the former cathedral of Saint-Étienne, standing within the site of the Roman city of Vésone. Of the church built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries only two bays remain entire; they are covered with cupolas similar to those of Saint-Pierre at Angoulême. The entire west front, the façade and belfry and a bay, similar to the existing ones, were pulled down by the Protestants in the wars of the sixteenth century. Near Saint-Étienne portions of the Roman city wall, and the ivy-clad ruins of the tenth-century Château Barrière built upon Roman foundations, still stand in a pleasant public park. Enclosed within its limits are also some stretches of the mediæval ramparts, fifteen feet thick and including in their construction fragments of sculptures, shafts of columns, and marble blocks, all *débris* coming from antique Vésone. The Roman arena surrounded by shady walks has become one of the public gardens of Périgueux. Except the foundations and a few arches, little is left of the amphitheatre, which accommodated easily thirty thousand spectators. During the Middle Ages the Counts

of Périgueux converted it into a fortress; in 1644 the city gave it to the nuns of the Visitation, and of so little importance were antiquities considered in the seventeenth century that they were allowed to use it as a quarry to build their convent.

June 12th. Early on Monday we left Périgueux, in clear, cool weather making an overcoat very comfortable. Our first objective was Les Eyzies, where prehistoric remains abound. Passing through Le Bugue, a large village on the Vézère, we were struck with the prevalence of what might be called the Quebec roof, for it is to be seen everywhere in that province, a high plain roof like that of our barns, but with a graceful concave pagoda-like curve as it nears the eaves. Every one who has travelled on the lower Saint Lawrence River knows it. In 1921 we had looked for it in vain in Brittany and Normandy, and here in Périgord, when least expected, we had found it. This, then, is the region whence the French colonists brought it to Canada, and so long as we remained in Périgord, this roof was the usual one on all old buildings.

Le Bugue is delightfully situated on gently sloping hills above the river where it is said trout abound; thanks to this and the beauty of the country it is becoming a favorite summer resort. Our course now lay up the Vézère, with charming scenery across the river on the right, and on the left great calcareous cliffs pitted by caves at frequent intervals. At Campagne, after crossing to the left bank, we took snap-shots of the powerful feudal castle of Campagne. Built originally at the end of the tenth century, it was often captured and recaptured, notably during the period when the English possessed Aquitaine. Since the fifteenth century it has remained the property of the de la Borie family, with the title of Marquis de Campagne since

1786. A large wing, added in the seventeenth century, enlivens the crenellated fortress, and the whole is encircled by wide moats crossed by a drawbridge, and surrounded by a fine park with centenarian trees.

This was the first château that day, but we soon gave up counting them, so numerous were they. The whole region is thickly dotted with them, either crowning a hilltop or nestling in the valley by the side of the river. The scenery grew wilder as we went on; jagged cliffs hemmed in the river on both sides. Crossing a tributary, la Beune, on an ancient bridge, we drew up at Les Eyzies, confronted by an enormous overhanging cliff, seven hundred and twenty-five feet high, sheltering halfway up, under a far projecting arch, the tenth-century keep of the Sires de Beynac. When the men of the Middle Ages put up this stronghold, to make more room and to level the ground before building they pulled down part of the roof of a cavern that had been inhabited by prehistoric men, thus unwittingly burying and preserving for us deposits of the older period rich in tools, weapons, bones, and teeth of now extinct animals. These ruins, after careful exploration under the foundations of the castle, have been fitted up as a museum for the prehistoric region and in it are displayed large collections of the excavated implements of the men of the Old Stone Age, men who lived tens of thousands of years before the oldest civilizations of which we have any records. Near the village are the caves of Les Eyzies, where in 1863 the first drawings of the reindeer period were discovered. Faithful copies in color of all the cave drawings and paintings of the region are shown in the museum. We soon learned that to visit the caves of this neighborhood a prolonged sojourn would be imperative. They are not easy of access, and time, guides, lights, and proper clothing are

necessary. Our knowledge of palæontology being limited to a single reading of Henry F. Osborn's book, 'Men of the Old Stone Age,' we contented ourselves with a careful examination of the museum and a superficial survey of the outside of the principal caverns, but such a visit is to be recommended to all who have the time and strength. A little beyond Les Eyzies is the fortified church of Tayac, of the tenth and eleventh centuries, very quaint and interesting. Two marble columns from a Roman temple were used in building its portal. Across the river are the grottoes of Les Gorges d'Enfer, where bas-reliefs of fishes have been found. Returning to Les Eyzies and leaving on our right the road leading to the famous Font-de-Gaume caverns where paintings of animals were discovered, we followed that leading to the Cro-Magnon cave, where in 1868 were unearthed five entire human skeletons, giving the name of the cave to the third prehistoric period.

The scenery was enchanting in these narrow valleys with the Vézère flowing swiftly by the roadside often undermining the huge chalky cliffs that obstructed its course. Thrust into the middle of the stream on a peninsula stood the picturesque old Château de Marzac; a little farther on the right bank is the opening of the grotto of La Madeleine, where an ivory tusk was found engraved with a figure of a mammoth. This cave has given its name to the Magdalenian Period. Six miles from Les Eyzies we saw far above us the opening of the Grotte du Moustier, where human skeletons were found, belonging to still another prehistoric period, the Mousterian Age. The importance of this region is solidly established by the fact of its having given three periods to prehistory. Most of the caves are still being worked over, and there is no telling what

Cliché T.C.F.

LES EYZIES

Cliché T.C.F.

CHÂTEAU OF CAMPAGNE

THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FORTIFIED GATE, DOMME

further exploration may reveal. There are miles of cliffs as yet uninvestigated. At the Abri du Cap Blanc, which we did not see, a frieze of horses, bisons, and oxen was discovered in 1912. At the Abri de Laussel were found the statue of a woman and bas-reliefs figuring human beings. The Grottes de Miremont, five miles from Les Eyzies, beyond a narrow entrance and a very low corridor, expand into a series of halls and immense galleries, with stalactites, stalagmites, and remarkable petrifactions. The main branch is two thirds of a mile long, with ramifications extending two and two thirds miles underground!

We left the cave country at Le Moustier and climbed into the wild, uninhabited hill country to the southeast, over a narrow road passing through dense woods, plunging down into deep valleys and across brawling streams, with occasional châteaux visible in the far distance. For eighteen miles we thus rode up hill and down, now and then in a clearing passing a tightly shut-up small cottage and not seeing a living being on the way. We had not imagined there could be such wild country in France.

CHAPTER VII

SARLAT AND ENVIRONS

'Avez-vous vu Padirac?' — The eyrie city of Domme — Fascinating châteaux of the Dordogne — Our first *panne* — More châteaux — Our second *panne* — Old houses of Sarlat.

We reached Sarlat at half-past one, hungry but happy after our morning's experiences. Arriving at the *Hôtel de la Madeleine* long after the hour for the *déjeuner*, we asked the hostess if she could give us something to eat. She exclaimed hospitably, 'Surely, I could not send you elsewhere!' In a very short time we were shown into the dining-room and found a plentiful meal ready for us. An omelette with whole truffles, hardly to be obtained in Paris except at a fabulous price, fresh *pâté de foies gras*, fresh vegetables, cream cheese, fruit, and coffee, and the best white wine served without charge that we had found anywhere so far. We were so much impressed with the cuisine that, after making further investigation, we decided to stay here overnight instead of going on to Cahors as we had intended. We were influenced in this decision by the landlady, who, coming from Bordeaux, possessed the Gascony volubility of speech. Her enthusiastic praises of the beauties of the numerous châteaux near by ended with the inevitable query of everybody we had talked with in Périgord, '*Avez-vous vu Padirac?*' No, we had not seen Padirac and privately we had no intention of seeing it, for it proved to be on inquiry a deep cavern into which one descends by an iron staircase of over three hundred steps. At the bottom is a subterranean river, a boat ride through wondrous halls of enormous dimensions, decorated with stalactites and stalagmites. Ben-

gal lights illuminate every sort of calcareous formation and then comes the wearisome return to the outer world up the three hundred-odd steps. There was more than enough to delight us aboveground. Leaving Sarlat by the uninteresting main street and going southward, we caught glimpses on the way of lovely mediæval houses, corner turrets and shrines in the side streets, and we realized that we had found a treasure. Soon afterwards we entered the main valley of the Dordogne, and a magnificent prospect was spread before us. The river, a broad, slow stream, flows through a wide, fertile valley hemmed in by steep, interrupted palisades, now on one side of the river, then on the other. Across the stream on the left bank, an enormous flat-topped rock with perpendicular sides rose five hundred feet above the Dordogne, crowned with battlements and seemingly unapproachable. Crossing the river we took a small road sloping gently upward that had been concealed by the dense brush clinging to the sides of the cliff, and gradually without appreciable effort we crossed over to the other side of this eyrie and a final upward sweep landed us within the walls of Domme on the *Grande Place*. This curious city or *bastide*, as these fortified towns of the thirteenth century are called in the southwest of France, shelters some fourteen hundred inhabitants. It is rich with old houses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The ramparts are somewhat ruinous, but there are two interesting city gateways, guard rooms and towers of defence. The west end of the rock has been laid out as a park, with seats and a substantial railing, above the precipitous slopes below. From here we enjoyed a superb and far-reaching prospect up and down the Valley of the Dordogne. At our left, on a prolongation of the rock of Domme, were extensive ruins of the twelfth and thir-

teenth century château. The burghers of the town were often at war with their lord and sanguinary battles for the possession of town or château were fought on the narrow neck of rock that connects them. The river glistened below like a silver band set into the emerald green of the fields bordering it. On every cliff above it stood a castle, and swarming up the steep slopes to the foot of its walls clung a tiny village with its uppermost houses literally anchored into the cliff. From this fine point we counted no less than eight attractive châteaux, most of them inhabited and several of which can usually be visited with the permission of the owners. All of France has châteaux innumerable, but we think the Dordogne is the château region *par excellence*, not the princely structures of the Loire, sumptuous country houses of the king's mistresses, but the real mediæval castles of the land, built by the suzerain for the protection of his fief.

We were very civilly shown about Domme by a member of the local *Syndicat d'Initiative*, who told us that under the entire city existed caverns discovered in 1912 that are soon to be made accessible to the public. This worthy gentleman, who devoted much time and many steps to us, absolutely refused a fee, nor would he accept a cigar. The descent on the other side of Domme, by a road zigzagging to the valley, was steeper than the ascent, yet nothing to what we were to find later.

Crossing again the Dordogne, we skirted the river on an excellent road, built just beside it, sometimes supported on stone arches, with the village of Laroque-Gageac stretched along above us and dominated by the château. Across the river were the castles of Castelnaud and Fayrac delightfully situated in the midst of attractive gardens and terraces. Farther on we

Cliché T.C.F.

CHÂTEAU OF FÉNELON

CHÂTEAU OF
LAROQUE-GAGEAC

RENAISSANCE MANTELPIECE
SARLAT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

LANTERN OF THE DEAD, SARLAT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE, SARLAT

came to the towering walls of Beynac. It was difficult to tear ourselves away from the tranquil beauty of this enchanting land of dreams and romance, so soothing and restful and such a contrast to the scenes of ruin and devastation we had recently visited, in the war-swept *départements* of the Aisne and the Somme. At Saint-Cyprien we decided we must return to Sarlat, so turning up into hill country, not unlike that through which we had come to that city, we caught a passing glimpse of the châteaux of Fage and Laroque and settled back in the expectation of a quick run home and a good dinner. But the ways of hired automobiles are capricious, and we soon had our first *panne*, as anything that interferes with the working of a motor is called. While climbing merrily a modest hill, the engine suddenly went dead. Gustave investigated, but no effort of his would start it up. At this juncture we were glad enough to be passed by a big truck which we had previously left far behind us. Though itself laden with lumber and towing a trailer with a towering load of slabs, the men in charge obligingly consented to couple us onto the latter, and thus ingloriously we returned to Sarlat at a snail's pace, arriving at half-past eight. Again the landlady was ready for us with an excellent dinner, nothing was said of our being late, Madame thus unknowingly rising many notches in our estimation.

June 13th. Gustave rose early to-day and, after much tinkering with the motor by a local mechanician, reported that it was temporarily repaired and that he had wired to Angers for a new magneto. We started for Rocamadour, a celebrated place of pilgrimage, famous throughout France. Soon after leaving Sarlat we passed the Château of Paluel, now the summer residence of the Prince de Croy, a picturesque group of

towers covered with the large candle extinguishers which seem to be the favorite tower roof in the south of France. Just beyond Calviac, we crossed the Dordogne and, following the left bank downstream for a couple of miles, we turned away from the river, climbed a steep hill, and stopped before the gate of the Château of Fénelon, a massive construction of the fifteenth century. The postcards of this château had made us very curious about it. Passing through the gate, that was unlocked, we went on foot up a long paved way with high crenellated walls on the right and a second defensive wall on the left which augured for a most interesting place, when having completed half the circuit of the hilltop, we were stopped by a locked gate opening onto a paved courtyard. Somewhere within two dogs barked ferociously and our repeated pulls at the bell brought no response except more barking. With a long day still before us we had to give it up — quite a disappointment when we were so near the goal. The Château de Fénelon was long occupied by the English; at the conclusion of the wars it came into the possession of the La Mothe Fénelon family. François de Fénelon, the 'Swan of Cambrai' as he was called after his elevation to the archbishopric of that city, was born in this château in 1651.

Retracing our course, we recrossed the Dordogne and headed for Souillac, with the beautiful Château of Roufillac in full view on a cliff some hundreds of feet high. We had gone but a short distance when again the motor went dead and we came to a full stop. Finding the trouble beyond Gustave's ability to remedy, we had him push the car under the shade of some large trees in a farmyard, where we waited while he went to telephone to Sarlat. Word was brought back that help would be soon forthcoming, but we had to resign our-

selves to the loss of Rocamadour for that day. We lunched on cherries, crackers, and chocolate and held long conversations with the farmer and his family, all of whom moved out into the yard to enjoy the unexpected visit of strangers from a distant land. The old grandfather and grandmother alone 'had no French' as was explained by the son, their speech being confined to the local patois. The farmer and his wife spoke French well, though with the amusing accent of Périgord, and during the three or four hours while we enjoyed his hospitality, we learned the whole family history, the state of the crops and the market, and imparted such information about ourselves as seemed to interest them. They had a daughter at school, another worked in a tailoring establishment, one son was a mechanician and another in the army, all doing well, but none likely to return to the farm. We were confronted for the hundredth time with the query, '*Avez-vous vu Padirac?*' a question we answered evasively. When a relief car from the Sarlat garage arrived at last, we were interested to see how keen were the farmer, his father, and two or three neighbors in examining the machinery of our car. The automobile has not yet established itself in France as an indispensable adjunct to a farm, but its day is not far distant, and only conservatism and the expense stand in the way of its introduction. The Great War has done much to familiarize French peasants with motors and most of them want one, though they hate to spend the money to get them. Perhaps our Mr. Ford, who has now established a branch of his business in France, may be able to supply a long-felt want at a cost not incommensurate with the means of the peasant proprietor. The labors of Gustave and two machinists not appearing to meet with success, we were hitched to the tail of the repair

car and started in tow on the road. After going thus for a few yards, Gustave found the engine was working. He cast off our hawser and motored the twelve miles back to Sarlat, without a stop or a hitch, followed by the amazed engine doctors ready to give assistance if needed. To end the story of our second *panne*, when we got back to Sarlat, our landlord, who had been foreman of an automobile concern in Bordeaux, got interested in our predicament and soon discovered the trouble. A slender thread had broken loose from the bobbin in the magneto case, short-circuiting the spark. He glued this down with a rubber cement, warning us to get the bobbin rewound as soon as possible, and this done, the engine worked beautifully as far as Toulouse. Returning to Sarlat at four o'clock we spent the rest of the day visiting the city.

Sarlat owes its origin to a Benedictine Abbey founded in the eighth century. Under its protection the town developed rapidly. Fortified early in the Middle Ages, it successfully withstood several sieges. Created a bishopric by Pope John XXII in 1317, it remained so till the Revolution abolished it in 1790. The instant we left the Avenue de la République, through which the *route nationale* crosses the city from north to south, and penetrated the narrow, crooked streets to the eastward, we stepped suddenly into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The former cathedral, a *Monument Historique* of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is so embedded in adjacent buildings that nothing but the façade is visible from the street. Above the portal are five much-mutilated Romanesque statues. The interior consists of several large bays, with curiously arranged apsidal chapels. The vaults and windows were made over in the seventeenth century in the Gothic style, so its value is rather questionable as a whole. In a chapel at the left of the choir are carved wooden

statues of the fifteenth century; a stone Pietà of 1648 and oil paintings of six bishops of Sarlat constitute the remaining curiosities of the church. Behind it in a garden we found an unusual sepulchral chapel, in the shape of a cylindrical tower of rough stone construction, gradually narrowed above into a cone and surmounted by a *lanterne funéraire*, another *lanterne des morts* of quite unusual shape. The savings bank occupied the house in which La Boétie, the celebrated friend of Montaigne, was born in 1530. The post-office is located in a *Monument Historique*, a fourteenth century church building; the *maison Plamont, Monument Historique* of the fourteenth century, and quite the finest house of the city, was that occupied formerly by the 'consuls,' as town officers were called in the south of France during the Middle Ages. There are many others of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, every one of which possesses some feature worthy of attention, and all displaying at the windows boxes of begonias, cacti, and other plants in flower. Their gay colors and the gray walls made a picture to be cherished in our memory. The love of flowers is universal in France, where every market has a section reserved to them, patronized as generously as those devoted to strictly utilitarian products. West of the main street, on rising ground dominating the town, stand the executioner's tower, remains of the old ramparts, the old church of the Penitents now closed, and the local college, housed in buildings of the old seminary. This fascinating, ancient city abundantly consoled us for our failure to visit the Château de Fénelon and Rocamadour. But for our distrust of that magneto, we might have tried our luck again with Rocamadour, but we felt it would be wiser to reach, while we could, a city better equipped than Sarlat in case of a breakdown.

CHAPTER VIII

SARLAT TO CAHORS

One more château on the Dordogne — Gourdon — Cahors — Cathedral Saint-Étienne, the first domed church in France — Grand twelfth-century sculpture — Mediæval character of the city — The finest fortified bridge in France — Curious old cities on the Lot

June 14*th.* Starting early for Cahors, we made a *détour* when we reached the Dordogne to get a look at the splendid castle of Montfort. It is reached by a fine road that hugs closely a high perpendicular cliff by the side of the Dordogne, and is supported on tall stone arches wherever the river encroaches too much on the narrow shore line. The scenery is wild and beautiful, and the château, proudly erect on a commanding rocky promontory, surveys a vast panorama of swirling waters, leaf-embowered islands, and high cliffs backed by distant mountains. It was once the property of the family of Turenne, and consists of a tall square dungeon with adjacent buildings constructed in the fifteenth century. Crossing the Dordogne, we now made for Gourdon, which is built on a hilltop encircled halfway up by the boulevards that have replaced the old ramparts and whence there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The narrow streets of the old city creep up at intervals from these boulevards, converging in a central square containing the Hôtel de Ville and the Church of Saint-Pierre, a *Monument Historique* built from 1304 to 1415. We are ashamed to confess that we did not visit it, the plain fact being that we were too tired to make the effort. Pushing on, therefore, to Cahors, we travelled, mostly over high plateaux twelve or thirteen hundred feet above the sea, com-

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

HOUSES, FOURTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, SARLAT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

BIRTHPLACE OF LA BOÉTIE, SIXTEENTH CENTURY, SARLAT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL, CAHORS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CLOISTERS OF CATHEDRAL, CAHORS

manding views far more extensive, though less picturesque, than those we had enjoyed in the Dordogne country. At the top of a long hill we suddenly came in sight of Cahors, lying as in a bowl far below, on a long peninsula almost encircled by a loop of the wide and swift river Lot. Steep, barren hills three to five hundred feet high, rise on the farther bank, and the city itself presented in the bright midday sun a gay aggregation of red flat roofs, square gray towers, and tall church spires. On the narrow isthmus uniting it with the mainland still stand somewhat ruinous old ramparts that made it, protected as it was on all other sides by the river, a formidable position in the warfare of ancient times. The topographical situation suggests it as one of several possible sites of Uxellodunum, the mysterious stronghold where Cæsar crushed the last organized resistance in Gaul in the year 50 B.C.

Cahors, the antique Divona Cadurcorum of the Romans, played an important part in the early wars of France. Taken by the Visigoths in 471, ravaged by the Franks in 513, it suffered during the early Middle Ages from attacks by the Vandals, the Saracens, and the Normans; in the Hundred Years' War it was captured by the English. For a long period afterwards the countryside was ravaged again and again, by lawless armed bands securely entrenched in the neighboring castles. Espousing the Catholic side in the Wars of the Reformation, Cahors was taken and sacked in 1580 by the King of Navarre, later Henri IV. Since then the oft-tried city has enjoyed a long respite from war-time destruction. The Avignon Pope John XXII, the poet Clément Marot (1495–1544), and the statesman Léon Gambetta (1838–82), the idol of the town, were all natives of Cahors.

At the *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs*, we were given a

large, pleasant room with excellent beds, hot and cold running water, and the most uncomfortable sofa and armchairs imaginable. As the cuisine and service were excellent and cleanliness of an unusually high order, our stay in the old city was pleasant and enjoyable. We found the Cathedral of Saint-Étienne a curious building which, begun in the latter part of the eleventh century and finished by 1119, is of extreme interest to archæologists as the earliest domed church in France. Recent studies have established the fact that it antedates the construction of Saint-Front of Périgueux, heretofore considered the oldest, and that it is consequently the prototype of all the domed churches of France, some of which we had visited at Fontevrault, Angoulême, and Périgueux.[1] The church was added to and somewhat modified from 1285 to 1316, again between 1480 and 1504, and completely restored under the competent and reverent supervision of the Beaux-Arts since 1872. Notwithstanding the inevitable alteration in the lapse of time of some early features, it preserves to a remarkable degree all essential characteristics given it by its original architect.

The first sight of it is not prepossessing; a squat, severely plain wall, looking more like the front of a dungeon than a church, constitutes the façade. This is pierced by a Gothic portal, above which is a rose window surmounted by a heavy square bell tower flanked by square turrets on either side. When we learn that this façade was erected between 1306 and 1316, years during which war with the English was impending, we realize its significance. The Bishop, the Consuls, and the royal officers, all anxious about their security, at the same time feverishly began the erection of the host

[1] Cf. Raymond Rey, *La Cathédrale de Cahors et Les Origines de l'Architecture à Coupoles d'Aquitaine.* Paris, n.d.

of military constructions that still give Cahors the aspect of an old fortified city. Then it was that the consuls decided on the erection of the famous fortified bridge. The church, consequently, was also adapted for defence; the apse and nave were protected by watch-towers and a continuous loopholed *chemin de ronde* was established along the eaves. These features, now removed, were still *in situ* in 1841. Traces of statues about the portal, in the tympanum, and under the rose windows show that the iconoclasts in Henri of Navarre's army did their work well and thoroughly — nothing remains but rows of empty niches. Under the tower of the façade is a porch at a level several steps below that of the church square, and ten additional steps descend to the floor of the nave, an impressively vast and lofty interior, two hundred feet long, sixty-five feet wide, and one hundred and five feet high, consisting of two square bays, each one covered with domes resting on pendentives, very much such as we had seen at Saint-Étienne de Périgueux and at Saint-Front. There are no aisles, no transepts, and the view into the choir is unobstructed. The latter consists of a semi-circular apse covered by Gothic vaults, into which open three apsidal chapels. Though all the windows of choir and nave were made over in the Gothic style and some decorative ornamentation was added after 1285, the original construction is as evident in the lower part of the Gothic choir as it is in the nave, where all structural features are frankly Romanesque. The westerly cupola of the nave is decorated with majestic thirteenth-century frescoes, discovered in 1890 under several coats of whitewash; they represent the Apostles and are of the greatest interest to archæologists as original specimens of early French painting. Just east of the western tower, on the south side of the cathedral,

is an exquisite little portal well worth notice. Doubtless dating from not later than 1119, the doorway is surmounted by an arcaded trilobed lintel, strongly suggesting Arabic influence. Probably of Spanish origin, this is the earliest known example in France of this mode of decoration which became popular in the Limousin, in Auvergne, and may be seen also at Bourges and at Le Puy.

Though the design of the original west front is now wholly unknown, the portal at least was saved. It was rebuilt, merely as a decorative feature, against the north wall of the westerly bay of the nave. A wide, slightly pointed barrel-vault resting on a triple colonnaded arcade covers two wide doors separated by a trumeau, over which is a large tympanum of such beauty that we can well understand why such unusual care was taken to preserve it. It is certainly one of the finest expressions extant of early twelfth-century sculpture. The scene represented is that of the Ascension. In the centre stands in an ornate mandorla a beautiful statue of Christ, the right hand raised as in blessing, the left holding a closed book; above are four angels with outspread wings, welcoming the arrival into Heaven of the Redeemer; below, two other angels, in attitudes full of movement and action, seem to be addressing the Apostles who stand beneath in a long row over the lintels, with the Virgin in the centre. On either side of the Christ are little panels which represent Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, The Stoning of Saint Stephen, the patron saint of the cathedral, and other subjects not clearly identified. The archivolts of the portal and the adjoining walls on either side are covered with a multitude of decorative designs of wonderful richness of execution, and diaperwork bewildering in its variety and fertility of conception. Numer-

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

TWELFTH-CENTURY PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL, CAHORS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

PONT VALENTRÉ, BUILT 1308 TO 1355, CAHORS

ous rows of corbels above the portal, under the eaves of the roof, and around that of the cupolas are most interesting, every one showing the head of a man or of an animal, every one different in attitude and in expression. The tympanum, attributed by Raymond Rey to 1130–35, is about contemporaneous with that of the famous portal of Moissac, indeed both tympana may have been the work of the same sculptor. The other parts of the Cahors portal date probably about fifty years later.

In the choir are two noteworthy frescoes of 1315, the Martyrdom of Saint Stephen and the Legend of Sainte Spérie, a maiden of the Quercy, as the region about Cahors is named. Two doors on the south side of the nave lead into charming cloisters built about the year 1500. These cloisters consist of five bays of arcades on each of the four sides, vaulted with multiple ribs in the pleasing English Gothic style. The delicacy of design in the sculptures of the cloisters and the perfection of the execution are quite uncommon.

Leaving the cathedral we turned northward by the Rue Clément Marot to the ancient Château du Roi, whose fourteenth-century tower is a conspicuous feature in the Cahors skyline. It is now a prison and gloomy enough without to strike terror into the hearts of the wretches who are taken there. The neighboring streets are lined with old houses, mostly of the fifteenth century, with delightful arched and mullioned windows and all sorts of quaint architectural details — door-posts, little columns, shrines, and angle turrets. Near the château stands what is left of the palace of John XXII, cut up into tenements in a sad state of dilapidation, and only interesting through its association with the memory of that forceful prelate. We walked as far north as the city walls built across the isthmus

and examined the picturesque old barbican that protected the drawbridge of the fortifications. The eastern end of the walls terminates at a grim square tower, built on a rock well above the river, called '*la tour des pendus*,' where hangings took place. For the edification of the townspeople on such occasions it was entirely open on the town side of the walls.

June 15th. We had been so much impressed by the old houses of Cahors we had seen yesterday that to-day we went at once to the Place du Marché, to complete our survey of the ancient quarters. On this square is the store where Gambetta's father sold groceries, now occupied by a *charcuterie*. Nearer the river is the *Maison Roaldès*, a fifteenth-century mansion where Henri IV once stayed. All the streets south of the cathedral have most curious and interesting houses. Nowhere has one a more vivid impression of a mediæval town. The streets are narrow and sinuous, smothered by overhanging stories that almost meet their opposite neighbors, bordered by tottering doorways and shop fronts supported on roughly squared massive stone pillars, with disjointed houses overhead that seem to stand miraculously by leaning heavily against each other. The vistas of the ages open before one the instant one leaves the Boulevard Gambetta going eastward. Having ended our survey, we came out of the antique Rue des Badernes onto the quay, and followed down the river across which abrupt hills rise to a height of several hundred feet, reaching at last the most famous monument of Cahors, the Pont Valentré, the finest ancient fortified bridge in France and a thing of rare beauty. It was built between 1308 and 1355 and is almost five hundred and fifty-one feet long and barely nineteen feet in width, wide enough, however, to have heavy stone parapets, a footway, and a narrow drive-

way. There is a marked rise — *en dos d'âne* the French call it — toward the centre of the bridge. It crosses the Lot on eight tall Gothic arches, the two end ones much narrower than the others. Three high square towers, pierced with arched openings over the roadway, and protected like the entrance towers of castles, span the whole width of the bridge; the end ones are crowned with machicolated and crenellated battlements; the middle one, lacking these features, may have been used only as a watch-tower. It bears on an upper corner a figure of the Devil, a personage whom tradition credits with having had some part in the building of the bridge. The towers rise eighty feet above the roadway and over one hundred and thirty feet above the river. On the upstream side, enormous triangular cutwaters protect the piers; rising to the level of the roadway they serve to facilitate passage and, being crenellated above the parapet, could also have been useful in its defence. The western end was formerly protected by a barbican of which some traces remain. For over six hundred years this bridge, with occasional minor repairs, has been the sole artery of Cahors to the west, and so well was it built that it looks as if it might last indefinitely. Our iron bridges at home seldom exceed fifty or seventy-five years of usefulness and need constant repairs; why cannot we learn true economy in this respect by such examples of mediæval methods?

A little way upstream from the Pont Valentré, on the left bank of the river, an abundant live spring comes to the surface below a tremendous overhanging rock, '*la fontaine des Chartreux*,' or '*la source de Divonne*.' The limpid waters of this subterranean river were used by the Romans, and to-day they supply the drinking-water of Cahors. In a brick building

beside the river the water is raised to a level sufficient to supply all parts of the town by pumps operated by the current of the river Lot, surely a clever adaptation of a fortuitous combination of power and supply.

Above the *fontaine des Chartreux*, on one of the steep hills dominating it, stands an old hermitage of the seventeenth century, with terraced gardens. It has long been in possession of the Gambetta family, and is well worth a visit to enjoy a magnificent view and to see a fine little chapel, a gallery paved with ancient mosaics, and a hall whose walls are covered with frescoes.

In the afternoon we drove out of Cahors, over the Pont Valentré, and followed the left bank of the river through picturesque country roads with distant views of the imposing Castle of Mercuès, formerly a country residence of the Bishops of Cahors, and of several other châteaux unknown to us. The first town we came to, Luzech, is, like Cahors, built on a promontory formed by a great loop or ox bow of the river. It is another of the supposed sites of Cæsar's Uxellodunum. The neck of the loop bears on a high cliff the ruins of a once tremendous château, of course now a *Monument Historique*. The tip of the peninsula is occupied by the remains of a Roman camp some twenty-six hundred feet long by six hundred and fifty feet wide, lending some support to the archæologists who claim this site for Uxellodunum.

We pushed on to Albas, a curious village built on a precipitous narrow rocky shelf, sixty feet above the Lot, dominated itself by perpendicular cliffs into which the inhabitants have burrowed deeply.

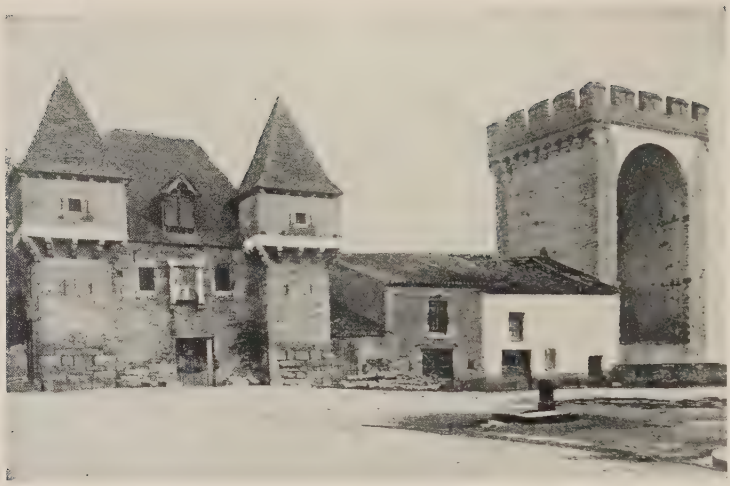
A short drive upstream along the Lot, after we had returned to Cahors, showed us that the country was in that direction even more delightful and picturesque

Neurdein Phot.

THE GOOSE-MARKET, CAHORS

Neurdein Phot.

THE SHEEP-MARKET, CAHORS



THE BARBICAN AND FORTIFICATIONS, CAHORS

Neurdein Phot.

OLD MILL ON THE LOT, CAHORS

than that we had just seen. We returned to the comfortable *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs* well pleased with our two days' visit to Cahors, only regretting that it could not be prolonged and convinced that a longer stay would give opportunity to discover many other places of historic and archæological interest.

CHAPTER IX

CAHORS TO MOISSAC AND TOULOUSE

Desolate *causses* of the Quercy — Castelnau de Montratier — Molières — A farm owned by one family since Charlemagne — The Abbey of Moissac — Masterpieces of twelfth-century sculpture — The bridge of Montauban — The cathedral — The Musée Ingres — *Cornières* of Montauban — Arrival at Toulouse in the nick of time

June 16*th.* We left Cahors by the road to Castelnau de Montratier. Climbing rapidly the abrupt slopes which dominate Cahors to the south, we cast a farewell look at the cheerful multitude of red roofs, belted by the Lot, and were soon after travelling through the most desolate land we have ever found in France. The high plateaux and ridges of the Quercy are almost wholly devoid of water, for ages past the rivers having channelled the porous soil, and dug themselves down to the bottom of deep valleys, many even disappearing for a time in underground channels. The upper region, called *le causse*, is here a stony, sterile waste, covered with a scant growth of heather and bracken. Not a house is visible for many miles, yet there is a kind of austere beauty in the prospect. Occasional deep canyon-like valleys, green at the bottom with an abundance of moisture, made a pleasant contrast to the bare wind-swept plateaux we were crossing. In the crisp air of early morning there was something exhilarating in the boundless horizon, outlined by the blue skyline of distant hills. We had been told that the Pyrenees were visible in clear weather, but a slight haze to the southwest limited our vision in that direction. Soon we reached Castelnau, a little old fortified place perched on the edge of the *causse*, above the

rich valley of the Lalutte River. Some remains of old walls and towers with arched entrances gave the proper local color. Here we saw our first *couverts;* very popular in southern France, they are wide covered galleries under the houses that surround the central square of the town. A few miles farther on we passed through Molières, a picturesque village whose flat red-tiled roofs gave it quite an Italian aspect. Near Molières is a farm which has been owned and cultivated by the same family ever since the year 772 at the beginning of the reign of Charlemagne. During eleven hundred and fifty years disturbed by the domestic troubles of the ninth century, the terrible period of the Albigensian crusade (thirteenth century), the hundred years of devastation during the English wars, the bitterness of the religious conflicts of the sixteenth century, and the horrors of the Great Revolution, these tenacious peasant proprietors have steadfastly raised their families and their crops. Notwithstanding the conscription of all its young men during the Napoleonic wars and in the many wars of the nineteenth century and at last in the Great War, it has managed to maintain its hold on the land, until in 1923 it was among the first to be awarded the diploma given by the Government for long land tenure in France. This is an eloquent record that makes comment superfluous.[1]

The country became more fertile as we approached the valley of the Tarn and at La Française it also became more populated. For the first time we noticed on almost every farm a curious dovecote, which later we found everywhere in the Midi, a good-sized square brick tower, roofed with red tiles, sloping to the north, with openings for the birds on the south side. Just as

[1] Ordre du Mérite Agricole, Les Lafargue, Commune et Canton de Molières, Tarn et Garonne.

was the custom of the Romans, the French of the South raise vast numbers of pigeons as an article of food.

Entering at last Moissac, we drove all through this populous, straggling city before reaching the abbey church, the goal of the morning's run, at the western end of the town. The Abbey of Moissac was founded about the middle of the seventh century, probably by Saint Amand, who at the instigation of the Bishop of Cahors was converting the Aquitanians to Christianity. Until 1047, when it became affiliated with the celebrated Abbey of Cluny, the history of Moissac is that of repeated invasions, invariably entailing the destruction of the monastery and the pillage of its treasures. With the advent of the Cluniac rule began a period of amazing prosperity that lasted two or three centuries, during which, governed by men of great ability, protected by the popes and enriched by kings and nobles, the Abbey of Moissac became a power in Christendom, having at one time as many as one thousand monks on its rolls and possessing lands and fiefs in eleven dioceses. The history of its early struggles is but imperfectly known; few documents are extant and such information as has been gathered by the archæologists, who since 1850 have busied themselves with this monument, is very conflicting. In the light of the most recent investigations,[1] it appears certain that in the church of to-day only the western tower, erected about 1130 and fortified toward 1180, the columns and capitals of the cloisters of the twelfth century, and the lower story of the four westerly bays of the nave of the same epoch, are still extant. We also know that the church of that period, covered with domes or cupolas like those of Saint-Étienne de Ca-

[1] Cf. *L'Abbaye de Moissac*, par Auguste Anglès.

MOISSAC — TYMPANUM OF PORTAL (CIRCA 1135)

MOISSAC — CLOISTERS OF THE ABBEY, TWELFTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES

hors, was finished only in 1180, the year that it was dedicated. In 1188, a conflagration swept the entire city, causing great loss to the monastery, destroying some buildings and also damaging the church. Not until the end of the Albigensian crusade (1244) could reparations be begun. Between 1260 and 1293 everything was attended to; the church was repaired, the chapter hall, kitchen, and refectory were rebuilt, as well as the cloisters, the builders utilizing for the latter such bas-reliefs, columns, and capitals as remained from the earlier cloisters of the twelfth century. Disaster again descended on the monastery during the Hundred Years' War. At its close the now crumbling church was rebuilt with bricks, the cupolas were done away with, and Gothic vaults were substituted. It was again dedicated in 1435 long before completion, for building must have gone on for several years. In 1625, Moissac was so unfortunate as to be granted to a non-resident abbot (*abbé commanditaire*). From that time on it decayed rapidly and only vegetated until wholly suppressed by the Revolution. The church was then offered for sale for six thousand livres, but found no purchaser; the cloisters were saved by the secretary of the commune, who bought them for three hundred livres. Menaced once again in the middle of the nineteenth century by the building of the railway from Bordeaux to Toulouse, it was with difficulty that the cloisters escaped destruction, but that incident centred public attention on Moissac and brought about the classification of all that remained of the abbey as a *Monument Historique*. It is, we hope, now safe for all time.

The cloisters and the twelfth-century portal are preeminently the features that attract to Moissac steadily increasing numbers of admirers of mediæval art. The

portal, originally placed on the west side of the tower, was removed to its present position on the south side when the tower was fortified. As we approached the portal, we noticed that, just as at Cahors, there is an outer and an inner series of archivolts with a barrel-vault five or six feet wide between them. Below the inner archivolts are two low doors with curious projecting jambs; these doors are separated by a large trumeau and capped by a long rectangular lintel above which is the tympanum. The archivolts and the columns on which they rest, the door jambs, the trumeau, and the walls below the barrel-vault are all profusely and splendidly sculptured, but the attention is at once centred on the decoration of the tympanum, a conception rendered with such grandeur that it is acknowledged by all judges as a superlative masterpiece of the sculptor's art in the twelfth century. A truly magnificent figure, commanding and stern, represents the Christ sitting in majesty with the Symbols of the Evangelists about Him; the right hand is raised in blessing, the left rests on a closed book; two tall angels bearing phylacteries are in attendance at the sides and in a long row beneath His feet sit the twenty-four Elders of the Apocalypse watching intently the divine apparition. All these personages are carried out with spirited vigor and are treated with surprising earnestness, the faces and postures showing great individuality. The angels are marked by much elegance of attitude, sweetness of expression, and delicacy of modelling. The vestments follow closely the curves of the bodies; the folds are free and natural; the borders of the garments, heavy with gems, are a marvel of chiselling. The lintel, of white Pyrenean marble, bears a row of exquisite rosettes, confined in a twisted cable issuing from the snouts of two fantastic beasts. It is

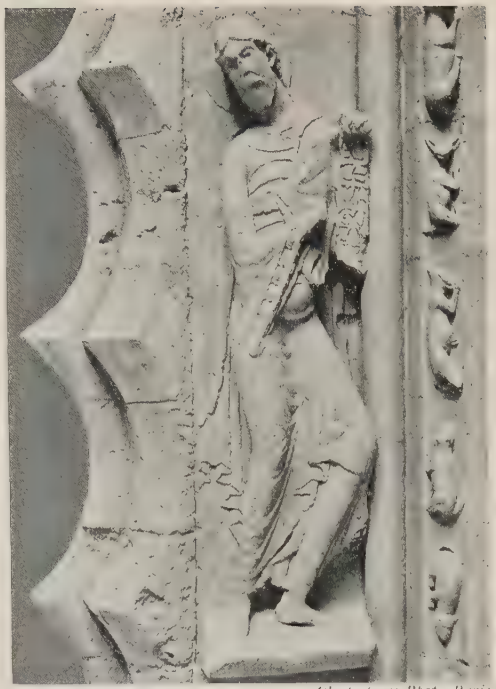
believed to have come from some earlier monument, as it is unquestionably an adaptation in its present position. The trumeau is also an admirable piece of statuary; six lions, their bodies crossed in pairs, suggest the rampant animals so often seen in carved Byzantine ivories. Saracen influence is perceptible in the lobing of the door jambs and the sides of the trumeau, on which the sculptor has managed, notwithstanding the narrowness of the latter, to represent two long figures of Apostles, showing intense realism. The face of the door jambs bears statues; at the left, Saint Peter, treading on the lion which, in his first epistle, symbolizes the Devil; at the right, the prophet Isaiah, holding a phylactery inscribed 'Ecce Virgo concipiet.' The walls below the barrel-vault are wholly covered with badly mutilated carving. At the right and left twin arcades shelter two sets of bas-reliefs of gray marble carved in the covers of ancient sarcophagi. A rectangular bas-relief, as long as the width of the barrel-vault, surmounts the arcades. At the left are represented the Vices: Wantonness, a woman whose breasts are bitten by snakes; and Avarice, the death of the rich man, tortured afterwards by horrible demons. The long panel above contains the feast of the rich man, the death of Lazarus, and Paradise, where Abraham is seated with the soul of the poor man in his bosom. On the right-hand side, under the arcades, are the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the Adoration of the Magi; the upper panel represents the Presentation in the Temple, the angel warning Joseph, and the Flight into Egypt. All this minor sculpture is executed in a wholly different spirit from that of the great tympanum, so calm yet so powerful. It is more akin to the statues of Saint Peter and Isaiah; the bodies are long and thin, the attitudes tormented, the gestures violent. The

upper panels also differ from the rest of the sculpture; they are excellent examples of a popular art that loves portrayal of homely, familiar scenes and forgets no detail, no accessory; for instance, the dog is there, licking the sores of Lazarus, and the leper's warning rattle lies beside his head.

The portal gives access to a narthex under the tower, vaulted with rectangular cross ribs in the crudest possible manner. Although not older than 1140, it is a poor copy of the ogival vaults of the North of France of the same date. A fine hall exists above this narthex, but we knew nothing of it at the time of our visit and so missed it. The church itself is a large interior without aisles or transepts, covered with Gothic ribbed vaults dating from the fifteenth century. There are remains of a stone choir screen of the sixteenth century, a fine altar back of the same period, a Pietà and a Holy Sepulchre of the fifteenth of only moderate artistic value, and a carved marble sarcophagus of the Merovingian period, sixth or seventh century. Near the organ is a curious crucifix of Spanish origin attributed to the fifteenth century.

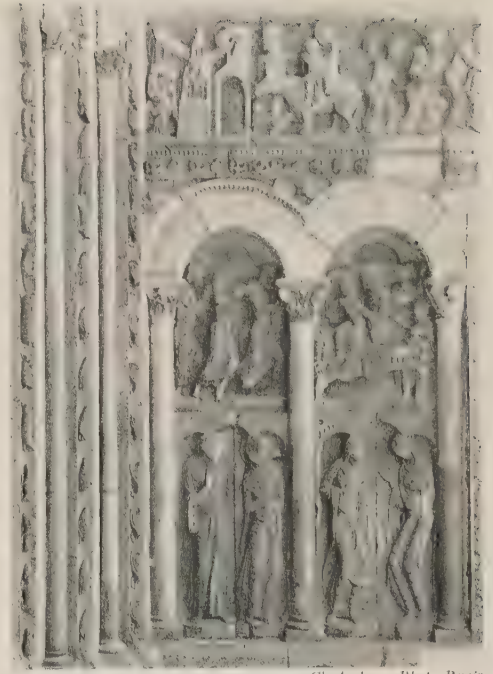
While we were visiting the church an elderly priest was teaching the Catechism to a class of young boys. Neither teacher nor pupils took the slightest notice of our presence. They were all too busy with a rapid fire of questions and answers, riveting their attention on the business in hand. That the teacher made his subject interesting was evident from the laughing, eager faces of the pupils, each bent on being the first to answer.

The cloisters at the north of the church were truly beautiful! Seventy-six brick arcades of the fifteenth century, supported on columns and capitals of the twelfth, enclose on four sides a large grassed-over



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

MOISSAC PORTAL — ISAIAH



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

MOISSAC PORTAL — RIGHT-HAND PANEL

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

TWELFTH-CENTURY CAPITALS, CLOISTERS OF MOISSAC

court, shaded by magnificent trees. The arcades are sharply pointed and covered with a tiled pent roof. The greatest interest lies in the wonderful storied capitals and some angle pillars, decorated with carved slabs, that may well antedate the twelfth century. The subjects of the capitals, drawn from the Old and the New Testaments and the Lives of the Saints, follow each other without consecutive order. Most of the scenes are treated with charming simplicity, like those of the bas-reliefs of the portal; the lesser accessories — costumes, furniture, buildings — are rendered with care; the very natural gestures express perfectly the sentiments of the personages. Though the sculptors have succeeded in portraying real life, they have utterly failed to convey abstract subjects involving the grandeur, the emotion, or the mystic poetry of certain passages in the Scriptures. One must also notice the lovely treatment of the foliated capitals, the palms and ferns, flowers and fruits, combined in the most exquisite and varied designs with unfailing boldness and exuberant imagination.

We should have liked to study at leisure these quaint and delightful conceptions of an age when the Bible was taught pictorially, but having planned to reach Montauban for lunch, our self-imposed schedule drove us on. At the last minute, hearing of an ancient Church of Saint-Martin, which had recently been taken over by the Beaux-Arts, we hurried to see what it might be. It dates at least from the tenth century and its chief interest seemed to lie in the method of its construction — '*en petit appareil*,' the French call it — in this instance irregular small blocks bedded in mortar, a manner of building usual at that time. Excavations were in progress in the nave and choir which may bring to light unknown treasures.

The ride to Montauban on the level plains of the lower valley of the Tarn was uneventful and tame after the fine scenery of the morning. Castelsarrasin, whose name augured visions of romance, proved to be a dull factory town. When we reached the old bridge which leads over the Tarn into Montauban, our interest was reawakened. The bridge, built wholly of brick between 1303 and 1316, is indeed a majestic structure, extending for six hundred and seventy-two feet over seven pointed brick arches, between powerful piers protected upstream by triangular cutwaters. A curious feature of the piers is a large arched opening, intended in times of flood to increase the freeway and lessen the pressure on the structure. It was formerly fortified, and a chapel to Saint Catherine stood on one of the piers. All these picturesque features were done away with years ago, to get a few feet additional width, but even in its mutilated condition the bridge makes a strong appeal, by its fine proportions and its beautiful color, a mellow red enriched by the patina that time alone can give. The view of the city from the bridge was stimulating, for a totally different style of building prevailed here from that of the provinces we had just traversed. Everything is of brick at Montauban. At the end of the bridge the splendid palace of the old bishops stood majestically, dominated by the noble tower and spire of the Church of Saint-Jacques; at the right a maze of red-tiled roofs rose in successive tiers on a low hill, mingling with the fresh green foliage of many trees. It made a pleasing and picturesque prospect.

We drove to the *Hôtel du Midi* on the Place des États-Unis, where we had an excellent lunch, after which we crossed the street to visit the cathedral. Built in the classic style of the Renaissance, between

1692 and 1739, after the destruction of the old cathedral by the Calvinists about 1567, it offered but slight interest except in the sacristy, which contains a splendid painting by Ingres, *Le vœu de Louis XIII*. This picture, on which the painter worked unremittingly four years, brought him only three thousand francs, but it centred public attention on the artist and was the turning-point in his career. Our next visit was to the Musée Ingres, now located in the palace of the old bishops. The buildings which are very imposing were erected in 1659 on the foundations of a castle built by the English in 1366, itself constructed on the ruins of an ancient château of the Counts of Toulouse of which traces remain in the basement of the museum. Ingres, the greatest master of drawing of the nineteenth century, left all his studies and collections to Montauban, his native city, and his masterly technique is exhibited here in all its development from youth to maturity. The museum also contains fine pictures by other famous French artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, some of them former pupils of Ingres; also a few Greek and Roman statues. In the basement we found the department of decorative arts and an archæological collection of much interest. Altogether it is a very creditable and attractive museum for a small provincial town. We looked in at the Church of Saint-Jacques, but found within nothing of as great interest as its very handsome octagonal tower and pointed spire. There are three stories above the roof, every bay containing twin openings in the Gothic style of the Midi, where the general use of brick has modified the pointed arch into a triangular mitred motive, often seen at Toulouse and elsewhere in the South. On the way back to our hotel, we blundered into the Place Nationale, one of the notable curiosities of Montauban.

Almost all the buildings facing on it were built about 1616 and are now classed as *Monuments Historiques.* The front part of the houses rests on a double row of arcaded galleries, with brick groined vaults, and a handsome portico closes each corner of the square. The aspect of these '*cornières,*' as these galleries are locally named, is quite suggestive of town squares in Italy.

The ride to Toulouse over the flat plain in a driving rainstorm offered no interest and we were glad to arrive at the *Grand Hôtel Tivollier,* very metropolitan indeed in its appointments. We got a fine room with a good bathroom and felt quite citified for the first time in several weeks. On the way to the hotel garage the magneto of our car gave out for all time and the automobile had to be pushed in by man power. When the bobbin was examined, the winding was a fused mass of copper and insulating material. We had arrived just in the nick of time.

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BRICK BRIDGE AND THE MUSEUM
MONTAUBAN

ARCADES AND MARKET-PLACE, MONTAUBAN

THE FESTIVAL OF THE JEUX FLORAUX IN 1326
From a painting in the *Capitole*, Toulouse, by J. P. Laurens

CHAPTER X

TOULOUSE

History — A review of the Albigensian heresy and the crusade of Innocent III to eradicate it.

THE history of Toulouse is important, it being bound up with that of the entire southwest of France. We shall have to consider its epoch-making phases somewhat more carefully than we have done elsewhere, to understand the causes which converted the Midi, formerly an independent country, into an integral part of France.

Tolosa, the antique city, far antedates the Roman occupation, under which it was already a centre for scholars and artists. Christianity was introduced by Saint Saturnin, locally Sernin, who suffered martyrdom by being dragged alive at the tail of a wild bull in the year 250. The memory of this deed is preserved in the street and church of le Taur (*taureau*), erected on the spot where the rope broke.

Under the Visigoths from 419 to 508 the city was the capital, first of the duchy, then later of the kingdom of Aquitaine. In 887 the Count of Toulouse became an independent sovereign and under his jurisdiction and that of his successors, Toulouse attained an era of greatness and prosperity which culminated under Count Raymond IV at the end of the eleventh century. During this period it was the intellectual and artistic capital of Europe; its poets and musicians far outstripped those of any other state, while the material prosperity of its merchants excited the jealousy and envy of more warlike and less prosperous nations.

The reputation of the scholars who made it a centre of cultivation, advanced thought, and liberalism rendered it odious in the eyes of Boniface VIII, the tyrannous Pope who, dreaming of a universal empire under his sole sway, saw in it an obstacle to the realization of his plans. The spread of the dangerous doctrines taught by the Albigensians gave him a much-desired pretext for destroying the influence and power of the Count of Toulouse. The history of the Albigensian persecution is not generally well known, though it is important, as having been one of the first movements which eventually culminated in the Reformation, so we shall find it profitable while at Toulouse, its principal centre notwithstanding the name, to consider in some detail its history which has only recently been made available.[1]

The former rulers of Aquitaine, the Visigoths, were Arians; though nominally Christians they did not admit the divinity of Christ. Their kingdom was destroyed by orthodox Catholic dukes, counts, and bishops, and the Catholic faith became that of the land. But Arian tenets lingered for centuries in the minds of the common people, and even took concrete form in pagan belief in two divinities, the good and the bad genii, God and Satan. This, the basis of ancient Manichean dualism, was the core of the Albigensian heresy. Precise details are few, for the Church endeavored later to eradicate every vestige of the schism. Cathari or Perfecti, a set of elect, the Perfect Ones, were recognized, whom God Himself would have distinguished from the mass of ordinary believers. In this respect they were the forerunners of the Jansenists.

[1] The following account is freely adapted and translated from the admirable work, *Le Moyen Age*, by Funck-Brentano. Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1922.

They preached contempt of ecclesiastical dignities, in common with the Waldensians, whose heresy was contemporaneous, having been started by Peter Waldo in the last quarter of the twelfth century. The Albigensians protested against the tithes exacted from the peasants by church authorities; they did not admit the bodily presence of Christ in the Host, nor the cult of the Saints, nor purgatory, nor the power attached to ecclesiastical ordination. Thus they preached as did the Waldensians many of the doctrines which later became the basis of the Protestant religion. That it was a pestilent heresy, there is, however, no doubt. The Perfecti, until embittered by persecution, were gentle people, who only wanted to be let alone. They abstained from eating meat and drinking wine, fasted often and labored with the common people; they preached renunciation of all the pleasures of the world, which they taught were but a manifestation of the Devil for the temptation of mankind. Especially bitter were they against the sacrament of marriage, which they regarded as a legalized state of sin. Their teachings urged total renunciation of the world until death should release them into bliss everlasting and absorption into the Godhead. Their ultimate aim was the suicide of all mankind through non-reproduction, and the ending by this radical method of the power of Satan. Their religion was thus a crude mixture of Buddhism and paganism, not unlike some of the modern varieties which, obtaining a temporary success and not being molested, die a natural death when the founders pass on.

Even as early as 1145, Saint Bernard had undertaken to combat these heresies. The Albigensians were denounced at the Council of Tours in 1163. They had made such gains by 1178 that Louis VII and Henri

II had contemplated a crusade; instead, missionaries were sent with but mediocre success. The Comte de Foix, the Vicomte de Béarn, the Vicomte de Béziers, the Comte de Comminges declared themselves in favor of the heretics, probably for political reasons rather than on account of belief in their gloomy theology. At last Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse, joined them in 1196 — the major part of the Midi was now Albigensian.

Before striking, Pope Innocent III tried reasoning. He sent the Bishop of Osma and the monk who later became Saint Dominic into the contaminated regions. They recognized that the disorders of the Catholic clergy, its luxury, the dissipated lives of many prelates, abbots, and curés, were at the root of the trouble. They tried to remedy it and to bring back the erring ones into the fold of the Church by persuasion. Unhappily other high clerical personages talked differently. They demanded the extermination of the heretics, gangrened members of the faith who must be extirpated by fire and steel, lest they contaminate the whole body. Among these prelates a converted troubadour, the monk Folquet, of Marseilles, was all the more vehement that he felt he must make haste on the road to paradise, for he had hitherto followed very different leads. In 1206 he was made Bishop of Toulouse. Instigated by him, the Pope's legate, Pierre de Castelnau, excommunicated Raymond VI (1207). In reprisal a squire of the Count assassinated Pierre de Castelnau in January, 1208. When the Pope was apprised of the murder of his legate, he hesitated no longer and proclaimed a crusade. An army was mustered at Lyons in June, 1209, financed by merchants, bankers, and usurers who advanced funds on shares, to be repaid by plunder. Stuffs, wine, oil, wheat, do-

mains, and castles, to be wrested from the Albigensians, were promised in payment. It was considered a profitable investment. On July 21, 1209, the army appeared before Béziers. In vain did Viscount Raymond Roger protest his fidelity and that of his people to the Catholic faith; the city was taken, sacked, and set on fire. In the Church of La Madeleine, where women, old men, and children had sought refuge, seven thousand unfortunates were murdered. The city was destroyed. The war went on accompanied by savage executions. Defenders of castles were hanged on the castle gibbets, knights captured in battle were strangled and suspended to the olive trees of the roadside, or bound and dragged on the dusty road at the tail of their own horses. The burghers of cities were burnt alive in heaps in the midst of the fields; poor old women were thrown into wells and crushed with heavy stones. 'The herbage of the fields becomes red as a rosebush, for no prisoners are taken, and in this exaltation, miracles bloom like pure-hearted lilies, under the bloody footsteps of the Crusaders. At the height of combats, in the tumult of assaults, the priests chant the *Sancte Spiritus* and the *Veni Creator*, beneath the pennants of the army marching in procession, and so loudly that the sound might be heard a half a league away.' Thus is this detestable progress described in the contemporaneous 'Lay of the Crusade.'

A petty noble from the North, Simon de Montfort l'Amaury, had soon distinguished himself by the ardor of his faith as well as by his military talents and ruthlessness. He was elected by the crusaders Viscount of Béziers and Carcassonne. The crusade had found its chief. He carried on the campaign with paralyzing rapidity. Strongholds fell into his hands one after the other, and every battle with the southern troops,

badly organized, badly led, hesitating between submission and fighting, became a victory. By 1212, Raymond VI held only Toulouse and Montauban. The conquest continued to be marked by atrocious cruelties. According to the monk Pierre de Vaux Cernay, official historian of the crusade: 'Our pilgrims burnt a large number of heretics with extreme joyfulness.' This sentence strikes the keynote of the savage exaltation that possessed the crusaders. These northern soldiers impressed the more refined population of the Midi as men of repellent brutality and rudeness, especially so on account of their drunken habits. 'Beneath the clash of iron and the flow of blood were drowned the "gay science" and the "fine speech" of the troubadours, the courteous poetry which flourished in the gentle courts of Comminges and Languedoc.'[1]

Pierre II, King of Aragon, came to the rescue with a large army, but it was badly led. Simon de Montfort utterly routed it at Muret, not far from Toulouse, in 1213. Pierre II and twenty thousand of his followers were slain, according to Pierre de Vaux Cernay; the crusaders lost barely one hundred men. Simon de Montfort, now master of the Languedoc, showed himself a skilful administrator. The laws which he gave to the inhabitants, more in accordance with the social transformations of the century than the old ones, protected them from the excesses of petty squires and nobles. They were received almost with gratitude, but the troubadours regretted the old times of the courts of love when their gentle poetry flourished.

[1] '*Sous un bruit de fer, sous un flot de sang, fut noyée la "gaie science," le "beau dire," des troubadours, la poésie courtoise qui florissait dans les gentilles cours de Comminges et du Languedoc.*' (*Le Moyen Age*, Funck-Brentano.)

Beneath these wars of religion, deeper influences were at work. A civilization differing in its habits from that of the North of France had developed south of the Loire. The crusaders acted as brutes, massacring every one. We read in the Chronicles of the Churches of Anjou: 'They made a frightful carnage of heretics and Catholics, losing no time in segregating them'; but by the very violence of the combats they attached the France of the South to that of the North, by bonds never again to be severed. They cleared the way effectively for the influence of the Île-de-France, which was to conquer the entire Midi, politically, intellectually, and artistically. From the first, Philippe Auguste, the King of France, treated Simon de Montfort as an officer of the Crown; Simon rendered justice in the name of the King. The Lateran Council in 1215 had left Toulouse to Raymond VI on the insistence of the Pope. Simon, who wanted the entire domain for himself, marched and laid siege to it. The defence was heroic and joyful. Every one went to work with spirit, men, women, and children, laboring in the trenches and at the earthworks, singing ballads and roundelays. A fateful stone, discharged by a catapult operated by young women of Toulouse, on the top of the basilica of Saint Sernin, found its mark in the helmet of Simon de Montfort, whose brain was crushed to a jelly. The news soon spread consternation in the ranks of the besiegers, who hurriedly raised the siege, burned their engines of assault, and, taking with them the lifeless corpse of Simon, retired to Carcassonne, where he was buried under an epitaph reciting that 'the Sire de Montfort is a saint, a martyr, who shall rise from the dead and flourish in God's felicity.' The troubadour Peire Cardinal wrote: 'If by killing men and spilling blood, by losing souls and con-

senting to murders, by following perverse advice and lighting incendiary fires, by destroying barons and seizing lands by violence, by slaughtering women and butchering children, one can in this world acquire Jesus Christ, the lord of Montfort must wear a crown and shine resplendently in Heaven . . . and may the Son of the Virgin who causes Righteousness to shine, who gave His flesh and His blood, watch over Reason and Right and reconcile both parties by establishing the Truth.'

Not until 1228 did the war come to an end, though fanatical bands of Albigensians carried on a guerilla warfare until exterminated in 1244, when their last stronghold, the well-nigh impregnable castle of Montségur, situated on the summit of a Pyrenean peak, was captured after a six months' siege. No mercy was shown to two hundred and fifty defenders taken alive; they refused to abjure and every one of them was burnt at the stake.

In 1229, treaties were made organizing, on the one hand, the Inquisition, which for many years made numerous victims, and on the other, the University, thanks to which the study of the arts and sciences was maintained in the Midi, though not with the brilliance that had distinguished it before the crusade. In the sixteenth century the wars of religion were the cause of fresh blood being spilled. Three hundred victims were assassinated in Toulouse on Saint Bartholomew's day. The Revolution also was particularly bloody in this city. Fifty-three members of the local *parlement* died on the scaffold during the Terror. On April 10, 1814, Wellington fought under its walls an indecisive battle where twelve thousand men were slain. Since then the city and the Midi have enjoyed, if not always peace, at least freedom from invasion by enemy armies.

CHAPTER XI

TOULOUSE (*continued*)

Cathedral Saint-Étienne — Picturesque ancient houses — La Dalbade — The old bridge — Sumptuous Hôtel d'Assézat — The Hôtel de Ville — Basilica of Saint-Sernin — The holiest spot in all the world — La Daurade — Les Jacobins — A wonderful museum in Les Augustins — Musée Saint Raymond

June 17th. Early in the morning we set forth to visit the cathedral, before which a market was encountered as usual. In almost every town we had found the cathedral square devoted to this purpose. As in the Middle Ages it was the centre of every kind of civic activity, so it remains to-day.

The Cathedral of Saint-Étienne is most curious in that the axis of the nave, though parallel to that of the choir, is a continuation of the south wall of the choir. It is thus at one side of the choir, by one half its own width. This anomalous disposition seems to constitute no impediment to the exercises of the Faith; for the great ceremonies the choir is used, and for parochial purposes the southeastern part of the nave, the altar being placed against its south wall. When Bishop Bertrand de l'Île tore down the old choir and in 1272 started the building of a new cathedral, he had no doubt that his church would before long entirely supersede the existing one, so he chose the emplacement of the choir with no reference to the position of the old nave. He lived just long enough to erect the triforium of the choir, and there matters stood until the fifteenth century. His successors so wasted the revenues of their immense diocese for their own pleasure and ostentation that the scandalized Popes, Boni-

face VIII and John XXII, quartered the territory, creating three new bishoprics and advancing that of Toulouse into an archbishopric, by way of compensation. This did not enable worthier successors to continue the grand plan of Bishop Bertrand. The choir is but ninety-two feet high against one hundred and thirty-two feet called for by the original plan. By 1445, the scheme had become definitely abandoned; the old nave was given a new portal, the great pillar which stands at the junction of nave and choir was erected, and the two parts of the church were connected by a system of bays and vaulting. The nave, which dates from the close of the eleventh century interested us greatly. Built originally with two side aisles, these were suppressed in the fifteenth century and the now single nave, sixty-three feet wide, was covered with three of the boldest ogival vaults yet put up in the Midi. A superb display of tapestries hung on the walls of nave and choir. The Life of Saint Stephen, in four long pieces, dating from 1533, is easily the best of the collection, the rest of which is mostly of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century workmanship. The seven clerestory windows of the apse have good stained glass, characteristic of the period. They are dated 1611 and 1612 and signed by Jean and Armand de Moles, probably descendants of the more celebrated Armand de Moles, who made the famous windows of the cathedral at Auch. A few of the chapels have much older glass, some even going back to the thirteenth century, but too much restored to have great value. The outside of the cathedral has but mediocre interest; the Gothic choir is commonplace, there is a good belfry, but the larger part of the exterior is masked by old buildings and scaffoldings. Some day the connection joining the choir

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, TOULOUSE

Neurdein Phot.

THE CAPITOLE AND DUNGEON, TOULOUSE

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL, TOULOUSE

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

DOORWAY OF GOTHIC HOUSE, TOULOUSE

and nave may be made sightly, but so far several attempts have always failed to be continued to an end. To preserve unaltered the baptismal chapel, which according to tradition stands on the site of the first Christian sanctuary erected by Saint Martial at Toulouse, the new portal given to the west façade in 1451 was deliberately constructed with no attempt to centre it on the thirteenth-century rose windows above it. The result is not fortunate in an artistic sense, particularly so as the style of the portal emphasizes the asymmetry of the design.

In the afternoon we wandered into the old streets in the southwest quarter of the city, where many famous ancient houses still remain. Dating mostly from the first half of the sixteenth century, they show charming details of Renaissance sculpture, carved portals and lintels, windows and cornices, with many a quaint winding staircase, and graceful little angle turrets. One ambitious mansion seemed to us a monstrosity, anticipating by two hundred and fifty years the worst of mid-Victorian buildings: the *Maison de pierre* constructed largely of dressed blocks, instead of the usual brick, with heavy mouldings overloaded by ugly mythological personages, lintels of windows and doorways covered with a profusion of graceless foliage and columns surmounted by equally ugly capitals. One wonders why it has been classed as a *Monument Historique.*

We came unexpectedly upon the brick church of Notre-Dame-de-la-Dalbade erected in the years 1503 to 1535 in the southern Gothic style. The fine steeple, two hundred and seventy-five feet high, is hardly visible in the narrow street it stands on. From a distance it makes a great appearance, with its massive square tower surmounted by a high octagonal spire.

Turrets at the four corners of the tower relieve the heaviness of the central mass and accentuate the vertical lines in the happiest manner.[1] The portal, a charming Renaissance composition by Michel Colin, is wholly modern in its statuary, the Revolution having destroyed the figures that filled the niches. Modern also is the tympanum containing a Coronation of the Virgin in enamelled terra-cotta recalling the method of della Robbia. The most interesting feature of the spacious interior is the bold vaulting of the nave and choir. It is otherwise quite disfigured by an eighteenth-century monumental baldaquin, characteristic of the worst taste of the period.

We have almost as great a passion for old bridges as for old houses, and the Pont Neuf being near by, we went to see it. Quite similar in general design to the bridge at Montauban, it connects Toulouse with the suburb of Saint-Cyprien, over a roadway sixty-five feet wide extending from bank to bank for seven-hundred and twenty-six feet. There are seven arches of both brick and stone, the brick having the pleasing mellow tone peculiar to it in the South of France. For centuries the river was crossed on nothing but wooden bridges with masonry piers; but the Garonne is an impetuous stream and repeatedly it carried them away. At last the inhabitants determined to build a great bridge that would stand. The corner stone of the pier nearest the city was laid in January, 1544, and duly blessed by the Bishop. Nicolas Bachelier, the famous architect, directed the first operations, then his son Dominique, and after him Pierre Souffron coped with untold difficulties caused by floods and

[1] On April 11, 1926, this belfry collapsed utterly at three o'clock in the morning, crushing the nave of the church almost to the choir, as well as two adjoining houses and a schoolhouse across the street.

quicksands. Not until 1614 were the piers ready to receive the arches that were built on designs by Jacques Lemercier, architect of Cardinal Richelieu. The bridge was open to the public in 1632. Lemercier erected at the farther end of the bridge two charming pavilions, connected by an archway spanning the roadway, above which was an entablature bearing an equestrian statue of Louis XIII. This exquisite little monument was unfortunately taken down in 1858 — to facilitate traffic! Alas for modern improvements!

Near the bridge is the Hôtel d'Assézat, the most interesting private mansion in Toulouse, built in 1555 by Nicolas Bachelier. A fine portal gives access to a large court, around which is built the house. A noble arcaded vestibule on the left, now disused as such, leads to the exquisite statue of Clémence Isaure, the patroness of the fine arts of the Midi. The last owner left the house in trust for the joint use of the Academies of Toulouse. Literature, ancient and modern, the Sciences, the Law, Medicine, Geography, and Archæology live together amicably amidst artistic surroundings.

Oldest and most important is the Académie des Jeux Floraux, founded for the encouragement of poetry and literature in 1323, under the name of Collège du Gai Savoir, and still exerting a vital influence on the arts in southern France. Under the leadership of Fréderic Mistral and his school, the revival of Provençal, the former language of the Midi, was enthusiastically espoused by the Académie des Jeux Floraux and a fresh and vigorous impetus given to the meetings, which it has held annually on May 3d, ever since its foundation. Gold sweetbriar roses and silver lilies are awarded to the victors in a literary contest, which is preceded by a religious ceremony at the Church of La Daurade. The legendary character of Dame

Clémence Isaure, the mythical patroness of the Jeux Floraux, is in harmony with the idealism of these modern troubadours who are striving to keep alive the memory of the palmy days of good King René of Provence and Count Raymond IV of Toulouse.

The next morning we visited the northwest part of the city. The dungeon behind the Hôtel de Ville attracted us by its look of antiquity. It dates from 1525, but was wholly restored by Viollet-le-Duc and now houses the archives of the city. The Hôtel de Ville, called *le Capitole* by the Toulousains, is an imposing building with an Ionic façade, four hundred and twenty feet long, built in 1750. The city fathers are *les capitouls*. A *Salle des Illustres* is the most interesting of the many halls it contains; this is devoted to the history of Toulouse, its glories and artistic triumphs. The foremost artists of the region have contributed to its decoration. There is a beautiful little inner court entered through a fine Renaissance archway, dating from the time of Henri IV, with a statue of this martial king in a niche above the arch. The young Duke of Montmorency, who had conspired against Richelieu, was beheaded in this court before this statue on October 30, 1632. The narrow Rue du Taur attracted us by the extraordinary aspect of the fortified tower above the Church of le Taur, whose belfry is flanked with two turrets joined by battlements with machicolations, and a covered way for the watch. The present church dates from the fourteenth century and offers little special interest within. At the end of the Rue du Taur we came right before the glory of Toulouse, the Basilica of Saint-Sernin, grandest Romanesque structure still existing, perhaps the finest ever built if we may believe what Toulouse says of it. It is a large church, three hundred and seventy-seven feet long

CHURCH OF THE JACOBINS, TOULOUSE

Neurdein Phot.

HÔTEL D'ASSÉZAT, TOULOUSE

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

BASILICA OF SAINT-SERNIN, TOULOUSE

over all. The width of the nave is one hundred and seven feet, that at the transepts two hundred and ten feet, and the highest vaulting stands sixty-nine feet above the floor. The tower is the most beautiful feature of the exterior; elegant and graceful it springs lightly at the crossing, and carries its five stories of open windows framed in by delicately carved colonnettes to a height of two hundred and thirteen feet. The best view of it is that obtained when standing directly behind the end of the apse. The choir and apsidal chapels, rising in steps above each other make a strikingly beautiful pedestal for it to stand on. Construction of the basilica was begun about 1075 and had so far advanced that the choir was consecrated in 1096. The building of the nave, begun about 1090, proceeded more slowly, one bay at a time. Notwithstanding the Albigensian war at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the plan of the nave was extended to include two additional bays, later consolidated into one, to afford a suitable foundation for two towers, contemplated for the western façade. About the middle of the thirteenth century these towers were left uncompleted to raise the one over the crossing. This unfortunately compelled the enlargement of the four pillars at the crossing, which now appear abnormally large when viewed from the nave. Romanesque architecture does not respond happily to such changes of plan. It is far more dependent than Gothic on a perfect correlation of all its parts. Fortunately the structure as it stands to-day is substantially as it was in 1271 at the time the County of Toulouse was acquired by the Crown of France. Repairs and reconstructions have, of course, been necessary, but they were made without material alteration of the edifice or the introduction of new decorative elements. Five doors admit the public to the in-

terior. Two at the southern end of the transepts are called '*portes des Comtes ou des Filhols*.' The first name is due to the presence of an arched recess (*enfeu* in French) at the left, within which are four sarcophagi that once held the remains of several of the Counts of Toulouse. The location on the outside of the basilica of these tombs of the high and mighty ones of their day was puzzling till we learned that Saint-Sernin being the place of sepulture of so many saints and apostles was much too holy a place to receive within its walls the remains of ordinary mortals, however exalted their earthly station. Two of the sarcophagi date from the twelfth century; the other two go back to the first centuries of Christianity. The second name was attached because the '*filleuls*' (godchildren), that is persons just baptised, left the church through these doors. About the middle of the south wall of the nave is the '*Porte Miégeville*,' also called '*porte des Innocents*' on account of the subject of one of its capitals. This dates from 1155 to 1160. In front is an isolated portal in the best style of the Renaissance (about 1525). On the tympanum is some ancient statuary representing the Ascension. The unfinished west front, built in the thirteenth century, is pierced by two doors between columns with carved capitals. Above the doors is a row of five small marble arcades and above these a central rose which, having lost all its mullions, is now deprived of all beauty.

Entering the church we find that there are two side aisles on each side of the central nave; these are continued around the apse and the transepts. The aisles and the ambulatory have groined vaults, the galleries half barrel-vaults, and the nave and choir full barrel-vaults. In common with most Romanesque churches the interior of Saint-Sernin is rather dark and the heavy

piers that support the crossing contribute to make the choir even more sombre than is usual. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have had their way in the choir, which is disfigured by a huge baldaquin over the tomb of Saint Saturnin, borne on four gilt bronze bulls, very expensive but sadly out of keeping with the eleventh-century surroundings; neither are the choir stalls very satisfactory. At the end of the north transept against the east wall is a beautiful crucifix of the twelfth century, quite in the Byzantine style, the most interesting object of church equipment in the whole basilica. On the inner wall of the ambulatory are inserted seven noble marble figures, carved in high relief, that have been attributed to the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century. These figures, that have doubtless been copied from Byzantine ivories represent in the centre a Christ sitting in majesty in a jewelled mandorla with a cherub and a seraph at the right and left, and farther on in continuation on each side an angel, a saint, and an apostle.

Hic sunt vigiles qui custodiunt civitatem
Non est sanctior in toto orbe locus.[1]

Thus are inscribed the two gates that lead into the crypt, a crypt that contains relics of an incredible number of Apostles, saints, and martyrs. It was, in the Middle Ages and still is, a place of pilgrimage which draws thousands of the faithful every year. Here did the pilgrims bound for Saint James of Compostella converge, from all the pilgrim routes in France, before crossing the Pyrenees. So important did it become that

[1] These are the warders who protect the State — There is no holier place in all the World.

it even threatened to supersede the Spanish shrine until the Pope used his powerful influence to prevent the pilgrims from ending their devotions at Saint-Sernin.

There are other churches worth visiting in Toulouse. Notre-Dame-la-Daurade is famous on account of its associations with the past. It was built on the site of a church erected toward the end of the fifth century by the Visigoth princes, who were wont to imitate the arts of Rome in their sanctuaries as well as in their palaces. Though they were Arians, they wished to please their Catholic subjects, so they lavished on this church the Byzantine ornamentation of marbles and especially of mosaics on a gold ground, that gave it the name of 'la Daurade' (*Deaurata* — the golden). This primitive church recalled in its construction the first churches of Rome and San Vitale of Ravenna. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it became so ruinous that it had to be taken down. Its scores of beautiful marble colonnettes were widely scattered; some are now in the Toulouse Museum, more are in private hands. A handful of little gilt cubes, in the Musée Saint-Raymond, represents all that is left of the superb mosaics. The present edifice, rich but uninteresting, dates from 1773, only a few columns recalling the earlier church. The style is that of Saint Peter's at Rome, but on a very much reduced scale. In a special chapel is a Black Virgin which goes back to the early Middle Ages. It was carried in solemn procession through the streets in times of public calamities and still remains the object of popular veneration. Ever since the early years of the fourteenth century, Notre-Dame-la-Noire has been the protector of the very noble Académie des Jeux Floraux. On her altar are laid the prizes destined to the successful competitors,

APSE OF SAINT-SERNIN, TOULOUSE

Neurdein Phot.

THE MUSEUM, TOULOUSE

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY VIRGIN AND CHILD
TOULOUSE MUSEUM

where they are blessed by the Curé of la Daurade before the contest.

Within the precincts of the Petit Lycée is the great brick church of the Jacobins, now the chapel of the college, but formerly attached to a monastery of Dominicans founded by the Saint Dominic of the Albigensian Crusade. The monks were usually called Jacobins, because the mother house of the order at Paris adjoined the Porte Saint-Jacques. It is a most impressive structure on account of its size and great simplicity. In accordance with the rule of Saint Dominic, there is nothing in the way of superfluous ornamentation, only the proportions of the majestic structure produce an effect of which Théophile Gautier said, 'it showed how eloquent a wall could be.' It dates from 1230 to 1292, and follows the plan of the churches of the mendicant orders, the nave being divided longitudinally into two parts, one side for the monks, the other for the laity. This division is made by seven graceful columns, each seventy-two feet high, the highest in France with the exception of two at Saint-Nicolas-du-Port, in Lorraine. The vaulting stands almost one hundred feet above the floor. The most easterly column receives the thrust of eighteen ribs, supporting the vaults of the choir. It simulates the branching of a palm tree above a superb slender trunk. Some day the tall narrow windows, fifty-nine feet high by six and a half wide, with trefoiled mullions, may be restored. More than half their opening was sealed with bricks in 1810, when Napoleon I decreed that the abbey buildings should be used as military barracks. The bell tower, one of the finest in Toulouse, stands against the north side of the choir. It is octagonal throughout its seven stories, and the arrangement of its windows in the four upper stories is typical of the

very best that can be done in brick, by no means an adaptable material. North of the church are the remains of a charming cloister whose arcades are supported on delicate, slender marble columns in pairs. Even more slender are the columns of the chapter hall on the easterly side, as graceful as those which later the Italian Renaissance marked with the stamp of its unique beauty.

The Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture of Toulouse occupies the church and conventual buildings of the one-time monastery of Les Augustins and also a blatant modern building glaringly out of keeping with the quiet dignity and beauty of the ancient ones. A large cloister in the Gothic style of the fifteenth century and the chapter hall adjoining it contain an extremely valuable collection of mediæval remains: fragments of sculpture from the former cloisters of Saint-Sernin, Saint-Étienne, and la Daurade; many carved capitals of great interest and beauty; Roman and Merovingian sarcophagi, besides numbers of old statues in stone and in terra-cotta. The large cloister itself, with its three-lobed arcades supported on twin marble columns with beautifully carved capitals, is not the least interesting part of this collection. The many paintings owned by the museum are exhibited in the new building and in the old church. An unusual number of famous masters are represented, among whom are Guido Reni, Rubens, Murillo, Perugino and Van Dyck, Couture, Gérôme, Delacroix, Corot and Mignard. Several excellent primitives, a good representation of the Flemish and Italian schools, and the usual miscellaneous lot of modern painters, more or less worth exhibiting, complete the collection. A very pretty small cloister, built in 1626, contains mostly Renaissance sculpture, the best being fragments of ancient Toulousan houses,

window frames, carved lintels, door jambs, and armorial panels.

We enjoyed much the building and the collections of the Musée Saint-Raymond, erected in 1510 just west of Saint-Sernin. It is the local Musée de Cluny, containing all that relates to the past of Toulouse, besides certain special collections.

Aside from Saint-Sernin, the cathedral, the museum, and the Jacobins, what pleased us most in Toulouse, was to wander in the old streets, coming unexpectedly upon relics of its old history, famous private dwellings of the gentry and nobility, ancient fountains and corner shrines, and delightful public gardens, always lively with a host of children playing in the sand, and their mammas too often clad in the deepest mourning. The restaurants of Toulouse are famed throughout France for their good cooking, and it was pleasant to vary the indifferent quality of the hotel table by a meal at one of the restaurants of the Place Lafayette. The *Hôtel Capoul* on this square was formerly kept by the father of the great tenor who thrilled Boston and New York opera goers more than a generation ago.

The University of Toulouse is one of the most famous of the seventeen universities of France and is well known in American university centres, some of whose professors are sent every year to give courses in Toulouse, while French professors come to us for the same purpose. It occupies large buildings, mostly in the southern part of the city. Over two thousand students were enrolled in 1920, six hundred and fifty of whom were foreigners, more than half of these being from Russia.

CHAPTER XII

TOULOUSE TO ALBI

Rabastens and its fortified church — Lisle-sur-Tarn and its *couverts* — A thirteenth-century *bastide* — Gaillac, a seventh-century abbatial town — Albi — A gastronome's paradise — A fortress cathedral, stronghold of a militant bishop — Why Sainte-Cécile is a fortress — Treasures of art in the interior — The episcopal palace, another fortress — Saint-Salvi — Le Pont Vieux.

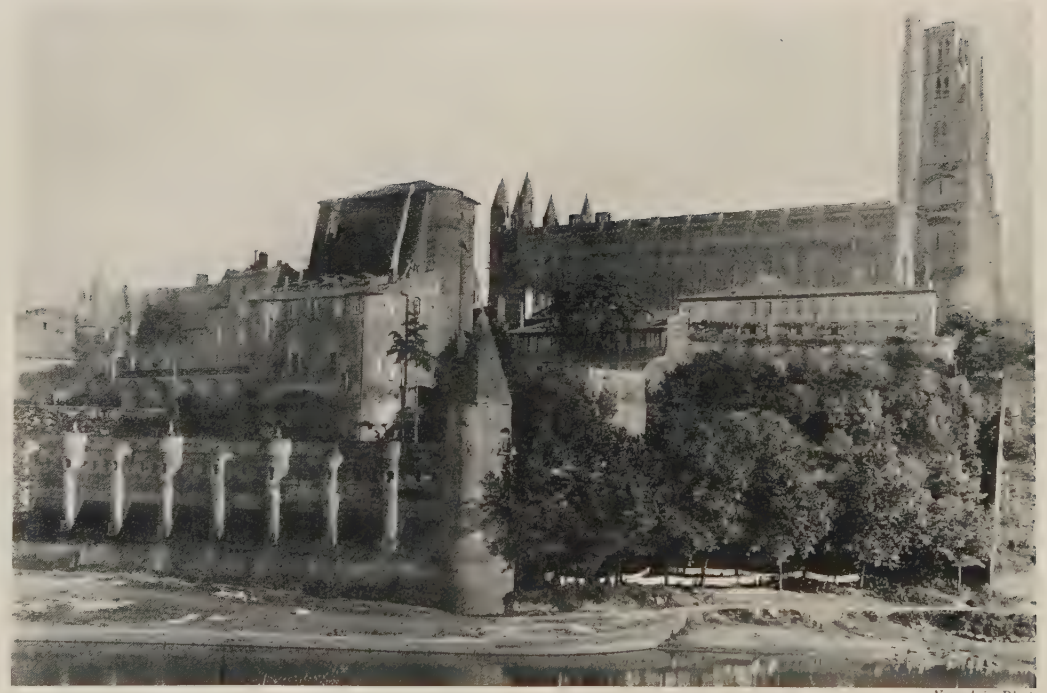
After five days in a great city it was pleasant, on June 21st, to take to the road again, bound now for Albi. We soon left behind the flat alluvial plain of the Garonne, and at Mézens, on higher ground, we reached the river Tarn. From here onwards the scenery became interesting, the river flowing swiftly beside the road, in a canyon channelled by the stream. Rabastens was so picturesque that we left the car to investigate. The church attracted us with its great fortified west front, surmounted by battlements. We entered through a Romanesque portal and were not a little surprised to find the choir entirely covered with frescoes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. As specimens of early French work, these proved to be most interesting. We tried to find out more about them than the meagre description in the guidebook, but no one could enlighten us. The town itself was fascinating. It is built well above the Tarn, and the houses along the waterside are supported by huge arcaded walls whose foundations are lapped by the river. Here, as at Toulouse and Montauban, brick is the material used for building. A pleasant promenade planted with acacia trees crosses the city from end to end with comfortable-looking old houses on either side.

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

LISLE-SUR-TARN — WOODEN HOUSES AND ARCADES AROUND THE CITY SQUARE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

GAILLAC



Neurdein Phot.

CATHEDRAL AND ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, ALBI

Five miles beyond, we stopped again at Lisle-sur-Tarn, where we found a delightful square entirely surrounded by arcades under the houses facing upon it. This feature, so common in this part of France, is admirably suited to the requirements of a warm climate. It had been cold during our stay in Toulouse, but today the shade of these arcades was grateful. Lisle-sur-Tarn is a good type of the *bastides* of southern France, small fortified towns, erected in the thirteenth century to take the place of the many cities destroyed in the Albigensian wars. All are built on a regular plan with a central square surrounded by arcades, and for the first time in history, with streets laid out regularly, intersecting at right angles. The fortified walls have here mostly disappeared. The fourteenth-century church was being repaired and we could see but little of it, inside or out, except the fine octagonal tower over the western front, surmounted by a brick steeple, with triangular openings reminiscent of Toulouse.

Gaillac, the next big town, only six miles distant, was as unlike Lisle as it well could be. Dating from the seventh century, its streets ran every which way in an inextricable maze of picturesque, narrow lanes, often bordered by houses that had evidently seen better days, some with fine arcades, others having carved portals, sculptured doors, and arched windows, flanked by small marble columns with decorated capitals, showing that they had been residences of the nobles. The two churches of Gaillac, both too much altered over in the sixteenth century to have anything of the old construction still in evidence within, yet possess fortified towers that are interesting. Gaillac is famous for its wines, and the vaulted cellars of the Abbey of Saint-Michel, now owned by a coöperative society, are open to visitors; unfortunately we learned this only

after reaching Albi. It would have been worth while to see the ample underground chambers which the good old monks had provided for their spirituous delectation.

The run to Albi was now but fourteen miles, and long before we arrived, the ponderous, bastion-like mass of the cathedral threw against the sky its imperious silhouette, pointing us to our goal for the day. We drove at once to the *Hôtel du Grand-Saint-Antoine*, somewhat too late for the *table d'hôte déjeuner*. A most genial host welcomed us as long-expected friends, and though, as we soon discovered, grand preparations were in progress for a superb *déjeuner de noces*, a delicious *poularde de Bresse à la Magenta* was quickly concocted for us. It was a *chef d'œuvre* to which we did due honor, with a bottle of particularly choice Gaillac wine recommended by the landlord. When we complimented him on his cuisine, he proudly informed us that the cook was his oldest son. We were later introduced to this '*cordon bleu*,' who listened to our compliments with due modesty and informed us that the house had been in the same family for over a hundred years, the eldest son always serving his apprenticeship in the kitchen before assuming command of the establishment. This young man, who wore in his buttonhole, if we remember rightly, the *Croix de guerre*, had but recently returned to the paternal *fourneaux*, when, after serving gallantly his country, he had resumed the family trade simply and naturally, as if no world commotion had disturbed the even tenor of his peaceable vocation. A Havana cigar that I happened to have won his good graces, of which we were to have further proofs.

After lunch we lost no time and went at once to the Cathedral of Sainte-Cécile, built from 1282 to 1390.

We reached the stupendous structure at the east end, where the great mass of soft red brick rises mightily to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet. There is scant ornamentation, only the long and narrow Gothic windows, placed very high, relieving the plain walls. Between the windows are half-rounded buttresses, sloping outward at the base, two or three of these being continued upwards in turrets with conical roofs. The aspect is the same on the north and south sides. The few lower windows at the east end did not exist when the fortress was built; they were cut through at the end of the sixteenth century. From the square it gives the illusion of the hull of a great ship bearing down on you. The martial aspect of the structure is accentuated by a parapet that encircles the roof, supported on arcaded corbels resembling machicolations. This feature, it should be said, is an addition which has aroused endless controversy pro and con. Between 1849 and 1860, César Daly, architect of the cathedral, was forced wholly to rebuild the roof that threatened collapse. It was skilfully accomplished, but something had to be done to conceal the changed roof lines. The primitive plan being totally unknown, Daly borrowed a design from the belfry entirely in keeping with the rest of the edifice, which, moreover, belonged to the period when the cathedral was built. The result seemed to us entirely satisfactory. The bell tower over the western end is a veritable dungeon-keep. A square tower, with enormously thick cylindrical piers at the corners, rises by slightly receding steps to the height of the roof, where it is surrounded by a gallery resting on wide arches between the piers. This belfry, being narrower than the church, is framed in by two additional cylindrical piers at the northwest and southwest corners of the cathedral that

fill the remaining space. The naked walls are pierced only with narrow loopholes that suggest the position of three superposed square chambers within the tower. Above the roof three more stories lead to the uppermost, containing the bells. Each story rises somewhat in retreat toward the east side, giving the belfry the appearance of throwing its weight somewhat backwards toward the church, and to this clever artifice, much of its proud, defiant attitude is due. The total height is two hundred and fifty-six feet from the ground.[1]

Before going any farther with our description of the Church, it may prove interesting to inquire why the Cathedral of Sainte-Cécile is a fortress. Local history gives an answer which, as it is applicable to most of the fortified churches of France, will be explained in some detail. When the building of the church was begun in 1282, all minds were still conscious of the devastation that accompanied the Albigensian crusade. It was felt that nothing surpassed good strong walls for insuring respect for the house of God. Arnaud Catalan, the inquisitor, had in 1234 been glad to take refuge in the old church, whence he could excommunicate the seditious city of Albi with some security for himself. Though the heresy was entirely crushed, yet fearful were the inquisitors that it might break out anew. Bernard de Castanet, the bishop under whom the existing cathedral was begun, was precisely in that frame of mind, and in his capacity of inquisitor he lost no opportunity to pursue the last 'Believers' and 'Perfecti.' 'No week went by,' says Hauréau, 'but that some notable of Albi was seized, tortured, or immured.' The riches of the wealthiest citizens were confiscated

[1] The Cathedral of Albi measures outwardly three hundred and seventy feet in length and one hundred and nine feet in width.

and a portion went to the bishop to swell his already colossal revenues. The exactions of Bernard de Castanet are beyond contention, and he was eventually condemned by royal decree to a fine of two thousand pounds. When the Pope Clement V became acquainted with these facts, he sent delegates to Albi, who set free a number of unfortunates that were imprisoned in chains in the narrow cells of the episcopal prison, and 'had waited, deprived of air and light, for five years and more, without being brought to trial.' While it is quite possible that the Church still had enemies in the region, there is no question but that the Bishop had personal enemies in plenty. One finds that the most ardent opponent of the inquisitors, the Franciscan Bernard Délicieux, was backed up by the most prominent citizens of Albi, a consul, a relative of the Bishop, several canons of Sainte-Cécile, and others of the Church of Saint-Salvi. Public opinion was so wrought up against Bernard de Castanet that he might well fear his life was in danger. It is hardly possible that conceived in the midst of these turmoils, the design of the new cathedral should not have been influenced by them. Moreover, one must not forget that the Bishop, both spiritual chief of the diocese and temporal lord of the city, was engaged in the innumerable conflicts of jurisdiction, of prerogatives, of property, raised unceasingly by royal officers, neighboring lords, municipal magistrates, the regular and secular clergy. Sometimes he must help, and at others repress, a most turbulent chapter of canons in their continual clashes with the faithful. It is hard to conceive, beholding the venerable canons who officiate to-day under the peaceful roof of Sainte-Cécile, what spirit of adventure animated their predecessors in the Middle Ages. In 1356 the Pope is obliged to lend his help to the Bishop against the insur-

gent chapter, who have sacked the episcopal palace and occupied the church militantly, 'making the house of God a cavern of brigands.' The following year the canons and other beneficiaries of the church are discovered in arms near the city, seizing the harvests of the peasants. In 1394 a band, of whom a canon and an archdeacon are members, attacks with arms and assassinates some knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. The murderers take refuge in the cathedral where no one dares trouble them. So late as the end of the fifteenth century, at a trial before the *parlement* of Toulouse, it is stated that: 'Ever since Albi has had a cathedral church, the inhabitants have never been at peace with the Lord Bishop.' In the midst of all these troubles, the cathedral was more than once attacked by armed bands. The followers of Bernard de Casilhac, who sought the episcopal seat against Robert Dauphin, broke in the doors in 1436. Not, however, till 1562 were its defensive powers seriously tested. It was then besieged by a Protestant body; Cardinal Strozzi led the defence; the enemy was defeated and the chronicler, in mentioning with a tinge of regret the clemency of the Cardinal, says: 'Only a few men were hanged, two drawn and quartered, and one tortured with hot tongs, then burnt alive. That gracious prelate has saved himself and his bishopric, without showing cruelty nor anger, yet his enemies have now a wholesome fear of him.' In 1608, before Estienne Molinier, king's counsellor and judge for His Majesty in the Albi district, it was testified that 'the canons possess such revenues, moneys and commodities that they perceive by virtue of their office, that they are richer, wealthier and better provided, than any of the other inhabitants. They hold the church as a fort, with a garrison mounting guard day and night, at the door communicating

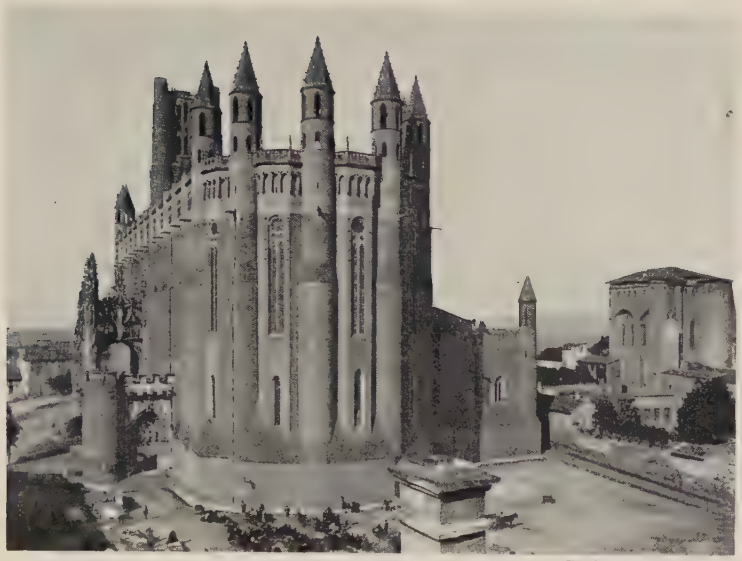
with the bishop's palace. There have they built a strong tower, provided with artillery trained on the city, and having closed and walled up the other entrance with stone and brick similarly defended by canons, they keep the inhabitants in awe of them and exact at their pleasure new contributions.'

Nothing more need be said as to why Sainte-Cécile is a fortified cathedral. Doubtless these conditions prevailed elsewhere, and in time prepared the minds of the people for the awful retribution exacted by the great Revolution.

The only visible entrance to the cathedral is on the south side. It is pierced through the solid walls, some thirty feet above the ground level, and is reached by a monumental flight of fifty steps, hugging the south wall of the church. At the foot of the stairway a fortified portal gives access to it, beside the only remaining tower of the ancient city walls that started at this spot. The platform at the head of the stairs is covered by a most exquisitely carved white stone baldaquin, erected from 1519 to 1535 on plans approved by Bishop Louis I d'Amboise, brother of the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, Prime Minister of Louis XII, whose superb tomb may be seen to-day in the Cathedral of Rouen. Louis d'Amboise and his nephew Louis II, who succeeded him, were magnificent prelates, as keen in their appreciation of the arts as any of the Medicis. To them the Cathedral of Albi owes the upper part of the belfry, the unsurpassed choir screen, and the splendid frescoes that decorate the walls and vaults. The interior of the church is just one huge hall, unbroken by side aisles or transepts; one half is the nave, the other the choir. Chapels are disposed all around the building between the great buttresses that penetrate the interior to a depth of twenty feet, thus

putting under one cover and protecting from the weather and from assault everything that in the ordinary Gothic churches is exposed to the elements and to attack with scaling ladders. It is a most logical solution of the problem of bracing substantially, vaults with a span of sixty-two feet rising almost one hundred feet above the floor. None can gainsay that it lacks the beauty of the northern cathedrals, the perspectives and the play of light of churches with multiple rows of columns and piers, but the extreme simplicity of the design is admirable, and the generous proportions give it a sort of sublime grandeur.

The contrast between the austerity of the exterior and the dazzling splendor of the interior is staggering. A stone choir screen, a marvel of delicate sculpture, with a profusion of beautiful statues most admirably carved, many of them painted in colors, separates the choir from the nave and the chapels of the apse. The frescoes that cover the vaulting and the choir chapels were done between 1509 and 1512 by Italian painters, who were then in the height of fashion; French artists were considered behind the times. The great fresco representing the Last Judgment that covers the western end of the nave, is the only one that represents French art. The centre was unfortunately cut out at some time in the seventeenth century, to give access to a chapel installed under the belfry. This fresco, which possesses the charm and quaintness of the primitives of Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe, but shows much greater skill in execution, is attributed to the end of the fifteenth century. The statues that decorate the choir screen belong to the Burgundian school. In the choir the delightful figures of Sainte Cécile and her angel band are of enchanting beauty. The oak stalls are also exquisitely wrought, and repay a close examination.



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

APSE OF CATHEDRAL, ALBI

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL, ALBI

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

ALBI CATHEDRAL, THE CHOIR

Neurdein Phot.

ALBI CATHEDRAL, DETAIL OF CHOIR SCREEN

All the stonework of the choir screen, the choir enclosure, and the wooden stalls date from about 1500. The delicate beauty of the carving defies description — it is a thing to be seen!

Just north of the cathedral are the great feudal constructions, dominated by a huge square dungeon, that constituted the episcopal palace. They are now being transformed into a museum. Although it was not yet open to the public, we were allowed to walk through. These constructions, which date from the end of the thirteenth century, are a rare example of very early methods of planning and building. The fortress occupies the highest ground and the other buildings descend by steps down to the Tarn, at least a hundred feet below, enclosing terraced gardens in the centre that terminate on the old city battlements below which flows the Tarn. From across the river there is a striking view of ramparts, gardens, and the archbishop's stronghold.

The twelfth-century Church of Saint-Salvi is rather thrown into the shade by its incomparable neighbor. It is dominated by an attractive square Romanesque tower, flanked with a tall, warder's watch-turret. The old streets of Albi are interesting, as is also the Pont Vieux, a picturesque Gothic bridge of seven unequal arches, dating from the middle of the twelfth century. Originally only thirteen feet wide, it carried, nevertheless, on the central pier a chapel dedicated to Saint Firmin, and entrance towers at both ends. In the early years of the fourteenth century, houses were erected on the piers. It was later widened by building brick arches on both sides of the early stone arches. No one crossing it to-day suspects the antiquity of the heart of this structure, which having become a *Monument Historique* is now tenderly cared for.

After a dinner where the young *chef* distinguished

himself again, we decided to make one more try at reaching Rocamadour. The evening was made memorable by our meeting a young American architect and his wife, who were touring the country in their own car. These were the first compatriots that we had met since leaving Paris, and we chanced on no others until we reached Bourges.

CHAPTER XIII

ALBI TO FIGEAC AND ROCAMADOUR AND RETURN TO FIGEAC

The hill city of Cordes — Laguépie — Villefranche-de-Rouergue, thirteenth-century *bastide* — Villeneuve-d'Aveyron — Arrival at Figeac — The typical fortified church of Rudelle — Gramat — Descent into the canyon where is Rocamadour — *Le Lion d'Or* — A place of pilgrimage since the earliest Christian times — Truffle preserves — A circus that lost its way — Churches of Figeac — Mediæval streets and houses

June 22d. Immediately after leaving Albi, we climbed a steep road to the summit of a long ridge, with splendid views in all directions. From this elevation the great mass of Sainte-Cécile and the *Archevêché* dominated proudly the little city grovelling at its feet. At the north, ridge after ridge compassed by deep valleys surrounded us as we sped along. We were done with the flat lands and had penetrated the broken country that extends northward, beyond the Puy de Dôme and eastward to the Cévennes and the Rhône Valley. About sixteen miles from Albi, a steep, conical hill covered with buildings clinging to impossible slopes loomed up before us — this was Cordes. Though from afar it appeared inaccessible, a road with only a moderately steep grade tempted us, and we were carried with a succession of sharp pitches right through the main gate of the ancient fortress. Tooting lustily we entered the narrow street and landed on the market square at the very summit of everything in Cordes. Founded in 1222 by Raymond VII, Count of Toulouse, it took the Catholic side in the wars of the Reformation. It was twice captured by the Protest-

ants in 1568 and 1578. Facing the square are two or three substantial stone houses, their fourteenth-century doors and windows finely carved and the façades decorated with figures and animals in high relief. One of these is now the Hôtel de Ville, and we were shown there the ancient city records, contained in a massive old book chained to the desk, and going back to 1273. Stone measures for grain and wine are also preserved. A little below the square, whence a fine view is had over the country, stands the Church of Saint-Michel, rebuilt in the second half of the fifteenth century. The steeple is older. Under the covered market is an old well, said to be three hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and near it an iron cross of sixteenth-century workmanship. An inscription recites that the erection of this cross was imposed on the city, by the Pope John XXII, to expiate the murder of three inquisitors who were thrown into the well in 1234, following the execution of one of several persons condemned to the stake under pretext of heresy. One cannot but feel to-day that the bloodthirsty bigots met the fate they deserved, and that the cross is there to atone for the execution of their one victim. Leaving the summit of the city on foot, by sharply descending narrow streets often breaking into stairs, we passed out of the old walls through a barbican and fortified tower gate. Many houses of the fourteenth century are still standing. This very small town shelters to-day over eighteen hundred inhabitants, and countless numbers of cows, goats, sheep, and hens, which we saw sauntering through the streets or confined in unsavory stables in the cellars of the houses. It is surprising to find these congested old towns, with their inconvenient and comfortless dwellings crowded into narrow lanes where air and light are at a premium, still inhabited by many

CORDES

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

GOTHIC HOUSES, CORDES

CITY SQUARE, VILLEFRANCHE-DE-ROUERGUE

OLD MINT, FIGEAC

hundreds of people, when at the foot of the hill is plenty of level ground where houses and stables easy of access might take the place of these ruinous old burgs.

We went on through pleasant valleys to Lexos, where we crossed the Aveyron River. As we followed it upstream, the scenery became more and more beautiful, until at Laguépie we stopped for lunch. It is a very picturesque little place, tightly wedged in between high hills at the confluence of the Aveyron and the Viaur, across which are the imposing ruins of a sixteenth-century château, with great towers surmounted by machicolated battlements, and ancient buildings with long windows and ponderous roofs. The valley is so narrow that the railway which follows it must be supported on great stone arches, encroaching on the river-bed. One is constantly impressed in the mountainous French country with the enormous labor that the construction of roads and railroads has entailed, and also with the thoroughness with which the work has been done. The hotel is a most unpretentious house right on the main street, but the dining-room is a beautiful mahogany-panelled room which would have done honor to a château. How it came about that a modest country inn possessed such a treasure, we did not learn. We sat at the common table, where six or eight gentlemen were already established. It turned out that they were lawyers and officials who had been summoned for some sort of inquest. One of them entertained the others with a detailed account of his recent visit to the monastery Church of Conques, a place he declared '*qu'il faut voir.*' We had received like information at home in Cambridge, and we resolved to allow no hindrance to stand in our way. A long run over desolate plateaux took us after lunch to Villefranche-de-Rouergue. The old town, a thirteenth-

century *bastide*, boasts of straight, narrow streets, fine old houses, and an arcaded central square one side of which is occupied by the Church of Notre-Dame, built from 1260 to 1581. The west front consists solely of an enormous square tower, heavily buttressed, under which passes the street. There are several upper stories, with windows and balustrades finely carved and chiselled. The interior was conventional and did not detain us long. More interesting was the scene on the church square where a market was being held. The open space was so closely packed with a dense crowd of buyers and sellers that we could make our way on foot but slowly and with difficulty. There are remains in Villefranche of an old Carthusian convent, and also of two chapels and another church, but we did not stop to hunt them up.

Villeneuve-d'Aveyron, seven miles north, another thirteenth-century town, still possesses two fortified entrance gates, one of which is surmounted by a fine tower. The church is peculiar in having two apses, one at the east end, the other at the west. The former is Gothic of the fourteenth century; the latter, as well as the transepts, Romanesque of the twelfth century.

We made no other stops on the way to Figeac, the road running mostly over high plateaux, eleven to twelve hundred feet above the sea. Though the sun was warm, the bracing freshness of mountain air was exhilarating. Late in the afternoon, we descended to the valley of the Lot, which we crossed some thirty miles upstream as the crow flies from Cahors. There it was a deep, swift river; here it looked more like a mountain torrent, though it carried a considerable amount of water. The road beyond it immediately climbed to the top of great wild hills, with splendid views over valleys and forests which the slanting rays

of the sun illumined with beautiful colors. Thus we made our entry into Figeac, where we stopped at the *Hôtel des Voyageurs*, pleasantly situated on the outskirts of the ancient city, above the left bank of the Célé River, a delightful little stream which attracts many fishermen to the hotel for trout-fishing during the open season. After a very good dinner and a bottle of the delicious *vin du pays*, which is noted throughout the world for its excellence, we strolled across the bridge into the town, and we realized at once that we had here, as before at Sarlat, an unusual treat in the way of old streets and old houses. Many bore unmistakable signs of belonging to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Figeac is very old, as it owes its existence to the founding of a monastery by Pépin le Bref in 755. The town was fortified in the eleventh century, but little now remains of the fortifications.

June 23d. We rose early to-day, full of anticipations of getting to Rocamadour at last. The *garçon* proposed our having the morning coffee '*sur la terrasse.*' We acquiesced and were somewhat surprised to be shown to one of several tables placed on the sidewalk, flanked by a half-dozen diminutive trees in wooden tubs. The grandiloquent expression '*la terrasse*' we have often found to be misleading. Later, at Bourges, it consisted of a bench on the two-foot-wide sidewalk at the entrance of the hotel, with an iron garden-table in the gutter before it. The coffee was fairly good at Figeac, the '*petits pains*' delicious, and the air fresh and stimulating. Every sign pointed to a fine day. We started in great spirits and made good time till we reached Rudelle, a poor little village about midway to Gramat. A remarkable little battlemented church made us alight to take photographs. There was no one about to tell us anything, within or without, and

nothing in the guidebook, but we discovered later that it was indeed a typical example of the small fortified churches erected in the thirteenth century. Above the church itself there exist two stories of vaulted halls that were reached only by movable ladders. The first story, lighted solely by loopholes, could be used for the storage of provisions and the most cherished possessions of the villagers; the upper story was for the defenders and communicated with the battlements. In times of disturbance the doors and windows of the church were built up with stone blocks and mortar.

Highly elated by this discovery, we soon reached Gramat, whose main street was blocked by a circus caravan, the advance guard of which we had passed a little way before reaching the town. We pushed by a camel led by a huge negro, several cages of animals, riding-horses, and other paraphernalia, all bound for Figeac. About six miles farther on, the road entered a tunnel, beyond which a sharp descent led with several loops to the bottom of the valley of the Alzou, and before us perched Rocamadour, clinging to the slopes of a canyon-like wall, four hundred feet high, surmounted by the battlements of a fourteenth-century château. The only street of the town at all practicable for automobiles took us through a fortified gate and landed us before *Le Lion d'Or*, the principal hotel of the place. To our great relief we found everything about it spotlessly clean and comfortable. We had not as yet had any experience with pilgrimage places, nor with very small towns. Accounts written by early travellers had made us fear many discomforts, due to ignorance of the simplest laws of sanitation. Whatever may have been the case fifty or more years ago, we were agreeably surprised to find, time and again, that one can travel in France now with less discomfort than

THE FORTIFIED CHURCH OF RUDELLE

Neurdein Phot.

INNER COURT OF THE SANCTUARIES, ROCAMADOUR

ROCAMADOUR

one would experience in the smaller towns of our own country. We always had clean beds, good food, electricity, and running water in every hotel we stopped at.

Rocamadour is in the heart of Périgord, and our host gave us an excellent *déjeuner*, which included of course the two great '*spécialités du pays*,' truffles and *pâté de foies gras*, with a delicate white wine, also *vin du pays*. Had we anticipated such clean, comfortable rooms, we should have planned to stay overnight. Though empty to-day, at the time of the pilgrimage many thousands of worshippers crowd into the very limited precincts of the town. The *Lion d'Or*, like every other house in Rocamadour, is built right against the cliff. We left it after lunch through a third-story back door opening on the footpath which, with many loops, leads to the castle overhead. The path soon became a *chemin de la Croix*,[1] the successive stations being marked by groups of indifferent modern statuary, sometimes right in the open, sometimes in grottoes excavated in the living rock. Arriving at the summit, our guide knocked at the great door of the castle, now the residence of the priests of Rocamadour, to which we were admitted. We were taken over the battlements which extend to the very edge of a huge rock overhanging the sanctuaries by some eighteen to twenty feet. The view was fine, but somewhat trying to unsteady nerves. From the château a staircase of two hundred and sixteen steps leads down to the great court of the sanctuaries, where we visited the large church of Saint-Sauveur of the end of the twelfth century, a crypt of 1166 dedicated to Saint Amadour, the chapel of the Virgin erected in 1479, and the underground chapel of Saint-Michel excavated in the living rock, no one knows

[1] Stations of the Cross.

how long ago. Everything is in perfect order — too much so, indeed, for the old features are submerged in the new, so that it is impossible to tell them apart. Rocamadour is now so prosperous that it is continually receiving new frescoes, new stained glass, and elegant church furniture, besides thousands of votive tablets and *ex-votos* of every sort. The rock chapel of the Virgin contains a Black Madonna in great renown for the miracles it performs. It is a wooden statuette whose origin is believed to go back to Zaccheus. Amadour is the Provençal for Amadeus, the name that was assumed by the publican Zaccheus after he landed in Provence with the three Marys and began the conversion of the country. In some way he became associated with Saint Veronica, whom he married. Coming to the valley of the Alzou, then quite uninhabited, he built a church at the place now named after him, Roc-Amadour, where he died and was buried. His tomb is in a recess carved out of the rock beside the entrance to the chapel of Saint-Michel. It comes as a great surprise to find among all these shrines, embedded in and chained to the rock, a facsimile of the sword of Roland. It appears that the knight had dedicated his sword to Our Lady, and after the disaster of Roncevaux, it was brought to Rocamadour. What has become of the original no one knows. Whatever one may think of the worship of Black Virgins and other miracle-working statues, it is certainly effective as a mind cure and it seems to reach back into hoary antiquity.

On the way to Rocamadour, we had noticed many small rocky pastures varying in extent from a quarter acre to an acre or two, carefully fenced in with heavy stone walls. The landlord of the *Lion d'Or* informed us that they were truffle preserves. This much-es-

teemed fungus grows underground on the roots of certain dwarf oaks, and is harvested at the proper time with the help of a sow. The animal smells the truffle and begins rooting; the owner drives her off, collects the mushroom, but must reward the sow by giving her some grains of corn. If this is omitted, she goes on strike. A field of about one acre was pointed out to us where twenty thousand francs' worth of truffles had been garnered during the last harvest. On our way back to Figeac, we were held up a few miles beyond Gramat by two scrubby-looking men whom we had passed in the morning. They were '*forains*,' according to Gustave, men who attend fairs as showmen, etc. They anxiously inquired of us whether we had passed a circus on the road. We had passed one in the morning at Gramat, we said, whereupon they threw up their hands in despair and exclaimed that the circus must have taken the road to Gourdon, and doubtless this is what had happened, for there was no circus performance in Figeac that night, though the advance wagon had loudly advertised it all over the town the night before. We were sorry for the poor devils, but at that late hour we could not think of going in pursuit of wanderers who had a start of half a day.

There are two interesting churches at Figeac; the older, Notre-Dame-du-Puy, goes back to the latter part of the eleventh century. Admirably situated on a terrace dominating the city, it has been so frequently altered that it is difficult to reconstitute its original aspect. Churches in that condition require long and careful examination, so we merely walked through it, giving most of our attention to a large carved altar back that almost separates the choir from the last three bays of the apse. Of late sixteenth-century workmanship, it is decorated with many wooden statuettes of the thir-

teenth century, naïve and graceful figures of local saints. The Church of Saint-Sauveur, in the lower city on the bank of the river, belonged formerly to a rich Benedictine abbey. Like Notre-Dame-du-Puy, it bears characteristic marks of the twelfth to the nineteenth centuries, so we felt quite hopeless as we stood in the midst of these confusing elements, with a woman beside us brandishing a key twelve inches long, intimating that it was closing time. At the end of the south transept, a chapel, that may have been the old Chapter Hall, contained some extraordinary wooden panels of the Crucifixion, crudely executed, but doubtless very ancient. We ought to have had more time to do justice to this monument, for notwithstanding evidences of much neglect, it contained most interesting capitals, carved corbels, and other architectural details of good workmanship.

Figeac abounds in fascinating old streets lined with many houses of the Gothic period. Pointed arches are many over doors and windows. In some cases the supporting colonnettes of the upper arches are spaced with no reference to the wide arcades of the lower story. In spite of theories they manage to stand erect, and will doubtless long continue so to do. The old Mint is a thirteenth-century gem, one of the few relics of Gothic civil architecture that have reached us in their original condition. Numerous houses possess Renaissance decoration, though far less graceful and elegant than decoration of the same period at Toulouse. We were quite impressed by the number of well-to-do people on the streets; men, women, and especially the children, had the good manners and refined look indicative of good breeding. Figeac must be a pleasanter place to live in than some of the cities on our route.

CHAPTER XIV

FIGEAC TO CONQUES AND RODEZ

Capdenac — Upper valley of the Lot — Decazeville and its coal mines — *Le Pré des Moines* and the lovely valley of the Dourdou — Conques, a fortified abbey on a mountain-side — Romanesque architecture at its best — The richest church *trésor* in France — Marcillac — Salles la Source — Rodez, another hill city

June 24th. We left Figeac regretfully, for we had done but scant justice to its ancient monuments, but we were agog with curiosity to visit Conques, whither we now directed our course. Striking south over the great hills that hem in Figeac in that direction, we soon reached Capdenac, crowned by the extensive ruins of the Château de Sully, once a domain of the great minister of Henri IV. Circling the mighty hill on which it stands, we descended to the Lot and followed it upstream for ten miles, along a narrow road, frequently passing through picturesque villages, each invariably possessing a church and a diminutive château. The valley soon grew narrower and the stream swifter. Level ground was at a premium in this hill country, so the cemetery at la Roque Bouillac was relegated to a rocky shelf, inaccessible to vehicles, four hundred feet above the river. Burials could be made only by hoisting up the coffin with ropes. The hills compassing us were dotted with ruined keeps and towers, almost at hailing distance from each other. Though wild and picturesque scenery tempted us to go on as we had planned, we were dissuaded from following the river road to Grandvabre, said to be in a dangerous condition. Turning south instead, then making a wide *détour* through Decazeville and Firmi, we reached Saint-

Cyprien on the direct road to Conques. As soon as we left the Lot, we realized that we were in a coal-mining region. Great heaps of screenings thirty feet high hemmed in the road at intervals, and the sky became dim with the smoke of scores of chimneys. Decazeville, a large, straggling town densely thronged with busy people, had all the squalor and unattractiveness that go hand in hand with high industrial development. We traversed endless dismal suburbs, criss-crossed with railway tracks, where iron ore from Marcillac is smelted and converted into cast iron, forged iron, and steel. The coal-mines of the region are very rich and cover some five thousand acres. A surface vein one hundred and sixty feet thick is worked from an open pit terraced to the bottom by giant steps; deeper veins are mined underground. This development dates only from 1830, when coal was discovered by François Cabrol, an engineer who, enlisting the support of the Duke Decazes, made his fortune as well as his own. The statues of both stand before the Hôtel de Ville, a large modern building in the style of the Renaissance. Notwithstanding the poor roads and the smoky atmosphere, there was much to interest in these wholly unfamiliar operations.

Leaving the railway and the mines behind after passing Firmi, we turned up a lovely valley, crossed a bold ridge, then plunged into the valley of the Dourdou, a beautiful little sylvan stream, which, after flowing below Conques and Grandvabre, empties into the Lot. An excellent level road, overhung by great cliffs of schist, runs through a narrow canyon extremely picturesque and very sinuous. In a little intervale called '*le Pré des Moines*,' we saw on the cliff a marble tablet with an inscription, informing travellers that 'one thousand cenobites of Conques met their deaths here

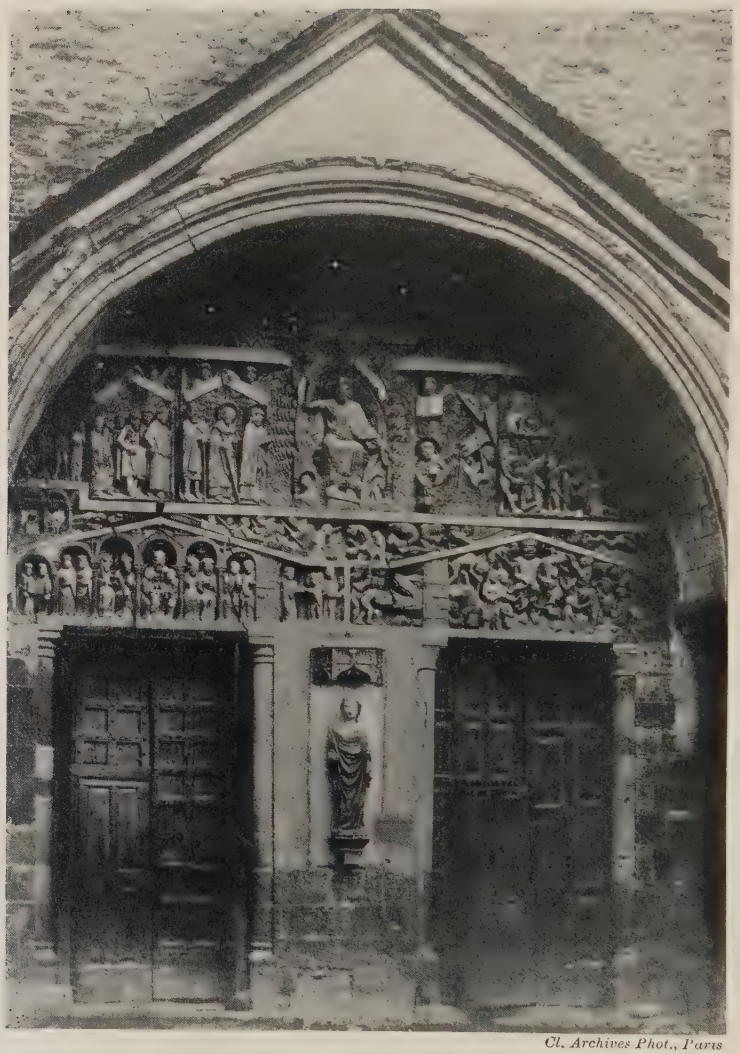
at the hands of Saracen invaders in the fourth century.' Such a scene of bloodshed and massacre is impossible to evoke to-day, so peaceful and so beautiful is this wooded dell, gay with sparkling waters and mossy banks covered with ferns. We are unable to account for the presence of Saracens in France before the eighth century. When they did come, they got such a bad name during three centuries of devastation that tradition may easily have attached their name to all the pillagers who preceded them. The Church held them in especial horror and was quite willing to make them responsible for all acts of rapine or cruelty whenever committed. A little beyond *le Pré des Moines* we had our first view of Conques, clinging to a precipitous hillside, high above the mountain torrent of la Louche. A steep rocky mule-path called '*chemin de Charlemagne*,' climbs directly to the abbey whose precincts it enters through a twelfth-century portal, but fortunately a narrow road practicable for automobiles now makes the ascent less arduous.

Of old the site of one of the most ancient and richest abbeys of France, Sainte-Foy-de-Conques is now much fallen in importance, but its church and its precious *trésor* remain unrivalled. A tradition of doubtful authenticity has it that a monastery existed here in the fourth century. Destroyed after the massacre of the *Pré des Moines*, it was rebuilt and destroyed again in the eighth century. The Benedictines reëstablished it between 790 and 795, and remained there until the Revolution. Its prosperity was attributed to the possession of the body of Sainte Foy, a virgin who suffered martyrdom at Agen at the age of fifteen and whose body was preserved there. To her was ascribed the success of the monastery in that city. At this time Conques possessed no holy relics, and its monks

yearned eagerly for the prestige that would attach to the bones of a Saint. Under Abbot Bégon I, between the years 877 and 883, their covetous desires settled upon the remains of Sainte Foy at Agen, over one hundred miles distant. One of the monks of Conques presented himself at the Agen monastery, begging to be admitted among the brothers who worshipped Sainte Foy. He succeeded so well in inspiring confidence that, after ten years of faithful service, he was entrusted with the care of the church. Judging that now the time was ripe, he sent word to his confederates at Conques. On a dark, tempestuous night he let into the church a party of monks, the tomb was broken into and the body of the saint was carried away. As morning broke, the theft was discovered and the monks of Agen set out in pursuit, overtook the plunderers, and fought with them a pitched battle in which they were defeated, several brothers of each party being killed. The successful grave-robbers went on to Conques with their trophy, where it has reposed ever since. Examples of such thefts are not uncommon during the Middle Ages, as is recorded by early chronicles. Contrary to the old French saying, '*Le bien mal acquis ne profite jamais*,' the ill-gotten relics of Sainte Foy attracted crowds of pilgrims to Conques during the whole of the Middle Ages; rich offerings and large legacies poured in on the monastery, confirming the truth of that other proverb, 'Nothing succeeds like success.'

The existing church, built between 1030 and 1060, is one of the finest Romanesque churches of France. Like Saint-Sernin its construction belongs essentially to the school of architecture of Auvergne. The outside of the church is very simple, but the lines are good and buttresses and blind arcades give it distinction. The façade consists of two square towers rising from the

CONQUES



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

TYMPANUM OF THE PORTAL OF THE CHURCH, CONQUES

ground, with pyramidal roofs, joined by a wall with a triangular gable. Through this the portal and several very simple windows are pierced. The nave and apse, built of a very hard schist, show strength rather than beauty. Over the crossing is an octagonal two-storied tower with a pointed roof, having on each face and at each story a wide arched window deeply recessed. Around the chapels of the apse are some fantastic corbels, but most of the decorative interest of the exterior is concentrated in the great tympanum over the doors of the façade, representing the Last Judgment. We find here much resemblance of style to the great tympanum of Moissac, the same majesty in the central figure, the same earnestness in the expression of every minor personage. Here is the work of a master sure of his craft who never makes a false stroke. Out of over one hundred figures, none is commonplace, none has been slighted. The conception is hardly on so exalted a level as that of Moissac. The foreshortening of the figures indicates rather an affinity with the art of Auvergne. There is confirmation of this in a meticulous attention to details. Among the miracles attributed to Sainte Foy, none was more famous than the delivery of prisoners through her intercession. Leg irons and neck collars figured largely in the *ex-votos* hanging before her shrine. The artist did not forget this, and in the arcades, which on the left of the composition represent the church of Conques, several collars and chains are suspended. Through another miracle, of Sainte Foy perhaps, the entire tympanum is in a wonderful state of preservation; many traces even remain of the colors which formerly enlivened it, red predominating on the right, the side of the damned, blue on the left, the side of the elect. It is worth while to examine on the south side of the church the external arcaded recesses for

wall tombs (*enfeux* in French), where famous abbots were buried. Several have interesting capitals and coats of arms.

The plan of the interior is a Latin cross with wide arms. Aisles encompass both sides of the nave and transepts, and an ambulatory runs around the semicircular choir, into which open three apsidal chapels, two more chapels being contrived on the east side of the north and south transepts. The nave has five bays; the transepts, four bays wide, have three bays on each side of the crossing. The plan involves the construction of a great number of pillars, supporting unusually high arcades with a triforium above that is continued all around the church, but somewhat lower in the choir. The nave and choir, with powerful buttressing arches at each bay, are barrel-vaulted; the aisles are groin-vaulted except in the gallery of the triforium, where, in accordance with the excellent practice of Auvergne, they are half barrel-vaulted, contributing thus in the most effective manner to the stability of the great vault of the nave. There are numberless columns, free or engaged, each with capitals of varying excellence of carving. The best are foliated or storied and show the same care and finish as the tympanum of the portal. Nine exquisitely wrought forged iron grilles, dating from the twelfth century, and said to have been made of the chains dedicated to Sainte Foy by released prisoners, are disposed between the columns that separate the ambulatory from the choir.

The preservation during the Revolution of the unique *trésor* of Conques is largely due to the pious zeal of some inhabitants of the village, who must have been on rarely good terms with the abbot. Fearing the revolutionary vandalism that was rapidly spreading all over France, the abbot gave his most prized reli-

quaries into the keeping of trustworthy parishioners, who concealed them very adroitly. A day or two after the departure of some itinerant gypsy tinkers who had visited the church, the great bell was sounded and the news was spread about that the treasury had been robbed. Suspicion was directed to the gypsies and a pursuit was organized, which took good care to follow a false scent. When the Revolutionary commissaries arrived, nothing but articles of paltry value remained. Years later, when all danger had passed, everything was returned by the faithful custodians. Owing to its importance and its untold monetary and artistic value, the *trésor* is now kept in the Presbytery in a fire- and burglar-proof room erected by the Beaux-Arts. The development of the jeweller's art from the tenth to the sixteenth centuries is represented in a large number of statues made of precious metals, reliquaries, crosses, and other ecclesiastical objects, all rare and beautiful, all possessing great archæological and artistic interest.

The best-known single specimen of this collection is the so-called gold statue of Sainte Foy herself, probably made at Conques by monkish craftsmen, between 942 and 984. We have never seen a solid gold or solid silver mediæval statue or reliquary. All seem to have been made of sheets of varying thickness of precious metal applied on a wooden core. We doubt if solid gold was ever used in the Middle Ages. Sainte Foy's statue (twenty-eight inches high) represents her seated in a hieratic attitude in a silver-gilt armchair, pierced with Carolingian crosses and trefoils. It is said that this statue was concealed in the chimney of a neighboring farm as long as the Revolution lasted. Her large eyes gaze fixedly at you; made of inserted enamels they have something of the strange solemnity, the

suggestion of mystery, peculiar to the eyes of certain Egyptian divinities. Both chair and statue are heavily studded with precious stones, many of them cut in Greek and Roman times. Monsieur le Curé, with glee in his eyes, called my attention to several gems bearing the figures of pagan divinities. Nothing was too precious or too expensive to adorn the much-venerated reliquary; the earrings, to mention but one example, are jewelry whose design and craftsmanship are only equalled by their inestimable value.

First in point of age is a gold reliquary box, given by Pépin I, King of Aquitaine (817 to 838), one of the oldest objects of the kind in France. It is decorated with uncut stones set in filigree work. One face bears figures of Christ on the Cross, the Virgin and Saint John. On one side of the cover are represented the sun and moon, on the other two eagles. Below on the other face are three arcades containing green enamelled branches on a gold ground, with filigree work set with matched pearls outlining the archivolts. Other rows of pearls surround the cross and the figures. A curious reliquary had the shape of the letter 'A.' Though called the 'A' of Charlemagne, it can, however, hardly be older than the end of the eleventh century. Another, in the shape of a sleeve from which issues a hand with the fingers arranged as in the act of conferring a blessing, dates from the thirteenth century, and is said to contain the arm of Saint George. We were shown the reliquary of Pope Pascal II, offered to the abbey in the days of Abbot Bégon III, about the beginning of the twelfth century; a silver statue of the Virgin and the Child, early thirteenth century work; a very rare portable altar with inlaid enamelled pictures of Saints and an inscription bearing the dedication in the year 1000; a silver-gilt reliquary, somewhat in the shape of

a lantern, containing relics of Saint Vincent, and attributed to Bégon III. The remainder of the treasure consists in part of another portable altar, several statues and reliquaries, bookbindings rich with enamelled work, processional crosses, several richly jewelled monstrances, two pyxides, and a thirteenth-century chasuble, all these objects possessing real artistic merit far above that of the gems so lavishly used in embellishing them. A lovely little leather-covered chest about eighteen inches long, decorated with sixteenth-century enamelled medallions, deserves special mention. For many years the abbey had possessed, besides the head of Sainte Foy contained in her gold statue, only minor relics of the Saint. Where might be the major part of her blessed bones was unknown. After 1562, when the Protestants had attempted to burn the church, it became necessary to strengthen the columns of the choir by connecting them with solid masonry walls as high as the base of the capitals. In 1875, these walls were demolished to disengage the columns when a cavity was discovered in which lay a worm-eaten outer chest with an inner one containing the principal bones of the youthful martyr. This is the chest, carefully restored, that is now exhibited with the *trésor*. A two livres coin, dated 1590, found in the same place, establishes approximately the date when the relics were concealed. A museum has been established in the western wing, the only one left of the cloisters of Bégon III. It contains fine old tapestries, one of them a picture of the marriage of François I, manuscripts and liturgical books, seals, objects of brass and iron coming from the church, wooden statuettes, an ivory crucifix, a bishop's cross, and fragments of sculpture from the ancient cloisters.

We left Conques in the late afternoon, after exam-

ining some captivating old houses that can hardly have seen any changes for centuries. So peaceful, so remote from the noise and tumult of modern life was it that we hated to go from this wonderful spot, now so old that it has done with the vanities of the world and is already well on the way to the long rest. Our lunch acquaintance at Laguépie was right; Conques is a place '*qu'il faut voir.*'

We motored back through the enchanting valley we had come by, now plunged in shadows, but occasionally illumined by low, slanting rays of the sun. We passed several delightful châteaux, the town of Marcillac, the thermal station of Salles la Source, with its many pretty waterfalls, but our minds were still in Conques, and if the Fates are good to us, we shall revisit the holy spot which even to-day draws us with a subtle charm toward its shrine.

In due time we reached Rodez, a fine city on a hill, where we found excellent quarters at the *Hôtel Broussy*, situated on a wide boulevard, just at the outskirts of the old city.

GOLD STATUE OF SAINTE-FOY
CONQUES

SILVER-GILT RELIQUARY
ELEVENTH CENTURY, CONQUES

GOLD RELIQUARY OF PÉPIN
NINTH CENTURY, CONQUES

CATHEDRAL, RODEZ

APSE OF CHURCH, CONQUES

CHAPTER XV

RODEZ — THROUGH THE GORGES OF THE TARN TO MENDE

Rodez — Cathedral Notre-Dame — Church of Saint-Amans — The episcopal palace — Ancient houses — Along the Aveyron — Sévérac-le-Château — Le causse de Sauveterre — We reach the Tarn at Aguessac — Extraordinary aspect of the valley — Le Rozier — The Gorges begin — Wonderful French roads — *Cirque des Baumes* — Château de la Caze — Shooting the rapids of the Tarn — Sainte-Enimie — Le causse Méjean — Meyrueis — Ispagnac and Quézac — Florac — Causse de Sauveterre to Mende, another hill city — Cathedral Saint-Pierre — Old streets and houses

June 25th. Rodez is a delightful city to visit in summer. Perched upon a high hill, twenty-one hundred feet above the sea, it catches every wind that blows, its proximity to the Cévennes giving it often real mountain air. The climate is rugged in winter, with much snow, which, however, does not lie long on the ground. The wide boulevards built on the fortifications which formerly encircled the old city present lovely views over the surrounding country from half a dozen '*Points de Vue*,' established on these promenades. At the east and south, the descent is precipitous. Below lies an old Benedictine monastery reached by a Gothic bridge of four arches crossing the Aveyron; it makes a picture of rare beauty. At the west the slope is gradual and leads to shady public gardens, the social centre of Rodez in summer; from there the view extends in clear weather over fifty miles away to the highest mountains of the Cantal.

The Cathedral of Notre-Dame begun in 1277 on the site of an older church was so long in building that it comprises characteristics of every period of Gothic

architecture and also that of the Renaissance. The west front originally abutted on the ramparts of which it formed a part; so, just as at Albi, there is no entrance there. A square loopholed tower, with corner buttresses prolonged upward into pinnacled turrets, flanked on each side by a square tower with projecting stair turrets, constitutes this curious façade. Only in the uppermost part of the central tower is there any ornamentation. Seventy-five feet or more above the ground is a large rose, surmounted by a row of narrow blind arcades, above which rises a two-storied Renaissance frontispiece erected in 1562 that conceals the gable end of the roof. The side towers, never finished and of unequal height, are covered only with provisional slate roofs. The church is entered by a portal at each end of the transepts, the northern one very pure fourteenth-century Gothic, the southern one completed about 1460, highly Flamboyant Gothic. Both were ruthlessly deprived of all their statuary in 1793; not a single niche was spared. There is nothing special to note about the exterior of either nave or choir, except that, instead of the usual pent roof covering the aisles and the ambulatory, in this instance these are covered by a wide terrace paved with large granite slabs. This platform, bordered on one side by a row of pinnacled buttresses, on the other by the walls and windows of the cathedral, and displaying overhead the uninterrupted perspective of the arcades of the flying buttresses, is anything but commonplace. Beside the north side of the choir rises a majestic belfry, two hundred and eighty-five feet high, the pride of the city and of all the Midi. It is built as high as the third story on the unadorned base of an old lead-covered spire that was finished in 1385 and wholly destroyed by fire in 1510. By 1526 the present tower was completed by

the addition to the old base of three stories decorated in the most sumptuous Flamboyant style. The two upper stories especially are entirely covered with a wealth of sculpture as elegant as varied. The sacristy in the basement has walls ten feet thick. The chimes placed in the fourth story consist of eleven bells, a respectable number for a remote provincial city.

The plan of the interior is that of a Latin cross with very shallow transepts. The nave has an aisle on each side continued as an ambulatory around the choir. The length of the church is three hundred and fifty-one feet, the total width one hundred and eighteen feet, and the height under the main vault ninety-eight feet. These dimensions are greater than in the contemporaneous cathedral of Limoges and sufficient to give an impression of imposing majesty, but the almost total lack of ornamentation makes the cathedral appear cold and barren, a character quite in keeping with the severe climate and it is said also with the nature of the inhabitants. Sculptural decoration doubles the cost of construction, so the true reason for this poverty of decoration must doubtless be laid to lack of money in a region much less fortunate in its natural resources than the fertile plains of the North. The arcades of nave and choir are supported on round pillars, flanked with engaged columns whose angles melt into the central core. In an otherwise noble church, this is a marked defect, for the absence of strongly accented vertical lines produces a flabby aspect that injures the whole fabric. Several chapels have finely carved stone openwork screens; that of Saint Raphael is but a part of the choir screen of the fifteenth century, removed in 1825; the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is behind a lovely screen, executed at the beginning of the sixteenth century with a wealth of charming details. Beside the choir

is a remarkable sarcophagus, believed to have held the remains of Saint Dalmas, who died in 581. Covered with primitive figures of great interest, though the chiselling be crude it shows extraordinary vigor and expression. The carved woodwork of the choir finished in 1478 must not be forgotten; the canopies impress one with the restraint of an age when delicacy of design seemed to be as instinctive as the fertility of imagination which conceived a different treatment for every one of the six score stalls and *misereres*.

The Church of Saint-Amans, wholly rebuilt in 1758 on the plan and with the materials of the ancient church, which threatened collapse, in so far as the nave is concerned, has the aspect of a Romanesque church. The choir, however, is entirely modern. It was hung with a series of seven fourteenth-century tapestries representing the life of Saint Amans, perhaps first Bishop of Rodez. In remarkably good condition, though the colors have somewhat faded, they are very precious as specimens of an age which has left us few examples.

The episcopal palace, with its mighty dungeon and square tower, presents outside the feudal aspect of the castle of a war lord. As soon as one passes into the court of honor, beautiful with lawns, flower beds, and fine trees, it becomes the princely residence of one of the magnificent prelates of the court of Louis XIV. A graceful double staircase, recalling the well-known one of the Château of Fontainebleau, leads into a charming dwelling flanked by two pavilions of the time of the '*Grand Monarque*.' A lovely terraced garden, supported on wide arcades, lines the left side of the court and an old well in the centre adds an Old-World touch to this agreeable residence. We were unable to visit the interior, which is said to be very beautifully fur-

nished. Though Rodez is a diminutive city, it was divided in mediæval times by walls and portcullis into two jurisdictions, that of the Bishop and that of a Count, who were often at war with each other. On the Place du Bourg, within the portion allotted to the Count, is a remarkable house, '*la maison d'Armagnac*,' built early in the Renaissance, with overhanging stories and mullioned windows. Thirty-two medallions contain the portraits of members of that famous family, and sculptured panels, carved corbels, and doorposts give it grace and charm. All this part of the city is rich with interesting old houses, but perhaps the most important landmark of ancient times is the Roman aqueduct which still brings to the city a part of its water supply from springs at Vors, seven miles away to the southwest.

Rodez kept clear of the Albigensians, who were defeated under its walls in 1219, but it was occupied by the English from 1360 to 1368. During the religious wars it adhered to the Catholic party, and finally to Henri IV after he became King of France. Then it was that riots occurred between the inhabitants, all good royalists, and the Bishop, who had joined the League that gave such trouble to Henri IV.

June 26th. Wishing to reach the Gorges of the Tarn in good season, we left Rodez early, following at first the upper waters of the Aveyron River, which gives its name to the *Département* of which Rodez is *chef-lieu*. It flows between low hills, often crowned with a château, sometimes a picturesque ruin, more often the summer residence of some Parisian family. We passed the imposing Castle of Recoules, the grim fortress-like Château de Loupiac, and beyond, in the distance, on the summit of a much greater hill than any we had yet

come to, soon descried the extensive ruins of Sévérac-le-Château. It proved to be the outpost of the mountainous country we were bound for. Immediately after passing it the road began to climb rapidly, at first in wooded gorges, then over naked and wind-swept plateaux. A frosty breeze warned us that we were rising fast, and a glance at the map gave our altitude as three thousand feet, ice along the roadside indicating a sharp frost during the night before. We had reached the watershed of one of the plateaux, in this part of France called '*causses*,' that hem in the Tarn. During untold geological periods the river and its affluents have scoured out their channels in the soft calcareous rock, and have so lowered their beds that they now lie at a level averaging sixteen hundred to two thousand feet below the top of the *causse*. These river valleys are veritable canyons, closely resembling those of our far Western States. Every feature we had seen in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was repeated on a smaller scale in the Gorges of the Tarn. The streams have sculptured with the same tools that wrought the Grand Canyon; but there is far less color here, for the strata of the slopes are more uniform in composition. Owing to the very soluble nature of the calcareous cliffs, there may be more caves, grottoes, and subterranean rivers than in Arizona, but the glorious reds, ochres, purples, and greens of the canyon of the Colorado are mostly absent in the gorges of the French rivers, though there is some lovely soft coloring. The canyon of the Tarn, some forty miles long, is the most important one, but its tributaries, la Jonte, la Dourbie, and other rivers, have excavated for many miles remarkable canyons well worth visiting. The excellent roads that make them easily accessible are immensely more convenient for the average traveller than the difficult trails

of the American canyons. These roads were a never-ceasing object of wonder to us. No slope was too steep to forbid passage; where Nature did not provide a shelf that might be turned into a road, it was built up from below, sometimes over a hundred feet. When a promontory could not be turned, it was tunnelled, and the grade always was moderate. The admirable engineering work that has opened up this interesting part of France has been done for the most part since the beginning of the twentieth century, under the able direction of the Ponts et Chaussées, the department of the French Government that has charge of all the principal roads of the country. Until then, nothing but primitive mule-paths allowed communication in this region from east to west. Certain stretches of the river can be utilized for transport with flat-bottomed boats, but impassable obstacles make a continuous trip impossible. It is strange that a suitable road had not been made earlier, for the canyon has been utilized from the earliest times as a means of passage through the mountains. Many castles or ruins of castles attest the strategic importance that was attached to the control of this natural artery of travel. Battles have been fought within its rugged walls to prevent the passage of armies. This happened notably during the wars of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, when Protestantism had made many converts in this part of France. Now, good roads follow every river-bed, and at intervals, with many loops, others scale the steep canyon slopes to reach the *causses*, whence they spread in every direction.

After this long digression, we return to our car at the *Baraque de Jean*, a shelter for travellers and road-menders on the Causse de Sauveterre. From now onwards, the *route nationale* after passing the crest de-

scended by easy grades with enormous sweeping loops to the small village of Aguessac, where we struck the Tarn and beheld a most extraordinary prospect. The valley is wide at this point, for the canyon only begins seven or eight miles farther upstream. A long sharp slope, terraced at every level where there is a bit of arable soil, sweeps up on both banks to the foot of vertical cliffs several hundred feet higher, and groups of houses abut against these cliffs, above the upper reaches of the cultivated slopes. These curious hamlets, for such they are, can only be reached by interminable narrow steps cut in the rock, and all supplies must be carried up by man power. It is said that they arose in the first place from necessity for defence against invaders. In these eyries the peasant, while near his crops, could also watch for any danger threatening from below. In case of need, abandoning his house he took refuge with his neighbors in caves in the cliff reached by ladders which they drew up after them. It was easy enough to defend the opening and to wait inside until the discomfited enemy retired. The extraordinary thing is that, though life in the valley has long been free from danger, the peasants cling to their habitations in these exposed situations, with no heed for the difficulty of access and the many privations such a perch must condemn them to. Can it be that extreme poverty and the pressure of overpopulation oblige them to remain and live where they were born? We think that in few parts of France is the pressure of overpopulation more evident than in these gorges. Rugged though they be, every foot of possible terrain is utilized. No cliff is too steep to venture on to plant a few vines, no slope is too abrupt to be allowed to go to waste, and densely populated villages abound all the way up and down the river. These are usually located where nothing but

rock is to be found, arable land being too precious to build on. Material for the houses was furnished on the spot by the rock, and as it was calcareous and easily worked, these natural-born troglodytes excavated right into the cliff their cellars, storehouses, and stables, and often a wing to the house.

We pushed on delighted and feeling exuberantly happy to Le Rozier, where the canyon begins. Here we lunched bountifully at the *Grand Hôtel du Rozier*, an attractive, well-kept house, built between the road and the swift-flowing Tarn, where summer guests were already gathering. Throughout the canyon the upper edges of the great cleft are from five thousand to sixty-six hundred feet apart. At the narrowest point, below the *Cirque des Baumes*, they are but thirty-three hundred feet asunder. The *Cirque* is a spectacular enlargement of the canyon, with magnificent denticulated cliffs surrounding a vast bowl-shaped ravine. The cliffs are seamed with fissures opening into caves, where prehistoric remains have been found. Curiously shaped rocks abound, all bearing appellations and fancied resemblances, dear to the guides, the exact counterpart of what is found all over the world wherever natural curiosities occur. The river just below this point is absolutely unnavigable. It disappears under huge rocks, which filled its bed and compelled it to channel a passage underground, after an earthquake early in the nineteenth century. Beyond the *Cirque des Baumes*, the sublime scenery continues without interruption, but with constantly shifting interest. We passed several ruins of castles securely perched at incredible heights. How they were ever reached except with ropes is not apparent. The canyon became narrower, the walls steeper, when we unexpectedly reached a signpost and driveway leading to the *Château de*

la Caze. Following this, we soon alighted in a small clearing bounded by a grove of splendid trees. At one side stood a gem of a small but real castle, for it was built in 1489. This was the hotel where we were to spend the night! The waters of an ice-cold live spring, bursting from the cliff above, were led by a rock-bound sluiceway into a wide moat surrounding three sides of the château, and eventually tumbled on either side into the Tarn in two waterfalls about twenty feet high. Crossing a stone bridge which has replaced the former drawbridge, we entered a portal surmounted by a carved crest, and were affably met by the landlady in a stone hallway paved like a street with square granite blocks. Making our wants known, we were led to a tower where very easy stairs made of wide stone slabs mounted to the second floor. Here we found another hallway paved exactly like that of the ground floor. Could it be that in old times horses stood here, ready to be led forth at an instant's notice?[1] Our room was a large chamber on the west side far more comfortably furnished than we had expected to find in this wild spot. We even had electric lighting provided by power from one of the waterfalls of the moat. At one end of our hallway was the chapel; at the other a door opening on a crenellated terrace above the Tarn that laps the base of the château on this side. The topmost floor was reached by stairs in a smaller turret, which led to apartments furnished with beautiful old furniture and also to the upper battlements. A small museum of local antiquities was in a room over the chapel. The first-floor common room

[1] This probably was true in times of emergency, for we read that during the ninth and tenth centuries, "the barons, so as to be ready at all times, kept their horses in the hall where they slept with their wives." — *L'Ancien Régime*, page 116, by Funck-Brentano. Paris, A. Fayard et Cie. Edit. 1926.

Neurdein Phot.

GORGES OF THE TARN

Neurdein Phot.

CHÂTEAU-DE-LA-CAZE, GORGES OF THE TARN

Neurdein Phot.

SAINT-CHÉLY-DU-TARN

Neurdein Phot.

PEYRELEAU, GORGES OF THE TARN

was made attractive by a large open fireplace with an enormous hood, contemporaneous with the building of the castle. The dining-room is noted for the carved wooden mantelpiece of the Renaissance period, which one of the former proprietors installed there about sixty-five years ago. The ground-floor rooms are vaulted with groined arches; one of them in the southwest tower bears quaint frescoes executed by Prunier in 1637, representing amidst garlands of flowers the portraits of the eight daughters of the Sire de Malian, the lord of the château. A *Castle Dangerous* it must have been then! The huge kitchen, the original guard room, at the right of the entrance is not the least interesting apartment to visit. Spotlessly clean, it possessed a superb array of brightly polished copper utensils, the ancient '*batterie de cuisine*' formerly seen in every important household which is slowly being replaced in the cities by cheaper tinware and glazed saucepans from the department stores. Madame Lépine, the landlady, who showed us all over the premises with the pride of the proprietor, told us she came from the Basque country. Married to a professor of botany in Paris, she yearned for the country and mountains and a life of greater activity than a small household gave her. With the inherent capacity for business possessed by so many French women, she had purchased this property which satisfied her longings, and was turning it to good account during the vacation season. A narrow strip of land between the road and the river had been made into a park of much beauty by an earlier proprietor. Besides a thriving vegetable garden irrigated by the same spring that filled the moat, we found there beautiful trees from all parts of the world, not the least surprising discovery being a *Sequoia gigantea*, over a hundred feet high,

covered with the characteristic small cones we had collected in California.

We were so comfortable in our castle, the spot was so romantic, and the gorges so much superior in interest to anything we had anticipated that we changed our plans and remained here four days. The weather was perfect, the temperature delicious, and the few guests very companionable. The season does not begin in earnest till about July 10th, and Madame advised us, with the candor that is the essence of business wisdom, to come again only before or after the 'season.' She frankly told us we should not enjoy the dust and the heat of midsummer, nor the too great crowds on the roads and in the hotels during July and August. After a blissful morning doing nothing, we drove down to La Malène, where boats had been secured by telephone for us and two other guests at the château. We embarked there, descending the river to the *Cirque des Baumes*, six miles below, with alternations of slack water and gentle rapids, only mildly reminiscent of similar experiences in Maine and Canada. The scenery, however, was all that could be demanded, and enough different was its aspect from that along the road to make us congratulate ourselves that we had taken the trip. The boats were large, flat-bottomed punts, unnecessarily heavy, entailing four to five hours of strenuous poling to return to their station upstream. At the *Cirque des Baumes*, while waiting for Gustave to come down for us with the car, we visited the small chapel of Saint-Ilère, situated a hundred feet above the road, beside the cavern where the Saint established his hermitage. Crowds of people suffering from ophthalmia come in pilgrimage every year in the month of May to invoke the assistance of the Saint, and to bathe their eyes with the water of a spring that

comes to the surface in the grotto. By the entrance a small marble slab bearing the inscription

Aux Enfants des Baumes, Morts pour la Patrie

commemorates the death in the Great War of two sons of the hamlet of Les Baumes. As it consists of but two houses, the tiny community must have lost a larger percentage of its young men than usual.

June 28th. Early this morning we went up the valley to Sainte-Enimie. On the way we passed Saint-Chély-du-Tarn, a hamlet stowed away on a narrow shelf beside the river, more than two hundred feet below the road. It seemed incredible that men should have selected such an unauspicious spot for a village, hemmed in by vertical walls of rock, where the sun shines but a few hours a day even in summer. Sainte-Enimie was a much larger town, and looked prosperous. It owes its existence to a monastery founded in the sixth century by Enimie, a Merovingian princess, and this remote little town, for all its isolation, underwent in the course of the centuries much the same ordeals as its more favored sisters in the open country. The monastery, turned into a Benedictine priory in the tenth century, became one of the richest of the region and remained so until the Revolution suppressed it. One shudders at the thought of the oppressions and exactions that must have been imposed on the poor peasants of this ungrateful valley, to wring riches out of them for the benefit of the priory. At Sainte-Enimie, leaving the main road, we crossed the Tarn and made the ascent of the Causse Méjean over a daringly built road that negotiated the loops and hairpin turns with a boldness utterly without regard for the nerves of dwellers in flat country as we were. The road is safe with a good car and a good

driver, provided one meets no other vehicle, but it affords more thrills on the way than we care to indulge in. The plateau we eventually reached is an undulating, wind-swept, desolate upland, at three to four thousand feet altitude. Barren though much of it is, every sheltered hollow was cultivated, and a few hamlets manage to wring enough out of the hard soil to justify their existence. The bright sunshine and the mountain air were stimulating, and we greatly enjoyed the fifteen-mile ride across the plateau to another precipitous road, even more perilous than the one we had ascended by, that took us down to Meyrueis, a typical little mountain city situated on the river Jonte, at the spot where two other streams flow into it. After a good lunch, we had an enjoyable walk about the town, most of whose streets are along one or the other of the three rivers that meet here. The cliffs and mountains visible in all directions are as decorative as a theatrical setting. We were tempted to take the road to l'Aigoual, the highest peak of the southern Cévennes, 5140 feet above the sea. A hotel said to be excellent has been erected just below the summit. However, this temptation we resisted, as well as another to visit the Grottes d'Argilan, monstrous natural caverns with stalactites, stalagmites, extraordinary rocks simulating a church and its belfry, sixty-five feet high, and countless other curiosities which we were assured could all be examined in two and one half hours. The underground river of Bramabiau is also one of the attractions of Meyrueis, a good centre, it will be seen, for those fond of unusual natural formations. Are they not everywhere a powerful magnet to draw the tourist? We motored up the pretty wooded valley of the Béturzon, to get a glimpse of the early Renaissance château of Roquedol, then, returning to Meyrueis,

took the road through the canyon of the Jonte leading to Le Rozier. Many of the same features are found here that one sees on a bigger scale in the canyon of the Tarn. Just before reaching the latter, we passed beneath the picturesque little city of Peyreleau, rising steeply by successive steps on a bold hill above Le Rozier. The church and a square crenellated tower crown the summit. The tower is the only remnant of a feudal castle demolished about 1600, but foundations remain dating from the time of the Roman occupation.

After another day of rest and complete idleness, spent in enjoying the *Château de la Caze* and its beautiful surroundings, we bade farewell to our capable hostess whom we had come to regard as an old and trusted friend.

June 30th. Starting early and going east, we reached Saint-Chély-du-Tarn before the sun had risen high enough to penetrate to the chill depth wherein it lay. We cast a farewell look at the stupendous rocks through which the Tarn forces its way right here, and went on to Sainte-Enimie, beyond which the canyon widens somewhat. At Castelbouc is an enormous rock needle, two hundred feet high, the summit crowned with the ruins of a castle destroyed in 1588 during the wars of religion. The needle stands on a promontory between the Tarn and a full-fledged river flowing swiftly out of a cavern in the cliffs. The village of Castelbouc clings closely to the base of the needle, occupying every crevice in the rock, every inch of space between the river, the cliff, and the cavern. It is a weird place and an uncanny spot, but a tiny church is there affording spiritual protection and warning off the devils who are known to haunt such localities. The canyon ends, widening into a vast inter-

vale, at the Château de Rocheblave, a sixteenth-century construction which has been tastefully adapted to the purposes of a modern summer home. In the distance one sees from here the six Gothic arches of a bridge over the Tarn, built in 1335 by the Pope Urbain V. Destroyed during the wars of the Reformation, it was rebuilt on the original plan by the Bishop of Mende, under Louis XIII. It leads to the small village of Quézac, whose fourteenth-century church was erected by the same Urbain V. His crest may still be seen carved into the keystone of the vaulting and on the capitals of some of the columns. This church shelters a Black Virgin whose miraculous powers have attracted pilgrims through the centuries of existence of the church. The story is that very long ago, soon after it was built, a peasant of Quézac ploughing in his field was surprised to see his yoke of oxen kneel at a certain spot. Suspecting that something must be in the ground to account for this unusual performance, he dug a hole and found the statue of a small but very beautiful Virgin and Child. The hands and faces of both mother and child were jet black, an almost always certain indication that the statue possessed miraculous powers. It was placed in the church by the curé; the story of its discovery soon spread to Ispagnac, a much larger neighboring town, where the people coveted it as soon as they knew about it. Through some unexplained influence, Quézac was compelled to surrender the statue to its richer neighbor. It was transported to the church of Ispagnac with much pomp, given a place of honor, and everyone in Ispagnac went home much pleased with the protection which the possession of the statue of the Queen of Heaven insured to his town. The next morning the statue had disappeared, and it was soon bruited about

Neurdein Phot.

CASTELBOUC, GORGES OF THE TARN

Neurdein Phot.

GOTHIC BRIDGE, QUÉZAC

Cliché T.C.F.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOT AT BALSIÈGES

that it had returned to its place in the church of Quézac. Again the inhabitants of Ispagnac insisted on its possession. Again did they come to Quézac with greater solemnity, led by priests and acolytes with choir boys singing psalms, escorting the flower-decked oxcart that was again to draw the statue of the Virgin. With much wafting of incense, she was placed on the cart and the procession set forth. Just as it arrived at the then new bridge of Quézac, the oxen stood stock still, and nothing would induce them to move. Thus did the Virgin signify that she wished to remain in Quézac. The Ispagnac people, bowing to the now clearly expressed command of the Queen of Heaven, took her back to Quézac where she has stood for hundreds of years, performing miracles and extending assistance to all who come with enough devotion in their hearts to gain her intercession. This simple tale, which has its counterpart in many another village of the Catholic world, was told us by a good woman of Ispagnac.

We were approaching now the southern part of the country, so delightfully described by Robert Louis Stevenson in his 'Travels with a Donkey.' Soon we left the valley of the Tarn, which striking eastward leads to Pont-de-Montvert, while we followed that of Le Tarnon, leading to Florac. Readers of Stevenson will recall the graphic pages in which he describes the uprising of the Camisards, a sect of Protestants that, following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1688, was cruelly persecuted until driven to desperation and open warfare in 1702. The war lasted until 1705, after four hundred and sixty-six villages of the Cévennes had been burnt by the royal army and their inhabitants put to the sword. If anything were needed to prove the truth of the old saying, 'the blood of the

martyrs is the seed of the Church,' the persistence in the South of France of the '*Religion réformée*,' as the Protestant faith is there called, is sufficient evidence. All the cities we visited possessing a *Temple Réformé* were those where persecution was rife during the Albigensian war, where, after that, the Inquisition had cast its baleful shadow, where the wars of religion of the sixteenth century had drenched the streets with blood, where the savage measures following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven into exile many of their best people, and where the intolerant conduct of the priesthood had caused blood to flow again until late in the eighteenth century. In these cities the Protestant faith claims as many votaries as ever it did. Approaching Florac we noticed a house bearing a large white cross painted over the door. Several other houses in this city bore the same emblem. Inquiry elicited the explanation that these were good Catholic houses, whose inhabitants thus wished to signify that they would have nothing to do with Protestants. Whether this explanation be true or not, it would seem to show that the two religious sects exist side by side in a sort of armed truce not unlike the peace that has succeeded the World War.

Florac is situated on the left bank of the Tarnon, a brawling mountain stream whose waters are there much increased by the addition of a great spring coming out of the mountain above the city. Descending in abundantly supplied cascades, the waters turn several mill wheels and furnish to the inhabitants a large and pure supply. The many canals and sluiceways which one comes upon in all quarters give to the city an aquatic character not generally found on a mountain-side. The valley is wide, much cultivated, and has an air of prosperity such as we had not met for many

days. Numerous old houses, several with good portals, the remains of the castle now used as a prison, and a few ancient bridges were the only attractions. We left soon after lunch, retracing our road through Ispagnac, thence mounting northward by easy grades on a beautiful, wide *route nationale* to the summit of the Causse de Sauveterre. From there the view was splendid: to the southward the Causse Méjean beyond the Gorges of the Tarn, dominated by the commanding summit of the Aigoual; to the southeast the fine valley of the Tarnon and more mountains; eastward the bulky peak of Mont Lozère, even higher than the Aigoual; and northward range after range of beautiful purple slopes. We plunged into deep valleys beyond the 'height of land,' where running brooks and great flocks of sheep enlivened the prospect, and descended at last to the banks of our now old friend the Lot, nearing its source just north of Mont Lozère. We followed its course northeastward from Balsièges until, leaving it at the bottom of its tortuous valley, the road mounted sharply, taking us rapidly into the very centre of the charming little city of Mende, a mountain city like Rodez, situated at twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, on a sloping terrace well above the Lot. At the *Hôtel de Paris et de la Poste*, an immaculate room was assigned to us by two attractive sisters clad in spotless garments. The dining-room and the cuisine proving themselves later quite up to a good standard, we carried away with us a pleasant impression of Mende, so dependent is one on physical comfort for enjoyment while travelling.

The rest of the afternoon we spent visiting the cathedral and the old city, wholly contained as usual within the boulevards that have replaced the fortified walls. The Cathedral Saint-Pierre is a late Gothic building

begun in 1365 by the Pope Urbain V, continued during the fifteenth century, partially destroyed by the Protestants in the sixteenth century, and rebuilt from 1599 to 1620. It has lately been wholly restored, provided with an entrance porch in the style of the fifteenth century and made to look like a purely modern church. The western front has two towers built between 1508 and 1512, the northern, two hundred and seventy-five feet high, springs from a thirty-six-foot base whence it rises to a platform surrounded by carved pinnacles. The spire surges up from the centre and is itself profusely covered with sculptures that also adorn the delicate flying buttresses with which it is stayed. The southern tower, two hundred and thirteen feet high and almost bare of decoration, has a smaller crocketed spire. The interior is very simple, but vast and harmonious in its lines. There are neither transepts nor triforium. The aisles are flanked with ten chapels. The ambulatory is singular in having none, but it is hung with excellent Aubusson tapestries of 1706 representing the Life of the Virgin. A miracle-working Black Virgin surmounts the main altar, and there is much good carved woodwork of the Renaissance period in the choir. The impression of modernity is unfortunately too apparent; it makes one feel that a good monument has been spoilt by unholy restoration.

In the old streets are many houses with good carved portals, some of the Gothic period and more of the Renaissance. Above a fountain there is a shrine with a Black Virgin surrounded by frescoes. One of the bridges over the Lot dates from the fourteenth century. Unfortunately we overlooked it. Mende, though it be a small city, only half the size of Rodez, has always been an important bishopric, and it figures in history

for the part it took in the Reformation, when it was taken and sacked in 1579 by Captain Merle, a famous Protestant freebooter, who left the evil mark of his passage on many of the works of art of the church and town.

CHAPTER XVI

MENDE TO LE PUY

High plateaux in the Lozère — Pelouse — Châteauneuf-de-Randon, before which died Du Guesclin — *Clocher Mur* of Chaudeyrac — Langogne and its coppersmiths — Pradelles — Mont Mézenc and Le Gerbier des Joncs — Le Puy en Velay.

July 1st. Our route out of Mende took us first along the dwindling Lot, which we soon abandoned to rise along a beautiful roadway to the high levels of the *Plateau du Palais du Roi.* On our left were dense forests, fringed with sloping banks bright with a profusion of wild flowers, on our right across deep verdant ravines, the Pic de Finiels, highest summit of the range of mountains of la Lozère, where is the source of the Tarn. Nearing Pelouse a grand panorama to the east was bounded by the Montagne du Goulet, where the Lot takes its rise, while a little farther to the north are the sources of the Allier, in the forested mountains south of the ancient Abbey of Mercoire. We were here quite in the heart of the complicated mountain system of the southern Cévennes, whose peaks have no towering elevations, but whose slopes are beautifully wooded. Here rise many of the important rivers of southern France and the abundance of water keeps the prospect green, as in our own New England mountains. The average elevation of the country above sea level is high, varying roughly from three to four thousand feet. It is impossible to describe the exhilaration which is felt in travelling by motor in this beautiful region. The air is so pure, the country so varied and picturesque, the outline of the distant hills is so constantly changing, that interest never flags.

THE CATHEDRAL, MENDE

THE CHURCH AND COVERED FOUNTAIN
PELOUSE

CATTLE MARKET, CHÂTEAUNEUF-DE-RANDON

COVERED MARKET, LANGOGNE

One goes on with unceasing variety, and now and then an old village or a ruin clothed with ivy, gives a human touch to a wilderness that seems almost foreign in this old land of France. This aspect is due, no doubt, to the ruggedness of the winter climate; the winds blow hard and the snow lies deep in all this high country which extends northward to beyond Clermont-Ferrand. It ought to be better known, for it is rich in varied beauty. The road was excellent and we had it all to ourselves. We met only a few peasants between Mende and Le Puy. At Pelouse, we stopped to visit a very old church with a quaint belfry. We made our way on foot up the main street, a narrow cattle lane, filthy beyond anything we have ever seen. The charming old church was entirely deserted and apparently ours for the taking. We would have loved to carry it away bodily from a country where old churches are so numerous that many have to be given up as more than superfluous. Against a wall separating it from the town square was a fountain where evidently cattle and humans congregated for their water supply. Above it a shrine seemed to consecrate the life-giving source. On the other side of the small square, the grim rear wall of an ancient castle rose some fifty feet without an opening to relieve its nakedness. The other side, however, pierced with modern windows and having even a balcony, looked pleasant enough, above the garden which lay below it on this side. At the *Pierre Plantée* a monument marking the crest of the road gave its elevation as 4150 feet. Approaching Châteauneuf-de-Randon, we caught sight of the town, perched on a steep hill, long before we reached it over a causeway across wet mountain meadows, rich with unfamiliar flowers. This is the fortress before which the doughty knight, Bertrand Du Guesclin, died in 1380,

while retaking it from the English. Notwithstanding his death the inhabitants surrendered to the French the following day. A massive monument called *Tombeau de Du Guesclin* marks only the spot where he died, for his entrails lie in the Church of Saint-Laurent at Le Puy, his heart in the Church of Saint-Sauveur at Dinan in Brittany, and his corpse reposes with those of the kings at Saint-Denis, near Paris.

At Châteauneuf we left the main road and cut across country to reach the valley of the Allier at Langogne. The land still continued high, over four thousand feet according to the road map. At Chaudeyrac we visited an old church, with bells hung in open arches above the west end. These wall belfries (*clocher mur*) seem to belong to this part of the land, for we met with them again rather often. The curé, a hale and hearty-looking country priest, dressed in an old cassock tucked up to his waist, was housing in his shed a big load of firewood. When I remarked on its size, he sighed, answering, '*Ah oui, c'est qu'il fait bien froid ici en hiver.*'

We gradually descended about a thousand feet as we approached Langogne, where we lunched. The dining-room of the principal hotel was crowded with well-to-do farmers and their wives, who had come to town to attend the weekly market. The menu was planned for the large appetites of these country folk and was plenteous and most substantial. The scene in the streets was very amusing; every sort of ware was offered for sale, spread out on trestles, benches, or even on the pavements. Cows, calves, and pigs, with an occasional donkey, wandered at will through the crowd. Attractive copper vessels were numerous and cheap, for from time immemorial this district has been renowned for its coppersmiths. In a very picturesque covered market, consisting only of a huge slate roof, over a hundred

feet long by forty wide, supported on Doric granite columns, we noticed, stowed under the roof, a great painted canvas head with fierce mustaches and eyebrows. This was *Gargantua*, of Rabelaisian fame, who figures in town processions, to the great enjoyment of the children. Old Langogne consists, besides the church, of only five large round towers and a square belfry, all transformed into dwellings. The Romanesque Church of Saint-Gervais et Saint-Protais belongs to the eleventh century, but it has been so much restored that only a few capitals stirred our interest. We had visited so many Romanesque churches that we had now become discriminating and very exacting, but it is disappointing to find old construction concealed by heavy coats of stucco and whitewash. Langogne, with its pure atmosphere, is becoming a favorite centre for summer vacationists. Attractive cottages and good hotels, trout-fishing, and walks, many and easy, were inducements held out to make us tarry there. These failing to convince us, we left Langogne in the throes of its mercantile pursuits, crossed the Allier, and, rising again on its right bank, were soon in the centre of Pradelles, another old town built on the slopes high above the river. Fine old houses made of hard trap rock bordered the big square where we stopped, several, having little angle turrets and arched doorways, quite in the grand manner, looked as though they might have had an interesting history. The arcaded galleries of the square led us to one of the old town gates, where a woman, the heroine of Pradelles, once saved the inhabitants from massacre at the hands of besieging Protestant marauders, by crushing their captain to death with a stone from the parapet.

The road from Pradelles maintained itself on the

high plateau country until we were within sight of Le Puy. To our right lay the main chain of the Cévennes, about twenty miles to the eastward, paralleling our direction. Mont Gerbier des Joncs (5087 feet), an extinct volcano, came into sight after leaving Pradelles; the crater has become a swamp full of rushes, whose seepage gives birth to the Loire. Four or five miles north of le Gerbier, the bolder group of volcanic peaks about Mont Mézenc (5735 feet) caught the light of the late afternoon sun, casting a rosy hue on slopes of amazing beauty. At our left the chain of volcanic peaks of the Monts du Velay, now bathed in translucent vapor, continued, in a tumultuous sea of confused mountain-tops, to the distant horizon line. The afternoon air was exhilarating and the swift ride, with soul-stirring pictures on either side, was the most enjoyable of the many beautiful rides we had that summer. As we approached La Sauvetat, we made out with our binoculars the fine ruins of the great castle of Arlempdes, above a deep ravine where a glint of sunlight revealed the young Loire, here a foaming mountain torrent. We failed to locate east of us le Monastier, whence Stevenson set out with his donkey, but we were on the very ground they trod, for they were bound for the mountain lake of Le Bouchet, which nestled in the hills west of us. At last, after an hour or more of pure delight, we plunged swiftly into the volcanic bowl which contains the picturesque capital of the Velay, and threaded our way through the outskirts of the city to the *Grand Hôtel du Puy*, where we found satisfactory quarters.

CHAPTER XVII

LE PUY AND ENVIRONS

The miraculous origin of Notre-Dame-du-Puy — A cathedral on a mountain summit — In the heart of the Middle Ages — Church of Saint-Laurent — Saint-Michel de l'Aiguilhe — A chapel on a rock needle — Polignac, a castle of robber barons — An excursion to La Chaise-Dieu — The Dance of Death — Priceless tapestries of the old abbey.

July 2d. 'Though there be no part of the earth, that does not belong to the Sovereign Being who made it, and that He does not pervade with his greatness, there are nevertheless certain spots that He has sanctified more than others, and I notice that these are principally mountains, either that, more remote from a corrupted world, they are to Him more agreeable, or to make us feel that one must rise and not grovel here below, if we wish to commune with Him.' Thus does Brother Théodore, monk of the Order of Saint John, begin his book published at Le Puy in 1693, the '*Histoire de l'Église Angélique de Notre-Dame-du-Puy*.' The ancient city was, in fact, built on the southerly slopes of a small isolated mountain that rises from the bottom of an enormous depression, perhaps an old crater bed, for it is surrounded by high hills of volcanic origin. This mountain, the Mont Anis, is capped by a high rocky needle, *le rocher Corneille*, at whose base a fairly level shelf affords but scanty room for the cathedral, the episcopal palace, and some dependencies, all formerly enclosed by two rows of fortified walls. In this citadel, the rule of the bishops was absolute. The city, governed by its own municipal officers, spread fanwise in steep, descending steps, on the slopes

below the cathedral, in a picturesque maze of narrow streets, down to the bottom of the bowl, where the town fortifications long kept it stifled within too narrow limits for its teeming population. Eventually it burst its bounds and spread all over the valley to the foot of the surrounding hills, and it is now rapidly covering the slopes with houses, villas, schools, and colleges.

The best way to approach the cathedral is to follow any of the narrow old meandering streets that converge at the foot of the Rue des Tables. It makes little difference which we select — all have the archaic character of a mediæval town, all are rich in captivating and picturesque sights. Lace-making has long been the principal industry of the region, and everywhere, before the old doorways, groups of women are seated on low stools, with lace-makers' pillows in their lap, deftly throwing their many bobbins, while their tongues are no less busy, retailing in unintelligible *patois* the neighborhood gossip. The Rue des Tables is the old pilgrimage way, and it ascends steeply to the west front of the church, so steeply that it must break into wide paved steps, long ere it reaches the staircase of sixty-two steps that leads at last to the very portal of the existing cathedral.

The beginnings of Le Puy are enveloped in obscurity. That the Romans, always alert in the selection of strategic sites, had here an *oppidum*, seems certain; many bas-reliefs and fragments of sculpture indicate that a temple of Diana, the huntress, stood on Mont Anis. The easily defensible plateau doubtless determined the erection of a cathedral, but Brother Théodore, always prone to seek a miraculous origin, has transmitted to us the following legend, which he and his contemporaries devoutly believed to be true. A

Neurdein Phot.

LE PUY-EN-VELAY

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL, LE PUY

rich widow of Saint-Paulien, then the seat of the bishop of the Velay, long afflicted with a quartan fever, was absolutely cured in the year 72 by sleeping on a miraculous stone slab, known as the *Pierre aux Fièvres*, which stood on the plateau of Mont Anis. She had been directed to do this in a dream by the Virgin herself. Saint George, who then was evangelizing Gaul, hearing of this miracle visited the spot. Although it was summer he found the mountain covered with a layer of snow, and noticing in it the tracks of a deer that his coming had frightened away, he recognized that they marked the plan of a church. Wishing to preserve from profanation a spot which he now deemed was hallowed, he, lacking all better means, surrounded it with a thorny hedge and predicted thereafter on many occasions that a church erected there would in time achieve great glory. Saint Martial, the Apostle of Aquitania, thereupon came to Mont Anis and built there an altar on the spot where the widow was cured, placing in it one of the shoes of the Virgin that had been given him at the Cathedral of Rhodes. The spot grew in reputation, and many were the sick pilgrims who were healed by the *Pierre aux Fièvres*. At last in 221, Evodius, eighth Bishop of the Velay, acting by divine advice and the permission of Pope Saint Calixtus,decided to transfer there the episcopal seat and began the construction of a Cathedral church. Having been promised by the Pope, as soon as it was finished, a number of relics for the new sanctuary, he now locked it up and started for Rome to obtain the precious gift of the Pope before dedicating it. He left on July 11, 230, in company with Scrutaire, a priest-architect who had been sent to him by Saint Calixtus to assist in the erection of the cathedral. A half-league from Le Puy, as they were approaching the Loire River and

preparing to cross it, they saw in the middle of the road two elderly men clothed in white, carrying a beautiful casket that glowed from afar with an unearthly radiance. While they stood stock still with surprise at such an unlooked-for apparition, the elders advanced, one of them saying with a grave voice: 'Faithful servants of the Mother of the Lord, cease here your journey, for we are sent from Rome to deliver unto you these relics, which you will identify by the inventory that accompanies them. Carry them barefooted to the Church of Mont Anis, where we go to precede you, and concern yourselves not with its dedication, which takes place to-day at the hands of the Angels.' The prelate and his companion took off their shoes, and no sooner had they received the casket than the elders vanished, thus showing that they were something more than human. Thanking God for having forestalled them by such signal favors, Evodius and Scrutaire slowly retraced their steps and headed a procession of the people of Mont Anis coming to welcome the miraculous gift. No sooner had they reached the foot of the hill on which stood the church than, though locked inside, the bells began to peal; then, to add to this marvel, the doors flew open, revealing within a blaze of light from hundreds of lighted candles. The altar had been sprinkled with an oil whose perfume did not belong to this world, and at the very entrance the soul was lifted to thoughts of things divine, 'a sure proof it had become the habitation of celestial powers.' This is why the cathedral was thereafter known as *l'Église Angélique de Notre-Dame-du-Puy.*

Nothing remains of the church of Bishop Evodius; the older portions of the existing structure are generally assigned by modern archæologists to the eleventh century, though possibly some minor parts and

certainly much of the building material came from an earlier edifice, perhaps of the ninth century. Its plan was first that of a Greek Cross, but by the end of the eleventh century the concourse of pilgrims had become so enormous that a larger structure was imperatively necessary. This need was met by extending the nave, first by two bays and in the twelfth century by two bays more, which carried the church beyond the edge of the plateau. The difficulty was met by supporting the western extremity on a bold arched portal built up from below, and giving it at the same time an entirely new façade. The western front of the cathedral is thus very high and imposing. It consists of five stories of arcades, either blind or pierced with openings, crowned by three triangular gable ends. The principal entrance and the window above it have slightly pointed arches; all the others are semi-circular. The pillars and arcades are made of blocks of stone, alternately black and white, and the plane surfaces of the gables are covered with a coarse mosaic of multicolored stones laid in pleasing geometrical patterns, a striking mode of decoration very characteristic of Auvergne churches, where beautifully tinted lavas were found right at hand. It is seldom seen elsewhere, and is nowhere so highly developed. The three arched and vaulted portals correspond, as they should, to the divisions of the nave. Immediately within the portals steps extending from wall to wall begin to rise, interrupted at each bay by a wide landing. At the second landing, the steps through the aisles come to a stop before some very ancient wooden doors covered with carved designs in much-dilapidated condition, closing the entrances to two old chapels parallel to the axis of the church, but now disused. These doors, apparently of cedar, are covered with compositions drawn from

the Gospels, sculptured in very low relief in the solid timber, a feat which represents a prodigious labor. The figures are slim and tall; the ornaments rich and fanciful still show traces of color, and something in the execution suggests Indian or Persian bas-reliefs. The borders in particular, which bear some inscriptions in Cufic characters, are very puzzling in their proximity to Christian pictures. Perhaps the artists borrowed them from some Oriental fabric, reproducing, without understanding it, a design belonging to Musulman art.[1] The steps continue for the next two bays, only in the middle aisle. Deeply incised in the two lowest risers is the following inscription:

NI CAVEAS CRIMEN CAVEAS CONTINGERE LIMEN,
NAM REGINA POLI VULT SINE SORDE COLI.[2]

At the last landing under the fourth bay, the stairs now bifurcate at right angles, those to the left leading to the cloisters, those to the right into the church near the south transept, after a total climb of one hundred and six steps. The *Pierre aux Fièvres*, believed by antiquaries to have been originally the table of a dolmen, may be seen on the last landing and also some old frescoes, much injured by damp, that cover the walls and ceiling. Until late in the eighteenth century the staircase was continued through handsome heavily gilded doors, between two columns of red porphyry, straight up into the nave, a little in front of the main altar. The artistic value of this interesting approach was not appreciated by the dull minds of the canons to whom we owe some other desecrations.

[1] These inscriptions in Cufic characters are verses of the Koran, and by no means the only instance at Le Puy of Arabic influence in design and decoration. See Louis Bréhier, *L'Art Chrétien*, pp. 186–189.

[2] Though thou fearest not crime, fear to touch this threshold,
For the Queen of Heaven will have only unsullied servants.

So far as we know such an extremely curious entrance to a cathedral is absolutely unique.

At the east end the Cathedral of Notre-Dame can be reached by narrow and very steep streets which lead to the Place du For, where there is a grand view of the belfry. Here two doors give access to the church under the *Porche du For*, at the east side of the south transept. The smaller door called the 'Papal Door' after being used by the Pope Urbain II (1088–1099), was sealed and never opened except for other visiting popes. The porch is a beautiful specimen of late twelfth-century Romanesque art. Hardly is there a plain surface in the midst of an inexhaustible variety of mouldings and details very finely chiselled, covering the archivolts, the pillars, and even the shafts of the engaged columns. A curious feature deserves notice; the pointed arcades giving access to this porch are reënforced by a semi-circular arch, joined to the first only by three stone tenons, so that in the greater part of its curve there is an open space of over a foot between the two, a constructional feat perhaps unique in twelfth-century architecture. The triangular lintel over the Papal Door doubtless came from some antique monument, for carved upon its inner side is a votive inscription to Augustus.

The third and last entrance to the cathedral, under the *Porche Saint-Jean* on the east side of the north transept, was called the *Porte des Rois*, as it was reserved in old times for the reception of kings. Tradition affirms that Charlemagne passed through this door, in which case, if true, this part of the cathedral should go back to the ninth century, a not improbable date according to Prosper Mérimée. The wooden doors under both porches are very old and much worn. Little remains of the carving that covered them, but they

have remarkable forged hinges, and there is interesting sculpture on the lintels and tympana. North of the apse and built against it stands the belfry, one hundred and eighty-four feet high, the upper part of which, rebuilt in 1887, is a faithful copy of the twelfth-century original that threatened collapse. Under the belfry the wall of the apse is built in part with materials of Roman origin. Heavy slabs bear fragments of bas-reliefs, decorated with figures of struggling men and running animals that possibly might have belonged to the frieze of the Temple of Diana. Recalling the belfry of Brantôme, the belfry of the cathedral shows its transitional character. Though there are seven stories of bays, not including the dormer windows of the spire, there are but five stories within.

The interior of Notre-Dame is comparatively low, very simple and massive. The plan is cruciform, comprising a nave of six bays with side aisles, rather shallow transepts, and a square apse without ambulatory. Over the crossing is a modern dome, rising above the roof and supported on an octagonal two-storied drum, pierced in the upper story with Romanesque windows that admit but a modicum of light into the church. Each bay of the nave is covered by an octagonal oblong cupola on squinches, the two easterly ones, of the eleventh century, supported on plain round arches; the four westerly ones, finished by the middle of the twelfth century, supported on pointed arches, with moulded archivolts. It is interesting to note the architectural progress shown in these cupolas; the older ones very simple, unornamented, with small, almost timid squinches and diminutive windows, the later ones better built, with arcades over the windows, and squinches supported by decorated colonnettes in pairs. The arches across the nave and those along the aisles,

the piers supporting them, and the capitals of their columns show a corresponding development. The bays of the aisles are covered, some with groined vaults, others with barrel-vaults. The barrel-vaulted transepts end in double apsidioles, surmounted by a tribune. On the wall of the northern one are ancient mural paintings, difficult to make out in the dim light they receive. The main altar placed at the crossing is of colored marbles, a gift of Louis XV. Above it stands the statuette, dressed up in rich brocaded silk, of an ancient and much-venerated Black Virgin that has taken the place of the more renowned one which was burnt by the mob during the Revolution. If we may believe Brother Théodore, this statue was of wood a little over two feet high. The Virgin was seated on a stool with the Child on her knees; the faces of both were blackened and the figures were so concealed by a dress that nothing was to be seen but the visages, which Brother Théodore deplores. The dress is carefully described by him; also the jewels with which it was adorned, pearls and diamonds of great value. 'Tradition of the Country of Egypt attributes this statue to Jeremiah,' says Brother Théodore, in support of which he quotes Peter Comestor, an author versed in Jewish antiquities who, five hundred years earlier, described the statue and related the story of its having been carved in satinwood by Jeremiah. It is evident that in his day the donor of the statue to the cathedral was unknown, except that it was a King of France. Brother Théodore opines that it must have been Saint Louis, who would have obtained it during the period he spent in captivity in Egypt. Three quaint chapters are devoted by the good brother to this discussion in which he shows great knowledge of history and a very logical mind.

Behind the main altar, the walls of the apse bear good reproductions of the very early frescoes on the staircase and in the mortuary chapel, which time and damp are fast destroying. Two curious pictures of the sixteenth century, given as *ex-votos* after the outburst of epidemics of plague, hang in the northern aisle. The sacristy, reached by a passageway at the right of the choir, contains a Pietà painted on wood in the fifteenth century, a Gothic reliquary of the same period, a fine ivory crucifix, and a very precious illuminated manuscript on purple vellum executed in the ninth century, known as 'The Bible of Theodulph.'

North of the cathedral is a small cloister consisting of four vaulted galleries carried on semi-circular arcades. The capitals of the supporting columns are mostly storied, and are very fine and elegant. Some of them, surrounded with scrolled acanthus leaves, seem almost Roman in beauty of design and perfection of execution. The voussoirs of the arcades are alternately black and white; the spandrels and the cornices are enlivened with polychrome mosaics, as is indeed most of the upper masonry of the church. In the cloister, as in all parts of the cathedral, one notices differences in details, showing that the construction advanced slowly and was the work of different hands. The southern gallery adjoining the church is unquestionably the oldest, and has been assigned to the eleventh century. In the other galleries, about a century more recent, a multitude of little bas-reliefs, whimsical designs and fantastic heads, compose a running frieze of great finesse. The east gallery is bounded by the ancient mortuary chapel, in which were interred the Bishops of Le Puy. Here are thirteenth-century frescoes, discovered by Prosper Mérimée under a thick coat of whitewash, so interesting but so much decayed that

they were carefully reproduced in the cathedral choir. The north gallery is bounded by ancient buildings containing a museum of objects of interest pertaining to Notre-Dame and the pilgrimages; ancient votive pictures, processional crosses, enamelled reliquaries, statues of saints, church vestments, old carved woodwork, manuscripts and breviaries. A building adjacent to the west gallery of the cloister seems to have been of old a kind of citadel in the fortified enclosure. Its very tall and thick walls, reënforced by heavy buttresses, are crenelated and machicolated. It may have sheltered the bishops in times of troubles. Its great hall, covered by a pointed barrel-vault, once used for the sittings of the provincial *parlement*, *les États du Velay*, is now called *la chapelle des reliques*. It contains beautiful fifteenth-century frescoes of the Liberal Arts, allegorical figures of Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, and Music, very precious in the eyes of all artists and archæologists.

Leaving the cathedral by its east end we climbed the long zigzagging path and the many stone steps which lead to the summit of the Rocher Corneille, everywhere passing by the remains of ancient fortifications. Here on a platform, four hundred and twenty-five feet above the lower town stands a cyclopean gilt-bronze statue of the Virgin, made of two hundred and thirteen cannons captured at Sebastopol in the Crimean War. Very similar in conception to Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, its value as a work of art is certainly not greater. Access to the interior is easy, a staircase of ninety-six steps leading to a platform within the crown on the Virgin's head. Gustave ventured the ascent and reported such intense heat within that we contented ourselves with the truly superb panorama from the platform at the top of the rock.

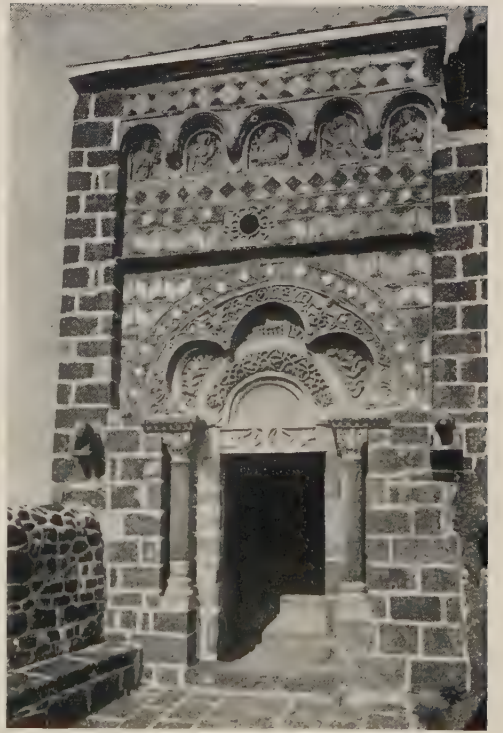
From this point of vantage, looking north, one has an admirable view of the curious conical needle carrying at its peak the chapel of Saint-Michel d'Aiguilhe, the columnar basaltic cliff called *les Orgues d'Espaly*, the ruins of the Château of Polignac on a high rock table, and the monstrous cement statue of Saint Joseph, above the village of Espaly. At the south, just below lies the cathedral, its cloisters and dependent buildings, and beyond, the hundreds of roofs, narrow streets, and many towers of the ancient city, descending in steps to the line of boulevards which stand on the emplacement of the former ramparts. The new town spreads out on all sides of the vast Place du Breuil, and the beautiful gardens in front of the Musée Crozatier. The hills then rise again, bounded in the far distance by the ranges about Mont Mézenc, and the wooded mountains of the Velay. On leaving Mont Anis, we went down the steps of a narrow lane below the Place du For, and stopping to watch numerous women making lace, we purchased a few pieces of very good lace for incredibly small sums. Making a circuit below the cathedral, through narrow streets with lovely old balconies, veritable lacework in forged iron, we came out eventually on the outer boulevards at the Tour Pannesac, the only remnant of the old city defences. Its martial character is sorely marred by a dry-goods shop in the basement, and it takes a vivid imagination to evoke what it may have been when François I made his entry into Le Puy below its walls. Following the Boulevard Carnot, we reached the Church of Saint-Laurent, formerly that of a Dominican convent. Its Gothic façade lured us to the interior, for Gothic is rare in the Velay. We found it of no great interest except that it contained a tomb of Du Guesclin, with a statue of the knight which is probably

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL AND CLOISTERS, LE PUY

Newdein Phot.

SAINT-MICHEL-DE-L'AIGUILHE, LE PUY



Newdein Phot.

PORTAL OF SAINT-MICHEL, LE PUY

the best likeness of him in existence, as a plaster cast, taken after his death, was available to repair injuries inflicted during the Revolution. The figure, of life-size, is clad in armor, all but the head. Du Guesclin was short and broad-shouldered; his face hard and strong, expressed energy and determination; one might say he was every inch a Breton.

Leaving the church, we went on to the foot of the amazing rock needle, two hundred and seventy-nine feet high, which bears on its point the chapel of Saint-Michel d'Aiguilhe. A surprisingly good stone staircase, fully five feet wide and adequately protected by a stone parapet, leads to the top. The two hundred and fifty steps seemed easy of ascent after the climb to the Rocher Corneille, and we were rewarded by magnificent views all the way up. Begun in 962, this staircase has taken advantage of every inequality in the rock, and twists around it corkscrew-like with great ingenuity. Until it was finished not a stone could be brought to build the chapel. The latter, finished toward the middle of the eleventh century, is an exquisite example of Romanesque sculpture and architecture. Its plan, dictated by the contour of the rock, includes a square choir and a semi-elliptical nave, whose axis is oblique to that of the choir. Six light columns in the nave receive the thrust of a groined vault. Other columns, engaged along the walls, sustain blind arcades of unequal diameters. The chapel is reached by a final steep stairway of thirteen steps, leading to a charming portal, apparently contemporaneous with the nave and choir. It is curiously ornate with colored incrustations and finely chiselled mouldings and bas-reliefs. It is a little jewel, most characteristic of the style of decoration peculiar to the Romanesque architecture of the Velay. Especially happy are the two

archivolts surmounting the door, the outer one trilobed in a manner unmistakably attesting Byzantine influence, the inner semi-circular. Both are covered with foliations and included in a white, red, yellow, and black mosaic, which sets off to great advantage the sculptured cornices as well as the bas-reliefs of the trilobed archivolt and those which fill five little arcades below the roof. The belfry, doubtless more recent than the chapel and mediocre in design, makes a fine show, nevertheless, on account of its position. Not being in use now for the exercises of the faith, the building is absolutely bare inside, and is being ignobly defaced by the sort of people who must scratch their names everywhere. The old woman who tends the gate at the foot of the rock collects ten centimes admission. It were well if the fee should be increased enough to maintain a custodian in this monument of inestimable value.

We drove one afternoon to Polignac to visit the ruins of the château. The road led upwards at the north of the city, over the southwestern flank of the extinct volcano of Denise (2920 feet), where important anthropological remains have been found. Almost every house along the way had its group of busy lace-workers seated before the door. We passed the remarkable basaltic cliff of *les Orgues d'Espaly*, where there is a fine view of Le Puy, and, leaving the high ridge followed by the *route nationale*, we struck across fertile fields by a villainous cart track toward Polignac. The ruins are on the flat summit of a basaltic dike (2643 feet altitude) with perpendicular sides. At the foot of this majestic stronghold, at the only place where the rock may be scaled, lies the village. A rough path, defended by ditches, a barbican, and an entrance gate under a tower, leads to the platform

with an area of about five acres. The castle is now a hopeless ruin; a great square dungeon-keep of the fourteenth century, alone standing somewhat as of yore, though thoroughly gutted within. Roman remains prove that this strategic rock was not overlooked by these doughty rulers. The parts of the rock not occupied by the ruins are now cultivated with success by the custodian, a picturesque old woman who escorted us through the spacious remains of what were once the chapel, the great audience chamber, the guard rooms, etc., of the feudal epoch. She had the usual wearied and bored attitude of guides until she learned that we were Americans, not English people, as she had supposed. Exclaiming at once with a fervor that surprised us and touched a responding chord in our hearts, she cried, to the disgust of two English ladies who had joined us: '*Ah! c'est l'Amérique qui nous a sauvés.*' She then told us how many American soldiers had been quartered in the region, and how frightened people had first been by their rough ways and great size, but she added, 'We soon discovered that they were *très doux*, and they were *très gentils avec les enfants qui les adoraient.*' We were pleased, indeed, to hear at first hand what a good impression our boys had made on the rural population. Petty excesses may have led to different estimates in some localities, but our personal observation in many places makes us think that the common people, at any rate, are still grateful for the help of America.

Polignac early became the seat of one of the great families of France. The feudal lords were doubtless, like most of their kind, pestilent robber barons, and many were the conflicts they had with the Bishops of Le Puy. The monkish writers gave them a very bad name, but the bishops, always hard taskmasters, often

by their exactions drove their own townspeople into open rebellion, so one may conclude that they were all harsh rulers in a harsh period.

All the people we talked with in Le Puy urged us to visit La Chaise-Dieu, seat of one of the richest abbeys of France in the fourteenth century. Yielding to curiosity we motored there one fine afternoon, going by way of Saint-Paulien, the first seat of the Bishops of the Velay until the middle of the sixth century, when it was transferred to Le Puy. The Church of Saint-Paulien, which dates from Romanesque times, has been so many times rebuilt and altered that we found it of only moderate interest. Beyond is a rolling country, quite wild, with many coniferous forests. On another trip we passed here a damp meadow approximating ten acres, literally covered with *Narcissus poeticus* growing wild, and then in full bloom (June 10th).

La Chaise-Dieu lies on the west slope of a plateau, at over thirty-five hundred feet above sea-level. The monastery was founded in 1044 by Saint Robert, and often comprised as many as three hundred monks who followed the rule of Saint Benedict. In the fourteenth century, the Pope Clement VI, who had been nurtured there, undertook the reconstruction of the church. It was begun in 1343, and by 1352, when Clement VI died, the choir and five and one half bays of the nave had been erected. Construction was resumed in 1370 and finished in 1378, under the pontificate of Gregory XI, nephew of Clement VI. The monastic buildings were destroyed by fire in 1695. Reconstruction was begun under Louis XIV, and was nearing completion when the Revolution interrupted the work for good and all.

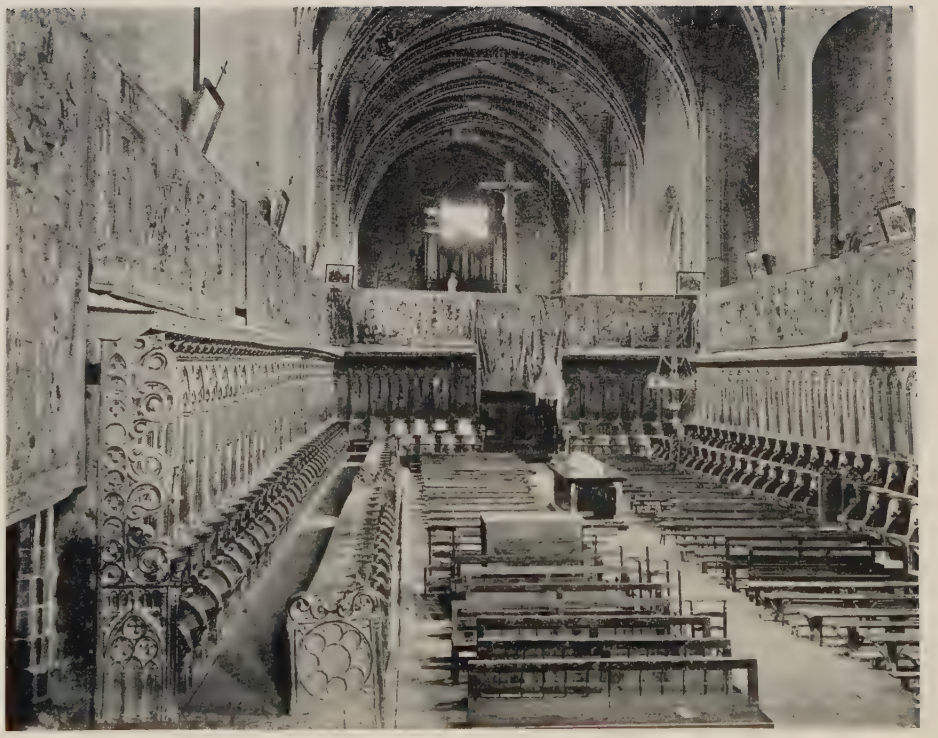
The Church of Saint-Robert is, after the cathedral at

Neurdein Phot.

FRESCO OF THE LIBERAL ARTS, CATHEDRAL OF LE PUY

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHÂTEAU OF POLIGNAC



THE CHOIR, ABBEY OF LA CHAISE-DIEU

Clermont-Ferrand, the most important Gothic structure of Auvergne. It is built in the Southern style, heavier and less well adapted to decoration than that of the North. The severity of the climate at La Chaise-Dieu and the hardness of the granite and sandstone of which it is built justify the selection of a simple, robust style.

The façade is in three parts, corresponding to the three divisions of the nave. It is more distinguished by massiveness and dignity than by elegance; the windows are placed under great arcades, separated by stout buttresses. On either side are two square towers, now deprived of their spires, connected together by a gallery of communication. The single portal, much mutilated in 1562 by the Huguenots, who at the same time sacked the church, is divided in the centre by a trumeau, bearing the statue of Saint Robert. Access to the portal is by a great flight of forty steps of the full width of the façade. Little else of the exterior of the church is visible except from a distance, for houses and conventual buildings constructed against its north and south sides cut off all near views.

The interior of the edifice is as simple as the exterior. It has neither transepts nor ambulatory and the five apsidal chapels open directly into the choir. The nave and aisles, all equal in height, comprise nine bays separated by sixteen heavy pillars, without capitals. The ogival vaulting, very low and broad, bears on the keystones the arms of Clement VI in the bays built by him, those of Gregory XI in the others. Between the fourth and the fifth bays, a massive stone choir screen, nine or ten feet high, built in the fifteenth century, separates the choir from the nave, thus affording absolute privacy to the monks. The church is two hundred and forty-eight feet long, eighty feet wide, and sixty-one

feet high. These ample dimensions make an interior of noble proportions, though unfortunately the perspective is cut off by the choir screen. This makes it appear unduly wide, low and bare, yet it gives the impression of great majesty. Above the entrance is a great organ, made in 1683, supported on four colossal wooden caryatids very well carved. Above the centre of the choir screen is a figure of Christ on the Cross, dating from 1603, remarkable by its anatomy, and on either side two wooden statues of the Virgin and Saint John, showing grace and expression.

In the southerly aisle is the wall tomb of the Abbot Renaud de Montclar, who died in 1346. Much mutilated and deprived of its statue, it has nevertheless great interest, on account of some bas-reliefs and the ten little angels disposed under the arch of the canopy, which still remain unharmed. In the northerly aisle is a tomb which tradition asserts contains the remains of Edith, widow of Edward the Confessor, who we know ended her days at La Chaise-Dieu. Painted in fresco on a red ground, on the outside of the north wall of the choir screen, is a remarkable Dance of Death. The black pest of 1480 probably introduced a taste for these lugubrious compositions, which, at one time numerous, have now become very rare. This one represents Death, in the guise of twenty-two emaciated, sinister naked figures, malevolently seizing, to lead them into the tomb, twenty-two personages representing the three orders, the Nobles, the Burghers, and the Artisans. Death is no respecter of rank; a pope leads the gruesome procession, then comes an emperor followed by a cardinal, a king, a prince of the Church, and so on to the last figures, a peasant, a poor mother who drops her babe in fright, and whom Death stoops to gather in with the mother. The draw-

ing is incorrect and the colors very much injured by damp, yet there is much spirit in the movements and much diversity in the expressions. Some personages are resigned, others frightened, many supplicate Death for a respite without success. It is a pity nothing is being done to prolong the existence of this interesting old painting, which seems to be going to its own death very rapidly.

Admission to the choir is through a locked gate at the end of the north aisle, and the contrast between this part of the church reserved for the community and the nave which accommodated the laity, is as impressive as it is unexpected. Without, all is bare, cold, austere; within is color, warmth, and sumptuousness. Three sides of the choir are surrounded by two rows of beautifully carved wooden stalls, one hundred and fifty-six in all, dating from the time of André de Chanac, abbot of the monastery from 1378 to 1420. The carving, most of which is still in excellent condition, presents a wealth of exquisite floral designs. Most interesting are the *miséreres* of the stalls, with subjects historical or allegorical, and others purely satirical. Time has given a delightful hue to this old woodwork, which serves as an admirable foil to fourteen superb tapestries hanging above it and enclosing the three sides of the choir. They were a gift of Jacques de Sénectaire, the last regular abbot. Made in Flanders, with gold threads interwoven in some of them, they were hung in 1518. They represent in triptychs eighty-four subjects from the Bible, each central panel portraying a scene taken from the New Testament, placed between two or more scenes from the Old Testament forecasting the occurrence of the former. Though much faded, the coloring is still very splendid, rose-red predominating. It gives needed warmth to the old

woodwork of the stalls, while they give value to the coloring above. Loving as we do little details of life as our ancestors lived it, we were amused to find, in the picture of The Last Supper, an Apostle picking his teeth with his knife, whilst another wipes his hands on the tablecloth. These were good, not bad, manners in the sixteenth century. In the centre of the choir stands what is left of the splendid tomb of Clement VI, made during his lifetime for this very spot. Surrounded originally by forty-four marble statues under an elaborate canopy, nothing survived the Huguenot frenzy but a beautiful statue of white marble representing the prelate lying at full length upon a black marble sarcophagus.

At the southeast end of the choir is a huge tower, la tour Clémentine, a veritable dungeon-keep erected with much forethought during the incumbency of Abbot Chanac. It is surmounted by a crenellated parapet with machicolations, and, in prevision of possible sieges, an oven and a well were constructed in the basement. The sacristy now occupying the ground floor contains the Papal ring of Clement VI, a small hand mill for grinding the flour used in making the Host, an enamelled panel bearing the arms of a former abbot, some reliquaries, a very finely carved ivory crucifix, and superb church vestments of ancient manufacture. On the south side of the church, from which they are separated by an old monastic building, are the only two remaining galleries of the cloisters built by Abbot Chanac. They are vaulted with intersecting ribs, the keystones bearing the arms of the abbot and of Clement VI. Each bay opens on the courtyard under a wide arch, under which smaller arches turn it into an arcade with four openings. Above the gallery parallel to the church is the former

library, lighted from the courtyard by windows with horizontal mullions through their centre. The monastery buildings, built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are now occupied by the *Mairie* and by private persons. They are without interest except a vaulted hall in the hospital building, possessing a curious acoustical property. Two persons, placed at diagonally opposite corners about forty feet apart, can hear distinctly the faintest whisper or the ticking of a watch, inaudible in other parts of the room.

Before leaving Le Puy, we visited the Musée Crozatier, in which we found unusually interesting collections. It is especially rich in Gallo-Roman antiquities, milestones, capitals, sarcophagi; in architectural remains of the Middle Ages, columns, bas-reliefs, capitals, archivolts, etc. A collection of fifteenth-century and sixteenth-century furniture, chests, coffers, carved wardrobes, chairs, tapestries, and forged ironwork appeal strongly to amateurs of our type. Three large halls contain paintings, many by celebrated masters, the average quality of the canvases being greater than is usually the case in *la province*. Inasmuch as the art of lacemaking gives employment to over seventy thousand women in the Velay, it is but natural that its importance is recognized by the museum. A room devoted to old and modern specimens houses a large collection of artistic value. Our last evening at Le Puy was enlivened by an open-air concert given in the gardens in front of the Musée Crozatier. The wealth and fashion of the city turned out in great numbers, and it gave us much pleasure to watch the expansive manners of the gentlemen and the lively conversation of the ladies. This crowd was out for a good time, and they had it notwithstanding the very indifferent quality of the music.

CHAPTER XVIII

LE PUY TO CLERMONT-FERRAND

The Glorious Fourth not forgotten at Le Puy — Birthplace of Lafayette — the Château of Chavaniac-Lafayette — Brioude — Church of Saint-Julien — Valley of the Alagnon — Issoire — The Cathedral of Saint-Paul — Gergovia, a capital of Gaul — Vercingetorix and Cæsar — Arrival at Clermont-Ferrand

July 4th. We left Le Puy on the Fourth of July, and were pleased and cheered on our way by finding our national flag floating before the *Préfecture.* The French are very punctilious in such matters, but Le Puy is so remote from the activities of the great world that we had scarcely expected this display. We climbed the long hill that goes to Saint-Paulien, and as we reached the summit we stopped the car to take a farewell look at the tight little city where for so many centuries life was a succession of thrilling episodes. During the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages no city of France was visited by such a stream of pilgrims nor so many princes, kings, and popes. It throbbed with life then, but now it slumbers, far from the stage where world events are played, lovely as ever, though its mantle be frayed by time. On we went, past once proud Polignac, now but a heap of still grandiose ruins, then over the westward hills to descend into the valley of the Allier over beautiful roads, through a pass at thirty-five hundred feet altitude. Our first stop was made at the Château of Chavaniac-Lafayette, where the Marquis of Lafayette was born in 1754. We had heard at Le Puy that the property had been purchased by an American organization, and we wished to see what was being done with it.

The château, built in the fourteenth century, is a very simple building extending between two large round towers, with wings at the rear and a square dungeon, all constituting a spacious residence possessing quiet dignity. We could see nothing of the interior, as it was in the hands of an army of workmen who were renovating it from cellar to attic. The Lafayette Memorial Association was established with a threefold purpose. The first, by this time accomplished and permanently endowed, was to purchase and preserve the birthplace of Lafayette, making it an enduring memorial to the man who came to the help of our struggling Republic in the hour of its direst need, and to the American heroes killed in the World War. This is one more of the friendly bonds that unite France and America, and promote good understanding between the two countries. The second object was to care for orphans of the war and to educate them until they should be able to earn their living. The third was to establish a Preventorium, where delicate children, who probably would become victims of some of our modern plagues, might be brought back to health and vigor in the pure air of the Auvergne Mountains, receiving at the same time the same education as is given in the best of Paris schools. The second and third objects of the Association were now in full swing, and it is to be hoped that ample support may be given for the full extension of the plans of this most deserving institution.[1]

The valley of the Allier, much more fertile than the plateaux we had recently traversed, is consequently far more populated. Villages were numerous, each one with a château, whose towers and pointed roofs made

[1] We again visited the château in 1926. It is now thoroughly renovated and the work was done with such good taste and discrimination that none of the old features were injured or sacrificed.

picturesque the rather squalid group of houses about it. We crossed the Allier at Vieille Brioude, over a new bridge, which has replaced the old one, built, it was said, with the connivance of His Satanic Majesty. The charming twelfth-century chapel beside it was closed, and as no one turned up out of nowhere, as usually happens, to help us get the key, we went on to Brioude, where we lunched excellently well at the *Hôtel du Nord.*

The Église Saint-Julien, the 'Noble Collegiate Church' as it was designated, because its canons took the title of Counts, is a fine Romanesque building of the twelfth century with Gothic modifications of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The outside of the apse is marked by careful Romanesque work, exhibiting under the roof a wealth of the mosaic decoration we had become familiar with at Le Puy. The windows of the apse and the chapels in particular, with their archivolts and their colonnettes of an intense red sandstone, show off admirably the white capitals, the corbels, and sculptured ornaments that surround them. The north entrance, through an open porch at the second bay of the nave, is quite remarkable. Under a groin-vaulted ceiling, supported on engaged columns, are very ancient-looking capitals. The original oak doors covered with leather still retain their primitive hand-forged hinges and the bronze rings, attached to animals' heads, for drawing them open. The western façade is but an almost naked wall, stayed by four mighty buttresses, and pierced with a few arched windows; the pitiably inadequate portals are modern, as are also the square western belfry and the octagonal tower over the crossing. At both ends of the transepts is a wide, pointed, blind arcade, under which are machicoulis exactly similar to those of the palace of

CHÂTEAU OF CHAVANIAC-LAFAYETTE

CAPITALS IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT-JULIEN, BRIOUDE

Cliché T.C.F.

APSE OF THE CHURCH, ISSOIRE

the Popes at Avignon. Saint-Julien was undoubtedly fortified at an early date. Two curious paintings, one of which is dated 1636, *ex-votos* that are preserved in the church, represent it entirely surrounded by a crenellated wall, flanked with towers. The entrance was then under a tower larger than the others, defended in addition by a barbican.

A groin-vaulted narthex precedes the nave. Above is a wide gallery or tribune, the south end of which is now the Chapelle Saint-Michel, its walls covered by remains of curious frescoes of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. The interior of Saint-Julien consists of a very long nave, with high side aisles, as at Conques, transepts with tribunes at each end, and a choir and ambulatory from which open five apsidal chapels. The nave is too narrow in proportion to the aisles. Even in the early twelfth century it was generally of twice the width of the aisles. The first four bays of the nave are pure twelfth-century Romanesque, the fifth and last with pointed arches is of the thirteenth century. The side aisles have no galleries and are groin-vaulted. The nave, originally barrel-vaulted, was raised in the fourteenth century, given vaulting in the Gothic style and windows of varied styles were introduced in the new side walls. The capitals on the engaged columns of the piers are mostly storied in the nave and foliated in the choir, the quality of the carving being very superior in both. The transepts are Gothic; the crossing is covered with a lantern whose windows are under semi-circular arches. The gallery of the north transept is provided with a fireplace with a conical hood. There, doubtless, the high dignitaries of the noble chapter of Saint-Julien sat at their ease before a good fire, while they heard the Mass. The ambulatory and the chapels are of rare elegance of de-

coration. The friezes, the colonnettes at the windows, the columns at the entrances to the chapels, and those supporting the blind arcades, all show exquisitely carved details and great fertility of ideas nowhere better expressed.

Many old houses in the town, some with fascinating angle turrets, are worthy of a more careful examination than we could give them, as we were in a hurry to be off. The landlord of the *Hôtel du Nord* had fired our imaginations with descriptions of the fine châteaux to be seen in the valley of the Alagnon, and we had resolved to make the *détour* to the westward which this involved.

We passed by the Château de Chabreuge, nestled in the folds of the smiling valley where it lay, and ten miles beyond we reached the Alagnon, a lovely brawling stream with clear waters whose trout are famed in the region. On either hand very fine steep hills encompassed us, and before us lay the ruins of the once mighty castle of Torsiac. A little farther, we came on those of Léotoing, then we rejoined at Lempdes the direct road to Clermont-Ferrand. It would be most interesting to make this trip the other way and to ascend the Alagnon to its source near Murat, then, crossing the watershed, to get into the valley of the Cère through Vic-sur-Cère to Aurillac. Continuing to follow this stream one would go through Beaulieu-sur-Ménoire to the Dordogne, on which are Souillac, Sarlat, and Bergerac. This ride through one of the most fascinating parts of France, teeming with more picturesque villages and more natural beauty than it is usually the lot of tourists to enjoy, would also enable one to visit famous architectural monuments in every city mentioned.[1] From Lempdes northwards, the road

[1] We made this trip in 1926 and found it exceeded our most sanguine anticipations.

lay mostly on high ridges, west of the Allier, whence we surveyed an immense stretch of territory, almost every height crowned with a castle of some sort, some in ruins, many still inhabited. We never ceased wondering how the land ever could have endured so many *seigneurs*.

At Issoire, we made a long stop to visit the splendid Church of Saint-Paul which, having been built a little later than the other typical churches of Auvergne, embodies in its construction all the best features evolved by that school of Romanesque architects. Formerly the abbatical church of the Abbey of Saint-Austremoine, it took the name of Saint-Paul, early in the nineteenth century, when it became the parish church of Issoire, in place of a former Saint-Paul destroyed in the Revolution. Built by Benedictine monks early in the twelfth century, it consists of a nave with side aisles, short transepts, a choir and ambulatory, into which open five chapels, the middle one rectangular; all arcades of the church are of course semi-circular. The aisles are two-storied, the lower gallery covered by groined vaults with reënforcing ribs at each bay, the upper gallery opening into the nave through a triforium consisting of low trilobed arcades resting on colonnettes, alternating with openings under simply a round arch. The upper gallery is covered by a half barrel-vault, as at Conques, which abuts solidly against the walls, supporting the barrel-vaults of nave and choir. The latter are further strengthened by binding ribs at every two or three bays. The half barrel-vaulting of the aisles is raised considerably across the transepts, thus more thoroughly stabilizing the square tower, which rising above the crossing is terminated by a cupola supported on squinches. Above the cupola the tower becomes eight-sided, is two-storied, every

face pierced by twin arcaded windows resting on colonnettes, and the upper story terminates in a pyramidal stone steeple. Both transepts are barrel-vaulted perpendicularly to the nave, thus further contributing to the stability of the tower. The east side of each transept opens into an apsidiole used as an additional chapel.

We have been obliged to enter into much technical detail in regard to the construction, and especially the vaulting, for in this lies the preëminent characteristic of Auvergne Romanesque architecture. We shall find the system substantially the same everywhere in the province, and it does great honor to the builders who evolved so early as the eleventh century, the most logical and the soundest method of any devised in France for taking up the lateral thrust of a great vault. Its only defect is that there is no direct lighting of the nave, the small windows of the upper galleries and those of the aisles admitting rather insufficient daylight, but as the triforium is seldom continued around the apse, windows opening directly into the choir above the arcades of the ambulatory give a sufficiency of light where it is most needed. Under the choir is a crypt accessible by a staircase in each aisle. It repeats in the arrangement of its pillars that of the choir, and serves, as it were, for its foundation. In the centre of the crypt four additional pillars reënforce the vault and help to sustain the weight of the main altar.

The exterior of Saint-Paul is decorated much as is the church at Brioude; ribbons of *billettes* outline the windows, colored bands of mosaics make a frieze under the roofs of the apse and the chapels, but one misses the red sandstone bands and red colonnettes of Saint-Julien. The archivolts are also less elaborate, and the capitals less skilfully carved. On the other hand, a

new motive is introduced: twelve medallions, representing the signs of the Zodiac, are inserted in regular order under the cornices of the chapels; these are quaint enough, but rather coarsely carved, and probably unique in such a position, the Zodiac being usually placed on the façade. The corbels supporting the roofs are all on one pattern, apparently a sheaf of short cylinders; figured corbels are seldom seen in Auvergne. The lateral walls of Saint-Paul should be mentioned; under the eaves runs a row of little blind arcades supported on colonnettes, and below, larger arches span the buttresses of each bay, elegant motives of construction that greatly add also to the solidity of the walls. The central tower is likewise much enhanced in beauty by similar lines of arcades where it emerges from the transept roofs. The façade and the belfry that surmounts it are a modern restoration, nothing of which should be considered typical of Auvergne architecture.

The interior of Saint-Paul is much disfigured, especially in the nave, by the garish painting that covers the pillars and arcades, much as at Notre-Dame-la-Grande of Poitiers. That this is modern seems likely, for Prosper Mérimée, who minutely described this church as he saw it before 1838, makes no mention of it. This critical judge of church architecture would scarcely have overlooked such a profanation.

One gets a fine impression of space and height in this church, though not comparable, of course, in this respect to Gothic edifices. The nave has seven bays with many capitals, not at all in the same class with those at Brioude. Only in the choir do a few show artistic merit, especially one representing The Last Supper and another The Marys at the Tomb, with the Angel before the sleeping sentries. The graceful ingen-

uousness of the figures, the nice adjustment and the elegance of the draperies, truly bring to the mind antique statuary. As we left Saint-Paul, we noticed a charming detail: the ridges of the roofs are formed of openwork, interlaced circles of stone — very agreeable to the eye from afar.

Nothing besides the church is very old at Issoire, for in 1577, during the wars of religion, the city was taken, sacked, and every inhabitant put to the sword by the Catholic army; the houses were demolished and a post set up in the market square, with an inscription, 'Here was Issoire.' Almost alone the abbatical church of Saint-Austremoine was spared.

Beyond Issoire we drove rapidly through thickly settled valleys, with increasingly abrupt hills on each side, until a thousand feet above us the imposing monument to Vercingetorix caught our eyes on the summit of the plateau of Gergovia, where the Gallic chief defeated Julius Cæsar in the year 53 B.C. Gergovia was the greatest stronghold of the Gauls. Cæsar had surrounded it and even captured a foothold at the north of the plateau. He attempted by a feint to draw the Gallic army to the southwest, while picked troops stood ready to attack at the opposite end. He was almost successful and his soldiers had already captured some outposts, when the cries and yells of the women and children recalled Vercingetorix with his cavalry. Quickly divining Cæsar's stratagem, he counter-attacked with fury and drove the Romans away with heavy losses, Cæsar himself escaping capture only with difficulty. It will be recalled that the following year, in 52 B.C., Cæsar succeeded in isolating Vercingetorix on the plateau of Alesia, some thirty miles northwest of Dijon. The Gallic position, similar to that of Gergovia, was surrounded by Cæsar with formidable

earthworks facing Alesia on one side, the open country on the other. Thus entrenched, the Roman general defeated, first an army coming to the succor of the Gauls, and then compelled the surrender of Vercingetorix. The noble Gaul, wishing to save his women and children from the horrors of a general massacre, rode alone into the Roman camp, presented himself before Cæsar, and, casting his arms on the ground, threw himself on the victor's generosity. Cæsar on this occasion failed to rise to the greatness of his rival. Perhaps still smarting from the defeat endured at Gergovia, he had his captive chained and taken to Rome, where he languished miserably in prison for six years. He was exhibited in the procession of captives when Cæsar led his triumph, then basely put to death in his prison.

To-day there are monuments in many parts of France to the memory of Vercingetorix, but none to Cæsar. He had tarnished for all time the glory of his deeds in subjugating Gaul, and the memory of it subsists to this day.

Soon after passing Gergovia, we reached Clermont-Ferrand, where we took up our quarters at the comfortable *Hôtel de la Poste*, on the large Place de Jaude, where a spirited statue of Vercingetorix on horseback, by Bartholdi, occupies the place of honor.

CHAPTER XIX

CLERMONT-FERRAND

Clermont and Montferrand — Cathedral Notre-Dame — The Church of Notre-Dame-du-Port, where Urbain II and Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade — About Romanesque capitals — Ancient houses — The Musée Bargoin

Not by any means the last of the many 'most interesting cities of France,' Clermont-Ferrand has a history that goes back to Gallo-Roman times, when it covered a territory at least as extensive as does the modern town.

At first known as *Civitas Arvernorum*, it assumed the name of Clermont during the ninth century. This had been from the sixth century onward the name of the hill upon which stands the cathedral. In 1095 was held here, under the presidency of Pope Urbain II, the famous Council of Clermont, where the burning eloquence of Peter the Hermit aroused such enthusiasm that the First Crusade was decided on by unanimous acclamation. The Counts of Auvergne, an unruly lot, held the city several times during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, against the lawful sovereigns, the bishops, until King Louis le Gros, coming to the assistance of the latter, seized it and restored it to them in 1128. During these early years, Montferrand, the neighbor city, was the more important place, but by the time the great provinces of France were formed in the sixteenth century, the latter city, outstripped by its more opulent sister, was annexed to it. The union was made final in 1731, and to console the inhabitants for the loss of their autonomy the capital of Auvergne assumed the name of Clermont-Fer-

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE CATHEDRAL, CLERMONT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

APSE OF NOTRE-DAME-DU-PORT, CLERMONT

rand. The lawlessness and tyranny of the nobles were not effectually crushed until 1665, when King Louis XIV sent a tribunal to sit at Clermont, whose sessions are called *Les Grands Jours*. A few severe sentences sufficed to bring the turbulent body to reason. Clermont is now a most important industrial city, rubber factories and chemical works taking the lead, with countless smaller industries solidly established in their wake. Most of the bank notes of the French Government are made at Clermont.

The Cathedral of Notre-Dame is probably the finest Gothic edifice of central France. Its majestic appearance is best realized from the hills which surround the city. It dominates every building in the town, and sends its sharp spires heavenward to a height of three hundred and fifty-four feet above the high ground where it stands. Not until 1248 was its construction begun, and it continued till the middle of the following century, when everything came to a stop. Indeed the last two bays of the nave, the west portal, and the spires were not erected till the second half of the nineteenth century. This is almost the best original work ever produced by Viollet-le-Duc, the restorer of Carcassonne and of so many of the mediæval churches of France. The present cathedral occupies the site of a basilica, put up toward the middle of the fifth century, followed by a Romanesque Church, whose crypt and four radiating chapels still exist, under the choir of the church of to-day. The length is three hundred and eight feet, the height below the vaulting is ninety-five feet, and the greatest width about one hundred and forty feet. The hard, fine-grained lava stone of Volvic, dark gray in color, of which it is built, gives it a rather sombre appearance. Towers of the fourteenth century, which were never completed, flank the ends

of the north and south transepts. The end of the north transept possesses an interesting though much mutilated façade. It is surmounted by an open gallery with curious grotesque carvings. Above is a watch-tower capped by an iron campanile, early seventeenth-century work.

The nave has double side aisles, with chapels at each bay and a fine triforium. The vaults are sustained by splendid pillars whose girth is small, thanks to the hardness of the volcanic stone employed. The west end is lighted by a modern rose window, but the glass of the two roses at the ends of the transepts is of the fourteenth century. That of the apsidal chapels is of the end of the thirteenth century and very beautiful. In the north transept is a curious clock of the sixteenth century brought here from the Church of Issoire by the people of Clermont, after the siege and capture of that city in 1577. Father Time bears on his head a bell, upon which Mars and a Faun strike the hours with hammers.

The greatest mediæval attraction of Clermont-Ferrand is not the Gothic cathedral, but the Church of Notre-Dame-du-Port, one of the most perfect examples of the Romanesque art of Auvergne. So closely surrounded is it by old houses that it is difficult to get a comprehensive view of the outside, yet these too are so much a part of the mediæval picture that we should hate to see them sacrificed. The present edifice was begun in the eleventh century and completed in the main in the twelfth.

The nave, preceded by a narthex, repeats on a smaller scale the plan and the construction of Saint-Paul at Issoire. Except in minor details it is so exactly that of the latter that it is unnecessary to say more. The total length of the structure is one hundred and

sixty-one feet, the width fifty-two and one half feet, dimensions materially smaller than at Issoire. As Notre-Dame-du-Port slightly antedates the church at Issoire, the plan of the latter was inspired by it, and probably the same craftsmen worked on both edifices, for the private mark of the same stonecutters is found on many blocks of stone not only at Issoire, but also at Orcival, whose church we shall visit later. Notre-Dame-du-Port differs from Saint-Paul in that there are but four apsidal chapels; perhaps, since the entire church was dedicated to the Virgin, a special Lady Chapel was considered superfluous. Furthermore, the overhang of the roof of apse and apsidal chapels is greater, the mosaic decoration is more carefully executed, the designs are more varied, and the corbels better chiselled. On the south side of the nave is an elegant portal, with statues of Saint John the Baptist and Isaiah on either side, carved in very high relief. The lintel is pentagonal, a characteristic shape in Auvergne. It bears on the left a representation of the Adoration of the Magi, on the right the Presentation in the Temple. The tympanum represents the Saviour seated between two angels. All these figures have been cruelly mutilated, yet enough is left to have great archæological value. Though more crudely carved than at Brioude, the many capitals of Notre-Dame-du-Port are very interesting. Two types prevail, those with Corinthian acanthus leaves and those that are storied. As usual those in the choir are the best. Very curious is the one representing the conflict between the Virtues and the Vices — the former clad in chain-mail with helmets and shields, a material advantage symbolizing moral superiority.

When we first began the study of Romanesque capitals, we were chiefly impressed by their quaintness,

the naïve artistic expression, as we thought, of a people just emerging from a barbarous period, portraying strange monsters and devils in impossible postures, and grossly foreshortened figures engaged in mysterious performances. Gradually we perceived that, though the execution was often coarse, the figures were animated with a remarkable power of expression and an energy of gesture that had escaped us at first. Marvellous also was the complicated action that the artists of a new-born art compressed into the narrow space at their disposal. Since the capitals are often placed at a great height, the foreshortening of the figures became intelligible as an attempt to correct perspective. May this not, indeed, be a survival from the end of the Roman period, when on funeral stele and on early Christian sarcophagi the figures show a similar foreshortening? The most interesting capitals are generally those that tell a story, and of these there are thousands. Almost the whole of the Old and the New Testaments, Voragine's Golden Legend, the Lives of the Saints, and the early Christian Bestiaries furnish subjects pictured in a lively manner on capitals. We began to meet with them at Angers, and encountered them throughout our trip, sometimes most crude and barbaric, but often having real artistic merit.

A much-venerated Black Virgin holds the place of honor in the crypt of Notre-Dame-du-Port, and, though Clermont-Ferrand is a very radical city, it cannot suppress the yearly pilgrimage which, in the middle of May, draws many thousands of worshippers to her shrine. The walls of the crypt are thickly covered with votive tablets of the pilgrims, and many are the stories told of the miracles which she still performs. These Black Virgins seldom have any artistic value. Their size varies from six inches to two or three

Neurdein Phot.

INTERIOR OF NOTRE-DAME-DU-PORT, CLERMONT

Neurdein Phot.

SOUTH PORTAL, NOTRE-DAME-DU-PORT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE WASHING OF THE DISCIPLES' FEET, CLERMONT

Neurdein Phot.

GALLO-ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS, CLERMONT

feet. Some of the older ones are rather pleasing, but almost all are disfigured by heavy tinsel crowns and embroidered robes.

There are other fine churches in Clermont, but none of such importance as the cathedral and Notre-Dame-du-Port. It is well to drop in at the Église des Carmes Déchaux to see the main altar, made of a marble Christian sarcophagus of the fourth century; almost a score of beautifully carved figures ornament the front.

The city is rich in old houses, mostly of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with delightful doorways, windows, and occasionally carved tablets or bas-reliefs, notably one in the Rue des Gras, which pictures the Washing of the Disciples' Feet, a thirteenth-century relic. An occasional house of the thirteenth century may be seen, like that on the market-place, and another on the Rue Terrasse; but you do not have to seek mediævalism, it is all about you. In whatever direction you go, splendid views of the country and the mountains refresh the eyes and suggest excursions, which for fine scenery and interest we found could hardly be surpassed in any other part of France.

We spent an enjoyable hour at the Museum of Art and Archæology, where are preserved many mediæval sculptures of beauty and value, coming from various localities in Auvergne, many decorated Gallo-Roman tombs, a splendid collection of prehistoric and Gallo-Roman tools, weapons, and jewels, and the usual small number of paintings found in a provincial museum. The Roman remains are particularly fine and still keep turning up. Some of the finds of this nature had only just been exhumed.

CHAPTER XX

ENVIRONS OF CLERMONT-FERRAND (1)

Ancient church of Chamalières — Royat and its baths — A twelfth-century fortified church — Montferrand, a city overlooked by progress — Thirty-five miles over mountain ridges — Vernines, Orcival and its pilgrimage — Roches Tuilière and Sanadoire — The thermal stations of le Mont Dore and La Bourboule — Rochefort-Montagne — The Puy de Dôme — A Roman temple of Mercury

CLERMONT-FERRAND'S antiquities could not hold us long with the Puy de Dôme constantly looming up before us. We began our excursions with a visit to Royat, which is tucked into a narrow ravine descending from the old volcano. On the way we turned aside a few minutes to visit the church of Chamalières. Very typical of the smaller country churches of Auvergne we found it, with its graceful octagonal tower over the crossing, a barrel-vault in the nave, and fragments of Roman sculptured stones inserted here and there in its walls. Old houses lean against its south side, more picturesque than beautiful. Two Roman porphyry columns with traces of carving, support the lintel of the western door, now walled up, but they can be seen inside the church. The parish is so poor, apparently, that we were surprised to be shown a precious thirteenth-century reliquary in Limoges enamel, such as few city churches possess.

Royat is famous throughout Europe for the curative properties of its mineral springs, which gush forth in large volume in many spots on both sides of the valley. The waters, which are mainly used for baths, are said to be the best in the world for the treatment of heart troubles and arterio-sclerosis. The town consists

of two distinct quarters, that of the bathers at the outlet of the valley, and the old town, higher up, squeezed into the narrow cleft between the precipitous walls of the ravine. The lower town is a curious agglomeration of huge hotels and villas, grouped about the *Établissement des Bains*, situated in a pretty park with casino, theatre, and tea-rooms. The Romans were not slow in discovering the properties of these waters and they erected here in the first and second centuries thermal baths, the remains of which testify, by the luxury of their installation, to the value in which the waters were held. Tanks lined with marble and mosaics have gradually been exhumed and are still appearing. The Dark Ages swept away all traces of Roman occupation, and not until the middle of the last century did Royat begin to come into its own again. It is now riding on the crest of a high wave of prosperity, and patients from all parts of the world flock here for relief, and generally find it. This prosperity has resulted in much crowding, for the available space is very limited; but no slope is too steep to be utilized, and curious are the constructions built to take advantage of every foot of available ground. The two main streets of the lower town climb steeply on each side of the torrent la Tiretaine to the old town, and here also the crowding in of a population of about two thousand souls has resulted in a most picturesque agglomeration of houses, threaded by narrow streets hanging over the deep chasm of the stream. The old town was formerly fortified and remains of the walls of defence still exist, above which the fortified Church of Saint-Léger makes an imposing picture. It is, of course, a *Monument Historique*, for it dates at least from the eleventh century. The church was provided in the twelfth or thirteenth century with crenellated battle-

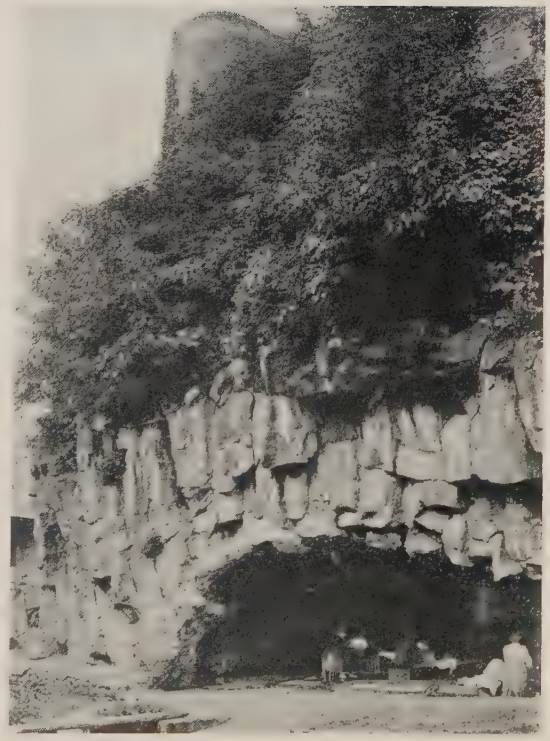
ments and machicoulis, giving it rather the appearance of a castle than of a religious edifice. It is a solid construction yet, and its crypt is well worth a visit if only to continue the study of carved capitals and stone vaulting. On the tiny church square is a beautiful fifteenth-century lava cross, adorned with sculptures. Remnants of the old priory (twelfth and fifteenth centuries) occupy the space between the church and the Tiretaine, but little of interest is left, except the old look, which invests the humblest buildings with a halo in the eyes of the lover of antiquity. At the foot of the basaltic cliff supporting the old fortifications is a large natural cavern, within which seven springs of pure water gush forth at a constant temperature of 50° F. These supply the town's public fountains and the *lavoir* or washing place, which was established in the front part of the cavern in remote times. A sociable crowd of washerwomen usually animates the grotto, evidently enjoying the company and the work under shelter, with water that is soft and not too cold. A lovely public park in the outskirts of old Royat, with beautiful trees, was donated to the public by the Clermont philanthropist Monsieur Bargoin, who also left money to build the museum in his home city. The park is really an arboretum, and we saw here fine specimens of our California Sequoias. If ever these should become extinct in America, they would still remain numerous in Europe, where the conditions of soil and moisture suit them so perfectly that their use is extending. From the upper terraces of this park there is a striking view of Clermont. The cathedral stands out far above the surrounding houses that lie as pigmies at its feet.

Our love for the Middle Ages was gratified when in the afternoon we motored to Montferrand. None of

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE FORTIFIED CHURCH, ROYAT

ORCIVAL



THE WASHERWOMEN'S GROTTO, ROYAT

REMAINS OF ROMAN CONSTRUCTIONS, ROYAT

the cities we had so far visited had preserved better the atmosphere of the Gothic and Renaissance periods. When Clermont appropriated to itself the prosperity of the region, Montferrand quietly went to sleep; nothing was built, nothing was destroyed, and it slumbers still. The Revolution passed quietly over it and its architectural riches are all that remain, in striking contrast to its poverty. Early in the twelfth century it had been a fortified place of some importance. Belonging first to the Counts of Auvergne, then to the family of Beaujeu, it was bought by Philippe-le-Bel in 1298, and in 1789 it was still a part of the royal domain. It was besieged many times from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, captured by Louis-le-Gros in 1126, by Philippe-Auguste in 1186, and by the English in 1388. Its most prosperous period was during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The church, closely hemmed in by houses, contains a few treasures, a fine rose window dating from 1517, some old wood carvings and fragments of an altar back. The local guide, a '*jeune homme*' of seven, then took us to about a score of houses, delightfully decorated with Gothic doorways, Renaissance bas-reliefs, spiral open staircases, and stone balconies. These houses bear the names of the most conspicuous element in the decoration: the house of the Elephant, the house of Adam and Eve, that of the Apothecary, etc.; some bear the name of former owners, like the 'hôtel de Jean de Doyat,' councillor of Louis XI; the 'hôtel Pradal,' built by Jean Pradal about 1510; the 'maison du Sire de Beaujeu.' All these houses have a courtyard, with a stair tower in an angle and delightful galleries around the court. One cannot avoid being impressed with the smallness of it all. Evidently the gentry of the time were satisfied with very modest space in their town

habitations, though they wanted them solidly built and tastefully ornamented. Now and then we caught a glimpse of Clermont from some of the balconies, with the majestic Puy de Dôme towering above it, to remind one of the beauty of the everlasting hills. And so Montferrand sleeps on and furnishes a quiet abode to the hard-working clerks of the big city near by.

The next morning, with every promise of a fair day, we started early for le Mont Dore, a well-known thermal station, thirty miles to the southwest. We rattled merrily over pavements till out of the city, passed Beaumont and its two ancient churches, and, climbing rapidly, were in the country on an excellent road. We recognized Royat, lying off to the right in its valley, below the mighty Puy de Dôme. To the left the ruins of a château crowned the top of the conical peak of Montrognon, one of the seventy or eighty extinct volcanoes, which are thickly sown over the *Département.* The scenery as we rose became more and more beautiful and reached its climax at the Col de la Ventouse, at an altitude of thirty-two hundred feet. We were now well onto a high ridge running from Clermont southwesterly to the valley of the Dordogne. It is about thirty-five miles long as the crow flies and fifteen miles wide, and it culminates at the west in the Mont Dore range, which carries the highest peaks (or 'puys' as they are called in Auvergne) of central France. The Puy de Sancy reaches sixty-two hundred feet, several others more than five thousand feet, and there are dozens of minor *puys*, scattered on the ridge in the direction of the Puy de Dôme, inactive to-day, but mute witnesses of the eruptive nature of the country in prehistoric times. This high ridge, whose scant vegetation of coarse grasses and sedges in wind-swept spots reminded us of the barren wastes on the Presi-

dential range in New Hampshire, though immensely more extensive, has some fertility in protected hollows. In an old country, thickly populated as is Auvergne, no land is too poor to repel settlers. A few miserable hamlets are scattered over these rugged ridges, where the hardy Auvergnat pastures his cattle, and somehow manages to make a scant living, which generally must be eked out in winter by labor in the cities, where his great strength insures ready employment. As soon as the spring comes, however, the call of the mountains makes him drop more lucrative employment and return year after year to battle against Nature for another season. Such a hamlet was Vernines, which we soon entered, a community of about a score of houses, with incredibly dirty stables half buried in manure, a tiny church and a dilapidated mansion called *le château*, for even in this bleak spot the oppressed peasants of ante-revolutionary days could not be free and independent. A petty noble must be at hand to watch them, to collect taxes in kind and in labor, and very onerous indeed they were in this part of France.

We entered the church, a touchingly modest little place, though on the altar was an exquisite old silk embroidery, such as we had looked for in vain in the antiquary shops of Le Puy and Clermont. A few miles farther on, we made a *détour* to visit Orcival, a village of six hundred inhabitants in a valley five or six hundred feet below the ridges. The Sioulet furnishes an abundance of water to irrigate the meadows of the valley and prosperity accompanies its flow. The houses are better and cleaner here, and the church is one of the most famous in Auvergne, its romantic situation bringing thousands of tourists to visit it, while its unusually fine Virgin of the twelfth century attracts tens of thousands of pilgrims from the day of the

Ascension to the feast of the Sacred Heart. We were told that on the first it was impossible to approach the town in a motor car so great is the throng. The church was built by monks of La Chaise-Dieu, who had a priory at Orcival. It dates from the twelfth century and is a gem of Auvergne Romanesque architecture. The tower at the crossing was destroyed by an earthquake in the fifteenth century, but its reconstruction is a replica of the original one. There are but four bays to the nave; otherwise it follows closely the plan of Notre-Dame-du-Port and Saint-Paul-d'Issoire. The choir is the most interesting part. It is built over a crypt with ambulatory and four radiating chapels; the same plan is reproduced above in the choir. The capitals are interesting, many representing scenes from Scripture. The gracefully wrought ironwork of the doors dates from the time of the building of the church.

We regained the Mont Dore road at *les roches Tuilière et Sanadoire*, two formidable lava dikes at an altitude of over forty-two hundred feet that by the process of erosion have been left standing alone. Between these rocks one sees a verdant valley, a thousand feet below, stretching northward, with an immense horizon of mountains. In the fourteenth century a fortress held by some English adventurers stood upon *la roche Sanadoire*. A regular siege had to be made by the Duke of Bourbon in 1386 to reduce this stronghold. Its chief was drawn and quartered on the Place de Grève in Paris. A mile farther on, the road skirts the edge of Lac de Guéry, a desolate mountain tarn of about fifty acres, at forty-one hundred and fifty feet altitude, whose overflow goes into the Dordogne. The one building on its naked shore was strongly braced, to withstand the force of the prevailing winds. We ought to

Neurdein Phot.

HOUSE OF THE LILY, MONTFERRAND

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

HOUSE OF THE ANNUNCIATION
MONTFERRAND

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

PANORAMA OF THE PUYS FROM TEMPLE OF MERCURY
PUY-DE-DÔME

Cliché T.C.F.

VIEW OF THE DIKES AND VALLEY OF ROCHEFORT

have enjoyed a fine view here and seen the higher peaks of the Mont Dore range, but, as so often happens in a mountain country, the weather had spoiled and rain was imminent. Soon we began the descent of the ridge and after many zigzags landed in the main street of the thermal village of le Mont Dore. Beyond its glorious situation in a narrow valley, hemmed in by superb mountains, it offers but slight interest to the discriminating tourist. There is the usual array of fine hotels, bathing establishments, villas, and numerous shops, where the useless souvenirs of a watering place are for sale in profusion. We did not tarry, but went on by a beautiful valley road to La Bourboule, another thermal station of yet greater importance than le Mont Dore. The road follows the course of the young Dordogne, just born from the confluence of the Dore and the Dogne, and still a brawling mountain torrent. It is bordered with coniferous woods, whose resinous fragrance filled the air, while at intervals splendid mountains were faintly visible in some clearing.

About four miles from le Mont Dore we entered the large village we were bound for. The valley is much broader here and there is a feeling of freedom and space which is very delightful. A fine modern church in Romanesque style stands by the Dordogne, while good-looking hotels rise all about. Altogether it pleased us more than any of the watering places we had seen as yet, though it lacked the interest of an ancient church. The view unfortunately was shut in by clouds and soon it rained. We took shelter in the attractive *Hôtel de Russie*, where we lunched abundantly and well. Hotels in watering places are usually more comfortable and better run than those of small cities or towns, but when one travels at the height of the

season they are often crowded, therefore one must make reservations beforehand.

As we appeared to be in for a rainy afternoon, we gave up the return trip by way of Saint-Nectaire,which involved crossing in the clouds the main ridge of the Monts Dore, at a height of forty-six hundred feet, on narrow roads frequented by the huge excursion cars from Clermont, so we returned instead by Laqueuille, Rochefort-Montagne, and the Col de la Moréno. Even in the rain, this road proved delightful; the distant views were shut out, but the valleys on our left were exquisite and varied, and a striking contrast to the desolate scenery we had found on the higher plateaux. Cattle were numerous, the streams were full, and the rich grassy intervales bespoke a prosperity that was reflected in the larger and cleaner farms that we passed. At Rochefort-Montagne, we ran into a battery of artillery on the move, which had halted here for the dinner. The guns were parked in every available spot in the narrow streets, the horses filled the village square, and the rolling kitchens had sought shelter under the roof of the public market. The kettles were singing merrily on the fires, and the men, a picturesque crowd in shabby service uniforms, waited patiently, endeavoring to dry their wet clothes by crowding about the fires. We visited the church, a smaller replica of that at Orcival, saw some delightful old houses in fascinating ancient streets, then went on to attack the ridge. Though the rain came down occasionally in sheets, the road was sound and we met with no difficulties. Volcanic cones appeared in all directions, sometimes heavily wooded, more often bare. As we neared the Puy de Dôme, the clouds lifted somewhat and we had, near to, a splendid view of this grand summit. Though not so high by fourteen hun-

dred feet as the higher peaks of the Monts Dore, the king of the Monts Dôme is more majestic, owing to the steepness and isolation of its terminal cone. This is quite awesome and the railway, which was built after the plan of the Mount Washington Railroad, circles the cone repeatedly in plainly seen spirals often cut through rock on the very edge of the precipice. On the other side of the mountain, the old Roman road, over a mile and a half long, reaches the summit by sixteen steep zigzags. A very important temple of Mercury existed on the summit in Roman days, as is known from an inscription found on the spot. The ruins are extensive, and walls formed of huge dressed blocks of lava stone, put together without cement, still indicate the position of the successive terraces occupied by divers buildings depending on the sanctuary. The temple itself was at the summit on a square platform. Beside the temple stood a colossal statue of Mercury which, according to the elder Pliny, equalled in size that of the Colossus of Rhodes. It was the work of the Greek artist Xenodorus, probably from Marseilles. It was destroyed with the temple in the year 244 by a German host who ravaged Auvergne at that time. The rage for destruction that seems inborn in the race is no less virulent to-day. The excavations indicate that the Romans, master builders everywhere, wrought here with great care and decorated their work most lavishly. Many sculptured stones, parts of columns, of capitals and of friezes, pieces of many kinds of marble, bronze, ivory, and bone objects, weapons and coins, have been salvaged, and these are exhibited at the museum in Clermont.

A rough road, mostly by the side of the railway track, descended interminably to Chamalières. We

had superb views over the country to the north and east dotted here and there with châteaux and villages, for the storm had departed and behind us the sun was setting clear.

CHAPTER XXI

ENVIRONS OF CLERMONT-FERRAND (2)

A ride in the mountains to Pontgibaud — A castle of ancestors of Lafayette — Riom, the ancient capital of Auvergne — A chapel of Duke Jean de Berry — The town still essentially a mediæval city — The ancient Abbey of Mozac — Volvic and the Château of Tournoël — Ennezat and the fresco of the Quick and the Dead — Thiers, where cutlery is still manufactured as in the Middle Ages

PONTGIBAUD, situated on the northwest edge of the Monts Dôme plateau, was the next goal of an afternoon excursion. Leaving Clermont we took at Chamalières the beautiful national road that skirts, as far as Volvic, the edge of the mountains. Steadily rising in successive loops that followed the indentations of the highlands, we soon reached an altitude that commanded beautiful views to our right over La Limagne, as the fertile plain is called that extends far on either bank of the Allier. The large city of Riom was most conspicuous, but many villages dotted the plain — Gerzat, Châteaugay, Ennezat, Nohanent, etc., each with an octagonal belfry capped with a pointed pyramidal stone roof, marking the spot where stood the church. To the east the view extended to the mountains of the Forez, twenty-five miles away, while in the north, successive ranges, many carrying the ruins of feudal castles, succeeded each other in serried ranks. La Limagne has in all times been known for its fertility. It produces abundant crops and bears splendid trees. Above Clermont, it narrows into still fertile gorges and intervales, of great picturesqueness, with little white villages, each with its château and church, plastered against the hills, much as are wasps' nests

against a barn wall. The railway from Clermont follows the part of the road we were travelling, the rise to Volvic being not less than eleven hundred and fifty feet in sixteen miles, a grade hardly equalled elsewhere in France. Nearing Volvic, we turned sharply westward at le Cratère, through an old lava flow that descended ages ago from the Puy de la Nugère. These lava flows, locally *cheires*, are met with all over the region. Some are very fertile, some very sterile, and some furnish, as this one does, an excellent quality of building stone called domite, which is quarried at Volvic on account of its hardness and fine grain and is sought for near and far. Where the road crossed it, the land had the appearance of some of the mine craters and shell holes near Verdun and Reims. For a quarter-mile or more the convulsed nature of the hills, black as ink and barren of all vegetation, looked like an approach to the infernal regions. The volcano responsible for this devastation rose at our right, only three hundred and fifty feet above the road, cold, bare, and bleak. It has two craters, the first very difficult of access and still containing a mass of lava that it was unable to expel. It poured a stream of lava not only toward Volvic, but another as well toward Pontgibaud. This mingled with lava flows from the Puy de la Louchadière, a much higher cone now at our left, and the Puy de Côme and the Puy Chopine. All this lava in good time became fertile, and the fine vegetation which fills the valley of Pontgibaud now conceals almost all traces of the fiery paths it made in the remote past. La Sioule, an ideal trout stream that takes its rise in the underground seepage of the Lac de Servières near Orcival, flows through the town and marks the limit in this direction of the central *massif* of the Puys. We had come to see the château, and its heavy

mass of battlemented towers led us to expect the best, nor were we disappointed.

As far back as the sixth century, a fortress occupied the spot, probably built of timber, as this was the custom at that time. Late in the twelfth century, it was rebuilt by Robert I of Auvergne, only to be taken in 1213 by the King Philippe-Auguste. Toward 1450 it was reconditioned by the Maréchal Gilbert de Lafayette, an ancestor of our General Lafayette, and again in the last century by Count Moré de Pontgibaud. We entered the castle grounds through the gate of the outer fortifications of which sections of walls and six towers are still extant. Following a pebbled driveway between lines of trees, with terraced gardens at our right, we reached the *cour d'honneur*, with the château and old dungeon of the twelfth century before us and extensive commons at our left whose upper story rested on open arcades, like the *couverts* of southern *bastides*. The castle is a construction of great height and severe aspect. It is a large square building, with a projecting square tower in the middle of the façade; everything built of rectangular dressed blocks of the sombre volcanic stone of the region, set in red cement and surmounted by crenellated parapets, with machicolations underneath. Behind the castle, on the right and connected with it, rises for a hundred feet the ancient round dungeon-keep, built of heavy bossed stone without machicoulis. Though for many years it has served only as a residence, its feudal character has been carefully preserved; the doors are few, small and massive, the windows are sparse and high above the ground, as is also the principal doorway, reached by a steep flight of stone steps. As our party stood near the car, uncertain as to what to do next, an elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance, accompanied

by a lady, walked toward us and bowed affably. Monsieur le Comte de Pontgibaud — for it was the owner — learning that we were Americans, said that he always liked to meet our countrymen, for his great-uncle had been aide-de-camp to Lafayette in the War of the American Independence. After a few minutes of conversation in which Madame la Comtesse and the ladies of our party took part, we were invited to visit the château. The open court in the centre is now glassed over and serves as a dignified entrance hall to the apartments around it. Above the first story, it is surrounded by iron balconies that give access to the separate rooms, and thus provide hallways that are lacking in the original Gothic construction. The drawing-room is on one side, the dining-room on the other and a large library at the back. These are handsome vaulted rooms of generous proportions, with large hooded fireplaces, supplemented by a central heating plant. They are tastefully furnished with fine Gothic and Renaissance furniture, many pieces being heirlooms of great value and beauty. At the right next the entrance is a spiral staircase with landings at the many stories, at the first of which is an ancient vaulted chapel. The altar bears the arms of the Lafayettes, which are also to be seen in other parts of the château. We mounted to the roof and made the circuit of the battlements, from which one gets a comprehensive view of the domain. We returned to the great drawing-room, where the Count and Countess received us again and pointed out some of their most cherished possessions, particularly the many beautiful paintings with which the owner and his father have adorned the walls of the apartments. There are canvases by Correggio, Tintoretto, Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck, Téniers, Murillo, Philippe de

Cliché T.C.F.

CHÂTEAU OF PONTGIBAUD

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

HOUSE OF THE CONSULS, RIOM

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE TOWN BELFRY, RIOM

Champaigne, Lesueur, Boucher, and Greuze. There is also a splendid collection of family miniatures and those of the former royal family of France, portraits of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and the little Dauphin who died so miserably during the Revolution, a prisoner in the Temple. These were all gifts by the sovereigns to ancestors of the Count and Countess. We felt it was a great delight to be allowed to visit such a charming home and to be received with such unaffected kindness and urbanity.

Leaving Pontgibaud, we followed the Sioule upstream for six miles along a lovely verdant valley. Another year we had descended this valley about May 1st, and were delighted to find the meadows and hillsides yellow with millions of primroses; now there was no trace of them. The river meandered capriciously through the bottom lands, now and then running swiftly over rock ledges or noiselessly through deep pools, such as are a joy to the fisherman. At Pont de la Miouze, we left it to reascend the plateau country. Through Olby, Nébouzat, and Saint-Genès, we were on roads commanding vast landscapes to the west and south, but the fickle mountain weather soon blotted out all the splendor, substituting heavy showers which cut off all but very near views. The car was tight fortunately and we enjoyed our ride home in the rain, with the feeling that we had seen something unusual and delightful, a glimpse at the real home life of a cultivated French family that was still carrying on in the spot where the ancestors had established themselves centuries ago.

The next excursion proved to be of a wholly different sort. We motored to Riom early one morning, and were surprised to find how much larger it was than it had looked as seen from the hills above Volvic. It

is still an important city, being the seat of the Court of Appeals and of the *Cour d'Assises*, or what we should call the Supreme Court of the *Département* of Puy de Dôme. Its origin dates from before the Roman occupation. During the early Middle Ages it belonged to the great Duke Jean de Berry, at which period it was the capital of Auvergne. Later it passed to the Dukes of Bourbon, until François I appropriated it for the Crown. Though Clermont was made the capital of Auvergne, Riom retained the higher courts of the *Département*. The fine private houses, mostly of the sixteenth century, which it possesses in far greater number than does Clermont, are still the houses of its magistrates. The *Palais de Justice*, rebuilt in 1830 occupies the site of the palace of Duke Jean de Berry, of which the Sainte-Chapelle is the only reminder. This chapel, built in the latter part of the fourteenth century in the prevailing Gothic style, is a charming relic in striking contrast with the cold barrenness of the extensive modern Court-House in Volvic stone on which it abuts. A pretty garden between the buildings and the street sets off its apse to great advantage. However dissonant a note the *Palais de Justice* strikes, in a town which has remained almost wholly of Renaissance construction or even earlier, it is a noble building with monumental staircases, spacious lobbies and court-rooms, and luxurious judges' rooms, such as we seldom see even in our large American cities, never certainly in cities of only ten or twelve thousand inhabitants as is Riom.

The Sainte-Chapelle, which is used for worship only once or twice a year, is a carefully preserved *Monument Historique*, chiefly on account of its beautiful stained-glass windows, which now rank very high in the estimation of connoisseurs. It was not always

thus, for in 1822 the authorities did not hesitate to cut the body of the church into two stories, the lower for a court-room, the upper for the archives. The lower divisions of the windows were removed, stored, and eventually destroyed. The chapel has now been cleared of the legal rubbish it housed, but some of its glass is missing. Seven windows remain intact, these divided into four lancets, in each of which is an Apostle, a Church Father, or a Prophet of the Old Testament, holding a long scroll, bearing Gothic inscriptions. The personages stand in beautifully ornate canopied niches. At the bottom of the central window of the apse, three donors, Jean de Berry, his wife Jeanne d'Armagnac, and his son-in-law Louis de Châtillon, are being presented by their patron saints, Saint John, Saint Margaret, and Saint Louis, to the Virgin Mary, who is seated at the left on a throne, with the Child on her lap. While hardly of the very first rank, these windows yet have much to interest one. Some of the personages show character and expression, others are hard and dry, but the richness of the stuffs, the details of a rich architecture, the coloring of the backgrounds of deep red and azure blue, make an *ensemble* which is certainly very pleasing, for it is harmonious. The most successful parts are in the upper spaces, where are depicted the legends of Saints Margaret, Magdalen, Mark, Jerome, John, and Saint Louis. In these is to be found grace and style, naïve expressions, and exquisite workmanship like the miniature work of the artists of the Champagne school. All this glass was made in the year 1450. The Court-House possesses some superb tapestries: a set made in Flanders in the sixteenth century illustrating the history of the Prodigal Son; a set of seventeenth-century Beauvais tapestries, re-

presenting the Adventures of Ulysses, and an Aubusson tapestry with *fleurs de lys* in relief, which hangs over the chapel door. The others are displayed on the walls of several court-rooms and judges' rooms, to which they give a delightful note of color seldom to be seen in such austere precincts.

The old part of Riom is wholly contained within the small area circumscribed by a circle of shady boulevards that have taken the place of the ancient ramparts. The streets are mostly rather narrow but clean, and the houses are delightful. While it would be tedious to read descriptions of the many courtyards, façades, and stair turrets which we examined with pleasure and profit, it would not be so to look at them. We heartily commend Riom to our readers, and feel confident they will enjoy it as much as we did. One must not miss the houses of the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville (sixteenth century), the house of the Consuls on the same street (1527–32), the bell tower (sixteenth century), the houses of the Rue de l'Horloge (sixteenth century), nor those on the Place de la Fédération (fifteenth century) and numbers of others, all classified as *Monuments Historiques.*

The Church of Saint-Amable (twelfth century) has been much spoiled by the eighteenth-century façade that afflicts it. The choir is the most interesting part and worth a visit to examine the old woodwork and to see a few interesting canvases. The façade of the other church, Notre Dame du Marthuret, also a *Monument Historique*, is a fine specimen of fifteenth-century Gothic. The Virgin and Child on the trumeau of the portal, known as the 'Vierge à l'Oiseau,' carved in domite in the fifteenth century, is truly charming.

Adjoining Riom on the western side, as though it were a suburb, is Mozac, formerly the seat of an im-

portant Benedictine abbey, founded in 681 by Saint Calmin and his wife Sainte Namadie. In 764, Pépin-le-Bref transported there from Volvic with great solemnity upon his own royal shoulders the body of Saint Austremoine, who in the third century converted Auvergne to the Christian faith. The abbey was sacked by the Normans in the tenth century, and honored by a visit of Pope Alexander III in 1165; it was pillaged by the Huguenots in 1592, then again by Charles de Valois, Count of Auvergne, in 1595, who pulled down its walls of defence; and finally it was secularized in 1618, thus ending a long record of splendors and vicissitudes.

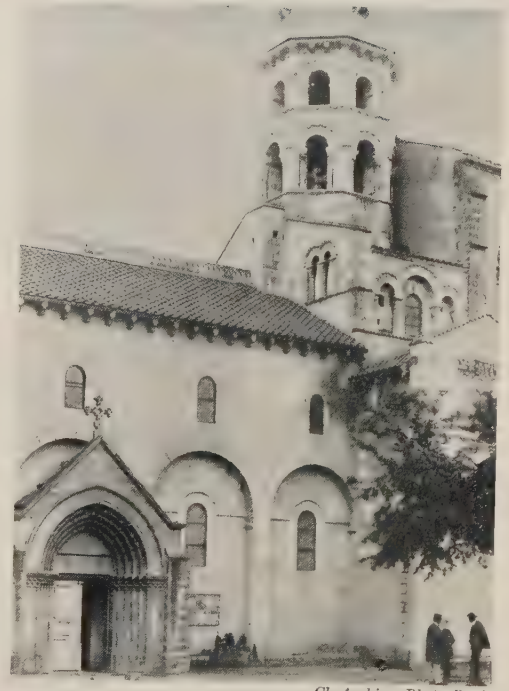
The abbey church still stands and does service as parish church. Built in the twelfth century, and often restored, it is interesting for what it contains, rather than for its own sake. The outside is indeed very dilapidated. The tower at the western end was either partially destroyed or never completed, only a massive square story now remains rising above the main roof, pierced on each face by twin arched windows separated by crudely plain stone pillars. A truncated portion of the north wall of the nave rises a story higher than the roof, suggesting a higher edifice in former times. This piece of broken wall, shows a succession of neatly decorated blind arches and one window. The arches rest on colonnettes, capped with quite exquisitely carved little capitals of interlaced or foliated designs deeply incised, showing former elegance no longer existent in other parts of the exterior. Exception should be taken, however, in favor of the south portal, now disused, whose twelfth-century tympanum is remarkable. It represents the Virgin seated with the Child in her lap, between Saint Peter and Saint John, followed by a number of bishops or abbots. The interior fortunately was not so harshly treated

as the outside of the church. It consists of a Romanesque nave with two side aisles, the central part ribvaulted in the Gothic style, the side aisles groinvaulted; a Gothic choir of the fifteenth or sixteenth century of no great merit; two fifteenth-century chapels in the south aisle, fairly good specimens of Flamboyant style; and the chapter hall which now serves as a sacristy. The last is in the lower floor of a conventual building connected with the choir; the curé occupies above, the apartments of the prior of the old monastery. The numerous and very curious capitals, all belonging to the twelfth century, are of greater artistic skill than is usually seen in Auvergne. Many are storied, like that of The Sinner with a rope around his neck being dragged into hell by the Devil; one shows Jonah cast out of the whale's mouth; on another two cavaliers mounted upon goats appear to be tilting; still another has a superb head on each side, looking down serenely from the midst of acanthus leaves. Two splendid capitals found in the crypt, now set up at the back of the nave, show skill in execution of a much higher order than any of the others. One of these represents the Holy Women at the Sepulchre; the subject of the other is unidentified. Monsieur le Curé now joined us, to show our party the treasures of the church in the sacristy, where we were surprised to find the walls covered with fine Louis XIV panelling. A wardrobe contained about a dozen most beautiful costly church vestments of silk, brocades, and damask, which the curé explained with the fluency of a genuine collector. A superb specimen, dating from the time of Henri II, he fingered lovingly, while giving the reasons for so ancient an ascription. We quickly perceived we were in presence of a real archæologist and our enjoyment of all that we saw at Mozac was

THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE, CAPITAL AT MOZAC

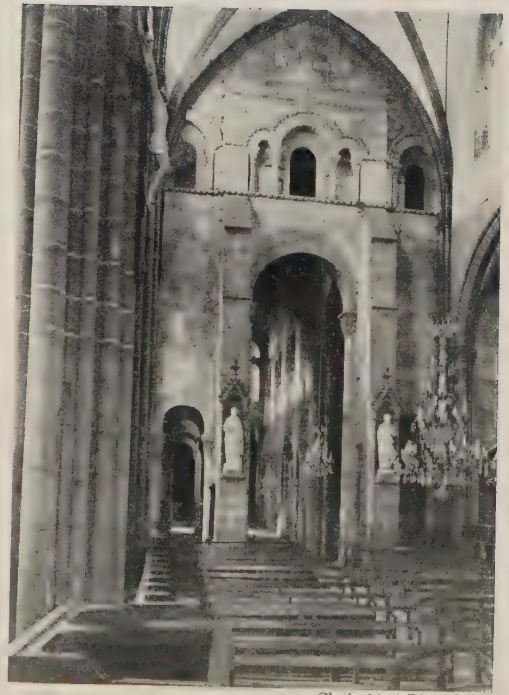
JONAH AND THE WHALE CAPITAL AT MOZAC

RELIQUARY OF SAINT CALMIN, ABBEY OF MOZAC



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE CHURCH OF ENNEZAT



Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

VIEW TOWARD THE NAVE

heightened thereby. We were shown the thongs, sealed with the signet of Pépin-le-Bref, which had enveloped the relics of Saint Austremoine. The reliquary which contains them now is of wood, covered with painted panels of the fifteenth century. Other fine reliquaries and some panels in glazed terra-cotta, were shown and then was exhibited the supreme treasure of the church, the reliquary, dated 1261, containing the remains of Saint Calmin. It is without doubt the finest specimen of Limoges enamel-work we have ever seen. Coffer-shaped, with a roof-like top, the decoration is distributed over fourteen panels, six in front representing in relief the twelve Apostles with a Christ in Majesty, surrounded by the Symbols of the four Evangelists and a Crucifixion. On the other side six panels, without relief, represent the burial of Saint Calmin, that of Sainte Namadie, the consecration of the reliquary by the donor, and the founding of the three monasteries of Monastier, Languenne, and Mozac. The end panels show Saint Austremoine and the Holy Virgin. Such exquisite workmanship as is found in this huge specimen, about a yard or more in length, can hardly be believed, unless it be examined with a magnifying glass. Its value is estimated in millions, and the precautions for safeguarding it are many and very ingenious. Best of all is the loving care of the curé, who sleeps directly above it and would be instantly awakened should any one attempt even to enter the room that holds it.

We returned by Volvic, passing on the way thither well-cared-for vineyards, extending to the hills toward Châtelguyon. Before us rose the tremendous ruins of the Château de Tournoël, one of the most formidable fortresses of Auvergne. Its history is long and bloody and its very strength marked it for de-

struction when Richelieu became dictator. To consolidate the royal power was his life-work, and in order to achieve this end he destroyed ruthlessly whatever might serve to oppose it. Tournoël was blown up by his orders and never can be anything now but a splendid ruin.

Volvic is built on the tail end of the lava flow descending from the volcano of la Nugère. Ever since the thirteenth century its inexhaustible quarries of lava stone have been exploited. The entire village is devoted to stone-cutting, yet, curiously enough, the apse of its own very good Romanesque church is built of stone from a distance. We had no time in the gathering dusk to visit the interior. A sharp ascent brought us to le Cratère and the Pontgibaud road, by which we regained Clermont, enjoying superb views all the way.

Our next trip was to Thiers, about thirty miles east of Clermont. Wishing to see once more the stained-glass windows of the Sainte-Chapelle at Riom, we went there in the morning, then after lunch struck across country to the east. As we passed through Ennezat, we were attracted by the curious construction of the church. A Romanesque steeple is in the centre, flanked on the right by a two-storied Gothic choir, and on the left by a low Romanesque one-storied nave — another instance of an over-ambitious chapter starting to build beyond its means. The old church is a most interesting example of early Romanesque work, while the newer is rather indifferent Gothic of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries. We were much surprised to find in the choir two large fresco paintings one above the other, the upper one representing the meeting of '*les trois Morts et les trois Vifs*' (the Quick and the Dead), a subject which was often

pictured in the fifteenth century.[1] The centre of the fresco is occupied by a simple cross, such as is often seen at crossroads. At the left are three noblemen on horseback, richly dressed for the chase; at the right the Dead, three skeletons, the first enveloped in a shroud, holding hands and blocking the way. They seem to call to the huntsmen; the surprise and terror of the latter are quite well depicted; the horses stop, one almost turns around, another rears; the falcons that were carried on the fist are flying away, and a hound is running back in distress. In the background are hills, trees, and a castle. Below the painting are some verses in now illegible characters, probably the warning of the Dead. The lower fresco is a much-defaced Adoration of the Virgin, which appears to be of a later date and is of really superior execution. The drawing of the Virgin is excellent and the expression has great charm. The throne has nothing Gothic about it, but rather resembles the Italian thrones of the early Renaissance. It may have been the work of a travelling Italian artist.

We were fortunate later in finding in a Clermont bookstore an excellent study of the Ennezat church. Referring to the lower fresco, the author states that between 1400 and 1420, during the English wars, the country was infested with roving bands of murderous adventurers. The family of the Bassignacs became the victims of a dramatic incident, which resulted in the death of the father, mother, two sons, and the daughters, leaving only one survivor, a son who was a canon of the church of Ennezat. Wishing to preserve the memory of his family, the son had this fresco painted on the walls of his church. A Latin inscription above

[1] Émile Mâle has treated this subject exhaustively in *L'Art Religieux de la Fin du Moyen Âge en France*, pages 355 and ff.

gives the date 1420 and the reason for this fresco. The suppliants at the feet of the Virgin represent the large family of the Bassignacs led by an ecclesiastic, who must have been the Canon, Robert de Bassignac himself; the men are on the left, the women on the right, all on their knees in the attitude of adoration and supplication.

Another remarkable picture is on the other side of the church. It is a painting on wax showing The Last Judgment. The Archangel Michael, apparelled as a knight in armor of the fifteenth century, is driving the Damned into hell. The celestial city, abode of the Elect, is represented as a crenellated battlement from which curious figures watch the scene below them. Some of the faces have great expression and the groups about the Christ are well composed.

Our pleasure at discovering, absolutely by accident, this interesting church may well be imagined. From Ennezat, we went on through Crevant and Pont de Dore to Thiers, over as wretched roads as we have ever travelled on in France. We learned later that all the roads of the flat Limagne country are bad, for the soil is such as to make it very difficult to build sound foundations. Those in the mountains are so conspicuously good that there may be some truth in this explanation. We blundered into Thiers by the back entrance, so to speak, and well it was that we did so, otherwise we should have missed l'Église du Moûtier, the oldest church in Thiers. Dating from the eleventh or twelfth century and minus its choir, which was recently demolished, it still possesses its original barrel-vault over the nave, groined vaults in the aisles, and a series of excellent capitals of the period, decorated with leafage, animals, and figures. It was, until the Revolution, the church of a Benedictine monastery founded in the

Neurdein Phot.

CHÂTEAU DU PIROUX, THIERS

ANCIENT SIGN OF THE GUILD OF BLACKSMITHS, THIERS

Neurdein Phot.

HOUSE OF THE WOODEN MAN, THIERS

eighth century. The ancient entrance of the abbey is close by, between two fortified towers that have been converted into dwellings of picturesque aspect. A steep road by the side of la Durolle, a large mountain stream that turns the wheels of the many cutlery factories of Thiers that are perched over it in every available spot, brought us eventually before *la Sous Préfecture* and the Hôtel de Ville. Above us extended the modern city, while below, the old town spilled over the sharp declivity down to the level of the flat country. So sharp is the descent that all the narrow streets break into stairs at short intervals, making them impassable for vehicles. These streets are to-day just what they were in the fifteenth century. Thiers is the most important centre of the cutlery industry in France. While there are several modern factories on la Durolle, the greater part of the craft is, nevertheless, still carried on, just as it was five hundred years ago, in small shops and in homes that have never known modern improvements. The fact that Thiers products find a ready sale in France and in several foreign countries, notably Spain, is indeed a conclusive proof of the quality of the handicraft, that has been unchanged since the Middle Ages. The manufactures of this city rank with the best in the world; it is even said that the far-famed Toledo blades are for the most part the product of Thiers workshops. The houses that line these old streets are most interesting; some have curious carvings at the ends of the beams that support the projecting upper stories; others, ornamented doorposts, lintels, and window frames. One ambitious house extends entirely over the narrow street, permitting passage under it through an archway. The front of the ground story always consists of the mediæval shop, a stone counter with a door

at the side, all under an arch. Through the open casement windows one can watch every process of manufacture, from the forging of the steel to the grinding and polishing of the finished tool. It is a busy scene within, for this diminutive town shelters some twenty thousand souls, and there is but scant room in these little shops for each worker. Wishing to take with us souvenirs of our visit, we entered an establishment where they were making scissors. The wife of the proprietor explained to us that the finished goods were in her apartment, to which she led us up several flights of ladder-like stairs. We entered a well-furnished dining-room, and the stock, kept in an *armoire à glace*, was offered for our inspection — every kind of scissors imaginable and at prices tantalizingly moderate. We selected about a dozen pieces, the cost of which was about as much as we might have paid for a single pair at home.

The two churches were somewhat of a disappointment. Saint-Genès, though dating from 1120, has so often at subsequent periods been altered and made over that it is now a confused mass of different styles with little cohesion and of mediocre interest. To accommodate itself to the slope of the hill on which it stands, it was originally inside like an immense staircase, with spacious landings at each bay. This curious feature has now wholly disappeared. Saint-Jean, though classed as a *Monument Historique*, had nothing obvious in sight to justify the classification.

The long *route nationale* to Clermont was a decided improvement over the roads traversed in going to Thiers. We saw lovely old castles at Lezoux and in the hills to the south, and we constantly had before us the glorious panorama of the mountains west of Clermont, a goodly sight for eyes tired with overmuch sight-seeing.

CHAPTER XXII

ENVIRONS OF CLERMONT-FERRAND (3)

The picturesque valley of la Couze — Saint-Nectaire-les-Bains — Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut — A gem of Auvergne architecture — Ruins of the formidable Château de Murols — A mountain city of the days of Henri IV — Besse-en-Chandesse and its Black Virgin — Prehistoric grottoes in chalk cliffs — List of *Monuments Historiques* and antiquities in the *Département* of Puy de Dôme.

THOUGH the risk be great of tiring the reader with a description of too many remarkable localities in this truly inexhaustible region of Auvergne, we cannot refrain from writing of a trip to Saint-Nectaire and Besse, both places being typical of other mountain cities that shall only be mentioned to substantiate our characterization of 'inexhaustible.'

We went to Saint-Nectaire by way of Veyre, Plauzat, and Champeix, towns that deserve better treatment than the mere mention of their names. The first part of the journey was in the valley of the Allier, here much narrower than in the Limagne, but not less fertile. Hills rose in all directions to moderate altitudes, and villages were numerous on their summits or on their slopes. At Champeix we entered the valley of la Couze. At our right on a hilltop rose the ruins of the Château of Champeix, demolished in 1635 by order of Richelieu. Beyond, the valley narrowed and soon appeared the extensive ruins of the thirteenth century Château of Montaigut-le-Blanc, which on this side commanded the valley road. At this point the mountains close in, and for several miles the road runs through a wild rocky gorge, the brawling Couze on one side, and fantastic boulders piled up on the

other. At Verrières were more ruins and gigantic needles of black basalt. At the junction of the Couze and the Courançon, the road follows the latter stream. Climbing steeply, it soon enters the thermal station of Saint-Nectaire-les-Bains. As is so often the case in France, the Gallo-Romans knew and utilized the mineral waters, as is proved by abundant vestiges which remain, bathing-pools, lead pipes, etc. The modern hotels, bath establishment, shops, casino, and church are strung like a ribbon along the single main street of the village. The springs have a yield sufficient for much greater use, and await future development which the late war has suspended for the time being. Kidney diseases are successfully treated here and ailments of the digestive tract. A short distance beyond this village we turned a corner, and Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut came into view, its lovely old church proudly planted on a rocky spur, where it stands alone dominating the entire valley. A good road, though steep and sinuous, quickly landed us on the terrace upon which it is built. Nothing remains of the mediæval castle which formerly stood beside the church, and enclosed it within its protecting walls.

Saint Nectaire was a disciple of the Saint Austremoine whom we met at Issoire. He it was who converted the people of the Roman thermal station, named Mont Cornadore, then in the full swing of its early prosperity. He was buried in the chapel he had erected, and the present church was built on the same spot in the late twelfth century. It is generally considered as the brightest gem of the Romanesque architecture of Auvergne. In essential features it follows closely the design of Notre-Dame-du-Port, except that it is much smaller, being only one hundred and twenty-five feet long and having but three apsidal chapels with

Neurdein Phot.

SAINT-NECTAIRE-LE-HAUT

SAINT NECTAIRE RAISES BRADULUS FROM THE DEAD, CAPITAL AT SAINT-NECTAIRE

THE BETRAYAL, CAPITAL AT SAINT-NECTAIRE

one in each transept. The façade is very simple, as is also the decoration about the windows and along the cornice. The two-storied octagonal steeple over the crossing is a reconstruction in the last century of the original one which had long before become a ruin. The design for it was found in a representation of the church, carved on a capital in the choir. Preceding the nave is a narthex, with a gallery above. Two rows of round columns with capitals, decorated with acanthus and water-lily leaves, separate the nave from the side aisles. These are vaulted with groined arches under, and half barrel-vaults above, the triforium gallery. The most noteworthy features of the church are the twenty-two storied capitals, most of them painted, and the *trésor*. The capitals form a course in studies from the Old and the New Testaments, the Lives of the Saints, and Christian Morality. To give an idea of the subjects covered by these stone pictures, the titles of a few may be mentioned: The First Temptation of Christ, The Battle of the Good and the Bad Angels, The Good Shepherd. An admirable capital in the choir presents on four faces The Holy Sepulchre, the Roman soldiers guarding the tomb, the Descent of Christ into Limbo, and the Holy Women at the Sepulchre. Another bears all the episodes of The Last Judgment. The Story of Saint Nectaire is shown in four panels, the fourth of which represents Saint Nectaire raising his companion Bradulus from the dead, with the church above him, such as it was in the thirteenth century, surrounded by a fortified wall. The Passion of the Saviour is represented in a vivid series of captivating scenes, which are quite amazing for the vast amount of detail introduced in such a limited space. The painting of most of the capitals is still in good condition, while perhaps a third of them show only traces

of color. The curé of Saint-Nectaire was fortunately an archæologist, and his assistance, which we were able to enlist for the visit to the church, made us appreciate fully these admirable capitals, naïve in execution, but full of expression, faith, symbolism, and theological science. The enthusiasm of the curé was catching, and we never enjoyed as much elsewhere such an intelligent lesson in capitals.

The *trésor* contains a superb reliquary in the form of a bust of Saint Baudime, a disciple of Saint Nectaire, in tooled brass, dating from the twelfth or thirteenth century, with *champlevé* decoration of Limoges enamels, and a fine old wooden statue of Our Lady of Mont Cornadore. These valuable relics, a surprising find in a small village in the mountains, are now carefully secured in a safe within the old sculptured altar of the fifteenth century, now in the north transept. Such a precaution is very necessary, for in 1907 a band of thieves undertook the pillage of church treasuries in Auvergne, probably at the instigation of some dealer in antiques. The statue of Saint Baudime was actually carried off and hidden in a wood, where it was fortunately discovered before it could be spirited away for good. One is glad to add that the thieves were arrested and adequately punished.

Not far beyond Saint-Nectaire, we reached Murols, famous in the region for the ruins of a superb château which guarded the upper end of the valley. Saint-Nectaire, with Montaigut-le-Blanc on one side and Murols on the other, was adequately protected during the Middle Ages, as is evidenced by the continuous prosperity of this parish and the value of its treasures. It was the principal spiritual seat of an intensely Catholic region, with no dissenters to provoke discord and it flourished accordingly. The Castle of Murols, perched

on the summit of a steep conical hill, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, is tremendously impressive. Though it be a ruin, enough is left to show its former importance and to stir the imagination of the beholder.

At Murols we left the valley, turning sharply south up a steep road that gave magnificent views over the Monts Dore, as it climbed higher and higher among hills, where pasture many cattle and sheep. About seven miles from Murols, we entered Besse-en-Chandesse, an old fortified town of about sixteen hundred inhabitants, suspended on the summit of a steep hill, at thirty-five hundred feet altitude above the sea. The remnants of the old walls and towers make its approach most picturesque, nor is this impression disappointed when one enters the town, for it remains today in the main pretty much as it was in the days when Queen Marguerite de Valois, first wife of Henri of Navarre, took refuge here, while the King was engaged in the many petty wars and intrigues that preceded his definite assumption of the throne of France in 1594.

The Church of Saint-André is a curious old building that has been made over so often that it lacks simplicity, the essential quality of all good plans. Of the original church of the eleventh century, nothing remains but the façade, the central part of the nave, and the six columns that separate it from the aisles. In the sixteenth century the original north and south walls were removed between the four bays of the nave, to build outwardly a series of chapels on either side, which extend as far out as do the transepts. The nave is covered by two groined vaults of two bays each, separated by a semi-circular reënforcing arch. The side aisles are covered by half barrel-vaults that make a con-

tinuous buttress between the central vaults and the outer walls, their monotony broken by reënforcing arches in quarter-circles at each bay. At the crossing is a cupola on squinches, which was surmounted originally by an octagonal bell-tower. This must have been very fine and large, for it contained eleven bells which were confiscated during the Revolution; the tower was then demolished to the roof, for 'offending equality.' The present modest steeple was not erected until 1822, when the leaky condition in which the base of the old tower had been left threatened entire destruction of the church.

The choir was built in the Gothic style during the sixteenth century; a very modest little choir, yet possessing another surprise in the way of carved stalls whose *miséreres* are most curious and interesting. We see here about thirty subjects depicted: Anger, Calumny, Drunkenness, Pain, Children singing, the Ropemaker, the Barber shaving a man, the Blacksmith making a horseshoe; two represent Carpenters at work; another the Shoemaker; many have not been explained. The carving is remarkably good, the composition amusing, and the expression animated. The capitals of the eleventh century are the most artless ones we have ever seen, all the more interesting as showing the effort of inexperienced artists to express the religious zeal which animated them. The Death of the Drunkard, the Passion of Saint Andrew, the Return of the Son of Tobias, the Meal of Tobias are crude and naïve, yet quite fascinating.

The church possesses a miraculous Black Virgin, which tradition asserts was already in existence at Vassivière during the Dark Ages (sixth to tenth centuries). Vassivière, five miles west of Besse, at 4264 feet altitude, is on the divide between the basins of the

CHÂTEAU OF MUROLS

THE CHURCH AT BESSE-EN-CHANDESSE

NOTRE-DAME-D'ORCIVAL

NOTRE-DAME-DE-VASSIVIÈRE

THE GROTTOES OF JONAS

Loire and the Garonne. Sacred springs and fountains were everywhere in high honor with the ancients, and in pagan times an altar existed here in proximity to the sources of the Couze and the Clamouse, streams which flow to opposite sides of the divide. Notre-Dame-de-Vassivière made her appearance when the antique altar had been replaced by a Christian oratory, to which pilgrims came from all parts of France. In time the bleak locality was abandoned by its inhabitants, who migrated to spots more favored by nature. Many went no farther than Besse, but the Virgin was not forgotten, for she did not propose that she should be. In June, 1547, a merchant of Besse, going to market at Latour-d'Auvergne, neglected, as he passed by, to salute the Virgin. He was immediately struck blind, nor did he recover his sight until after having made public confession and craved pardon for his offence before the miraculous statue. This event obtained enormous publicity in Auvergne, and the people of Besse were incited by it to bring down the Black Virgin from her ruinous oratory to their own good city, where they placed her with much reverence in her own chapel, in the Church of Saint-André. The same miracle happened then as we have related concerning the Virgin of Quézac; the next morning she was back at Vassivière. A second and a third attempt had no better success; an invisible hand always returned the sacred statue to the Plateau of Vassivière. Not until the inhabitants of Besse had subscribed the money for endowing a mass in her honor, to be said at the great altar of Saint-André every Wednesday of every week in perpetuity, and bound themselves to leave the miraculous statue in her mountain abode for a few months of the summer every year, did she consent to remain with them in winter. This is the origin

of a ceremony which is as curious a survival of mediævalism as exists anywhere in Europe. A Brotherhood, established by Pope Clement XI to take charge of Notre-Dame-de-Vassivière, meets at Saint-André on the second day of July for '*la montée*,' as it is called. Accompanied by an immense crowd, carriers from amongst the membership, who have bid at auction for the privilege, transport on their shoulders the Black Virgin to the mountain chapel of Vassivière, which was handsomely rebuilt in 1555, after the miracle of 1547 had enlisted the assistance of Henri II and Catherine de Médicis. Here the statue remains until '*la descente*,' the first Sunday after the 21st of September, when she is returned to Besse with the same solemnity. While at Vassivière there is no chance for her to be lonely, for the mountain pastures are then alive with flocks and herds, and pilgrims from every part of France come in great numbers to do her homage. On the occasion of the 'crowning' of the statue, on July 3, 1881, in the presence of the Archbishops of Rouen and Bourges, and the Bishops of Clermont, Rodez, Saint-Flour, Tulle, and Delcon *in partibus infidelium*, there were present over thirty thousand pilgrims.

All the buildings in Besse are built of a hard slate-colored lava stone, quarried right on the spot. Even the roofs are covered with heavy slabs of the same material. It is a somewhat gloomy color, but it accords well with the rugged nature of a site where the wind often blows remorselessly and the winters are hard and long. The house of Queen Margot reminded us, by its simplicity and small size, of those we had seen built for the nobility at Montferrand. Besse, owing to its high situation, is becoming a favorite summer resort, patronized by people who seek healthful surroundings, pure

air and water, rather than the artificial excitements provided by the common run of *stations de villégiature.*

The ride back to Clermont through grand valleys by the side of la Couze took us past the extraordinary Grottes de Jonas. Actually there remain over sixty grottoes, but their number was formerly much greater. They were dug out of the chalky cliff by men at an epoch which must have been very remote. They were inhabited then and for many centuries afterward. The paths cut in the face of the cliff that lead to the successive stories, the uppermost being about one hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground, probably date from the Middle Ages. At the same period a feudal castle and a chapel, now classed as a *Monument Historique*, still bearing traces of frescoes, were excavated in the soft rock. A spiral staircase in good condition is especially noteworthy. We went on through Saint-Diéry and Champeix in verdant valleys, with superb cliffs, fine running brooks with old mills, mountain chapels, and ruined towers in plenty, to remind us that we were in a land so full of history and romance that it penetrated to the innermost recesses of its valleys and mountain-tops.

We spoke at the beginning of this chapter of the great number of interesting cities and towns to be found in Auvergne. As a help to travellers contemplating a trip in this region a list is appended of the more noteworthy places, undescribed in this book, to be found in the *Département* of Puy de Dôme alone. Though necessarily far from complete, it will give an idea of the innumerable treasures of old architecture to be found in France. Almost every one of its eighty-nine *Départements* would furnish a similar list, some of them an even longer one.

(M.H.) means *Monument Historique*

Aix-la-Fayette. Ruins of a château that belonged to General Lafayette.
Ambert. Church, fifteenth century; ancient monastery; houses, sixteenth century.
Ardes. Church, fourteenth century; ruins of the Château de Mercœur.
Arlanc. Romanesque church with curious capitals.
Artonne. Romanesque church. (M.H.)
Aubière. Church, twelfth century.
Augerolles. Church, thirteenth century (M.H.), carved woodwork; Gothic Cross.
Aulnat. Romanesque church, eleventh and twelfth centuries.
Aydat. Church, eleventh century; tomb of Sidoine Apollinaire; ruins of a Templar's house.
Bansat. Fortified church, twelfth century.
Beaumont. Church, eleventh century; church, twelfth century; curious fountain with statue of Saint Benedict.
Beauregard l'Evêque. Ruins of castle of the Bishops of Clermont; ancient church, old carved woodwork.
Beauregard-Vendon. Ruins of Gallo-Roman baths.
Billom. Church of Saint Cerneuf (M.H.), eleventh and thirteenth centuries; ancient fortifications; church of Saint Loup, fourteenth century; very curious streets with houses of thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; old fountains.
Biollet. Church, tenth or eleventh century.
Blot l'Église. Ruins of castle; underground passages used as refuge at the time of The League.
Bongheat. Church, twelfth and fifteenth centuries.
Bort. Church, eleventh century, remarkable portal.
Bourg-Lastic. Church, eleventh century, curious portal.
Bouzel. Church, eleventh century.
Briffons. Romanesque church.
Broc (Le). Ancient collegiate church.
Bromont-Lamothe. Church, eleventh century; perennial frozen springs.
Brousse. Romanesque church with storied capitals; ruins of a château.
Bulhon. Romanesque church.
Busséol. Ruins of a fifteenth-century château.
Cébazat. Church, eleventh century, etc.
Ceilloux. Church, sixteenth century; ancient priory.
Chalus. Romanesque church; ruined castle.
Chambon (Le). Romanesque church (M.H.); sepulchral chapel. (M.H.)
Champeix. Romanesque church; fifteenth-century bridge.
Chanat-la-Monteyre. Church, fourteenth century.
Chapdes-Beaufort. Ruins of castle; on the Sioule, in a deep gorge, ruins of the Carthusian monastery of Port-Sainte-Marie (1219).
Chaptuzat. Château de la Roche (1507–1573).
Chas. Ancient castle; church of eleventh and fourteenth centuries.
Châteaugay. Ruins of castle of 1381, inhabited by many tenants.

Châteauneuf. Château; ruins of a Romanesque church.
Châteldon. Very old town; church, fifteenth century; ruins of castle, twelfth century.
Chauriat. Church with curious mosaics (M.H.); ruins of twelfth-century church used as barn, curious capitals.
Chavaroux. Ruins of Château de Grammont.
Collanges. Romanesque church.
Combrailles. Lantern of the Dead; ruins.
Combronde. Romanesque church; château used as Hôtel de Ville.
Coudes. Round dungeon, thirteenth century.
Cournon. Fine church, eleventh century; other church, Romanesque.
Courpière. Church, eleventh and twelfth centuries (M.H.); houses, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; ruins.
Crest (Le). Church, thirteenth century, etc.; ancient fortifications.
Culhat. Romanesque church (M.H.); Lantern of the Dead, twelfth century.
Cunlhat. Romanesque church made over in fifteenth century; old houses.
Dallet. Romanesque church.
Dorat. Romanesque church. (M.H.)
Dore-l'Église. Romanesque church, made over.
Durtol. Church, partly of fourteenth century.
Effiat. Ancient castle of the Maréchal d'Effiat.
Église-Neuve-des-Liards. Church, eleventh century.
Église-Neuve-près-Billom. Church, eleventh and fourteenth centuries, fine picture.
Espirat. Church, twelfth and fifteenth centuries, ruined château.
Estandeuil. Church, twelfth and thirteenth centuries.
Fayet. Church, fourteenth century; Roman remains.
Flat. Church, fourteenth century; ruined Château d'Ibois.
Gerzat. Church, twelfth century, fine capitals; ancient town belfry.
Glaine-Montaigut. Church, eleventh century; ruins of a château.
Grandeyrol. Romanesque church.
Herment. Church, twelfth century (M.H.); château, in part fifteenth century.
Heume-l'Église. Church, twelfth century.
Isserteaux. Church, fourteenth century.
Job. Church, fifteenth century, fine sculptured Cross.
Laps. Romanesque chapel.
Laqueuille. Remains of a château.
Lastic. Church, eleventh century.
Latour-d'Auvergne. Vestiges of thirteenth-century château of ancestors of Turenne.
Lempdes. Church, eleventh century.
Lezoux. Romanesque church (M.H.); ruins of two châteaux.
Manglieu. Romanesque church (M.H.), tomb, etc.; church, fifteenth century, Romanesque chapel; ruins of Château de Riol.
Manzat. Church, magnificent Renaissance woodwork.

Maringues. Church, twelfth and sixteenth century.
Martres-d'Artières. Church, partly Romanesque.
Mauriat. Ruins of château.
Mauzun. On a basalt peak, imposing ruins of a twelfth-century château of the Bishops of Clermont.
Mazaye. Church, twelfth century.
Menat. Curious Romanesque church. (M.H.)
Messeix. Church, eleventh century, etc.; two ruined castles.
Mezel. Church, in part Romanesque.
Miremont. Church, twelfth century.
Moissat. Church, in part twelfth and fifteenth centuries.
Montaigut. In the cemetery, Lantern of the Dead, thirteenth century (M.H.); ruined castle.
Montaigut-le-Blanc. Romanesque church; ruined castle. (M.H.)
Montcel. Ruins of a castle.
Montel de Gelat. Fine ruins of the Château of the Sires de Beaujeu.
Montfermy. Delightful Romanesque church.
Montmorin. Ruins of castle; Romanesque church, ancient chapel of the castle.
Montpensier. Romanesque church; at the doors, ironwork of twelfth century.
Montpeyroux. Fine dungeon of thirteenth century.
Murat le Quaire. Ruins of a château.
Nébouzat. Remains of ramparts, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.
Neschers. Church, fifteenth century.
Neuville. Church, twelfth and fourteenth centuries.
Noalhat. Romanesque church, made over.
Nohanent. Remains of a Romanesque church.
Nonette. Remnant of a château destroyed under Louis XIII.
Olby. Romanesque church.
Olliergues. Ruins; church of twelfth century; ancient houses, etc.
Orcet. Church, eleventh century; ancient castle.
Pérignat-sur-Allier. Church, eleventh and fifteenth centuries; Roman road and milestone.
Perrier. Small Romanesque church; tower of Maurifolet.
Pionsat. Remains of château, sixteenth century.
Plauzat. Church, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (M.H.); crypt antedating eleventh century; château.
Pont-du-Château. Church, twelfth century; ruins of château de Canillac.
Pouzol. Ruins of Château de Chauvigny.
Prondines. Ruined castle.
Puy-Guillaume. Ruins of the church of the Abbey of Montpeyroux.
Puy-Saint-Gulmier. Ruined castle.
Randan. Castle of the Duchess de Montpensier, burnt in 1925.
Ravel. Imposing feudal castle.
Ris. Church, choir of eleventh and twelfth centuries.
La Roche-Blanche. Site of Gallic city of Gergovia; Romanesque church.

La Roche-Noire. Feudal castle.
Rochefort. Church, eleventh century; remains of a castle of the Dauphins of Auvergne.
Saint-Alyre-ès-Montagne. Romanesque church.
Saint-Amant-Roche-Savine. Sculptured Gothic Cross in cemetery.
Saint-Amant-Tallende. Ancient château; house, fifteenth century.
Saint-Anthême. Church, fourteenth century.
Saint-Bonnet. Church, twelfth and fourteenth centuries; fine painting and altar back.
Saint-Bonnet-le-Chastel. Ruins of Château de Voinieux.
Saint-Bonnet-près-Orcival. Church, eleventh and fourteenth centuries.
Saint-Cirgues. Château, fifteenth century; fine tapestries and pictures; Gothic Cross. (M.H.)
Saint-Dier. Romanesque fortified church.
Saint-Diéry. Romanesque church, twelfth century; feudal castle, and chapel, twelfth century. (M.H.)
Saint-Donat. Ruins of Cistercian Abbey of Lavassin.
Saint-Floret. Château, thirteenth century; mural paintings of sixteenth century.
Saint-Flour. Church, fourteenth century.
Saint-Genès-Champanelle. Church, fourteenth century, with tall spire.
Saint-Georges-sur-Allier. Church, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, fine portal. (M.H.)
Saint-Germain-Lherm. Fine church of thirteenth century restored in fifteenth century.
Saint-Gervais. Romanesque church.
Saint-Gervais-sous-Meymont. Gothic church.
Saint-Hilaire-la-Croix. Romanesque church and ancient monastery. (M.H.)
Saint-Jacques d'Amburg. Ruins of Château d'Amburg.
Saint-Julien-de-Copel. Ruined Châteaux of Copel and of Roche (Romanesque chapel).
Saint-Julien-Puy-Lavèze. Church in part Romanesque.
Saint-Maurice. Church, eleventh century, restored.
Saint-Myon. Romanesque church.
Saint-Pierre-Roche. Church, eleventh century, often restored.
Saint-Priest-Bramefant. Gothic Château de Maumont.
Saint-Quentin. Ancient castle.
Saint-Rémy-de-Blot. Ruins of the Château-Rocher, thirteenth century.
Saint-Saturnin. Church (M.H.), eleventh century, with original stone spire; Romanesque chapel; château, thirteenth and fifteenth centuries (M.H.); old ramparts; Renaissance fountain. (M.H.)
Saint-Victor (near Besse). Romanesque church; Gothic Cross.
Saint-Yvoine. Ruins of the Château de Pierre-Ancise.
Sallède. Church, transitional period.
Saulzet le Froid. Church, in part fourteenth century.
Sauvetat (La). Dungeon, fourteenth century.
Sauviat. Gothic church; ruined castle.

Savennes. Church, thirteenth century; ancient castle.
Sayat. Church, fourteenth century.
Tauves. Church, twelfth century.
Thuret. Romanesque church. (M.H.)
Tortebesse. Church, eleventh century, restored.
Tours-sur-Meymont. Church, in part Romanesque.
Trézioux. Church, eleventh century, restored.
Usson. Romanesque church (Renaissance enamels).
Valcivières. Small Romanesque church.
Vernet (Le). Church, fourteenth century.
Vernet-la-Varenne. Château de Montfort.
Verneugheol. Romanesque chapel.
Verrières. Remains of castle; Roman bridge; fine Gorges of the Couze.
Vertaizon. Church, thirteenth century, surrounded by ruins of a château, twelfth century.
Vichel. Ruins of Château de Moncelet.
Vic-le-Comte. Sainte Chapelle, sixteenth century (M.H.); chapel Saint-Jean, thirteenth century; Château de Buron, thirteenth century.
Villeneuve. Fine château of the Renaissance, carved woodwork and paintings, sixteenth century.
Virlet. Church, fifteenth century (M.H.), enamelled reliquary.
Viscontat. Ruined castle.
Viverols. Ancient castle.
Vodables. Ruins of important castle built by the Dauphins of Auvergne.
Vollore-Ville. Roman column erected in year 45; old castle; Romanesque church; Cross of 1535; houses, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.
Yronde-et-Buron. Ruins of Château de Buron; remnants of Abbaye du Bouchet.

CHAPTER XXIII

CLERMONT-FERRAND TO MOULINS

Aigueperse — Gothic Church of Notre-Dame — Sainte-Chapelle — Gannat and the Church of Sainte-Croix — Saint-Pourçain-sur-Sioule — Approach to Moulins — Gothic Cathedral Notre-Dame — Stained glass — The triptych by the *Master of Moulins* — A château of the Bourbons — The Museum and the Bible of Souvigny

THE time had now come for us to leave Clermont, which we did with regret for not having visited a score of little cities starred on our road map. We went by way of Riom, Aigueperse, and Gannat to Moulins, the old capital of the Bourbonnais. The *route nationale*, in full Limagne, is bordered with fertile farm lands beautifully cultivated, bounded at the east and west by bold hills with a broken skyline, enlivened at intervals with little white villages, perched like a flock of white birds in most inaccessible spots. We looked behind us often with a tinge of depression, a feeling not unusual when leaving the mountains for the plain. Aigueperse, a clean little city of cheering aspect, revived our spirits. The early Gothic Church of Notre-Dame, dedicated in 1259, has still its original choir and north portal, with additions in other parts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The nave and façade, rebuilt in the nineteenth century, consistently follow the style of the earlier construction. An interesting mortuary chapel was added in 1515 to the south transept, to serve as a place of burial for the Montpensier branch of the Bourbon family. The most precious possession of the church is a painting on wood of the Nativity, by Ghirlandajo, unfortunately placed in so dark a spot that it is rather difficult to see it. The

Hôtel de Ville is located in an ancient convent of sisters, the entrance being under a bell-tower of dignified appearance. The old cloisters serve as an inner court, giving a touch of Old-World charm to the utilitarian purposes which they now serve. Another small church, la Sainte-Chapelle, built in 1475 by Louis of Bourbon, still retains its old doors with their beautifully forged iron hinges. Two white marble statues of the fourteenth century, one on each side of the altar, representing the Virgin and Saint Louis, are very fine, as is also the wood carving of the gallery.

Six miles beyond lies Gannat, pleasingly clean also in contrast to the towns of Auvergne, which, notwithstanding their adorable churches, are seldom distinguished by this proximity to godliness. The Église de Sainte-Croix was originally a Romanesque Church of the twelfth century. Not much remains of this construction besides the steeple, a few columns in the ambulatory, and two chapels. The nave and the outer walls of the apse, in the Gothic style, date from the thirteenth century. Some excellent capitals of the earlier church are still extant near the axial chapel dedicated to *Sainte Procule*, the patroness of Gannat. She suffered martyrdom by decapitation, and her headless, life-size statue is startling to behold, as she carries her gory head before her in her hands. The old castle of the fifteenth century is now a prison of forbidding aspect, enclosed within four grim towers joined together by a high blank wall.

Fifteen miles beyond, we entered the dusty, straggling suburbs of the populous town of Saint-Pourçain-sur-Sioule. The beautiful trout stream we had seen at Pontgibaud was now become a turbid yellow river of sluggish flow. The church is an extraordinary composite of all styles, from the twelfth to the eighteenth

HÔTEL DE VILLE, AIGUEPERSE

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE CATHEDRAL, MOULINS

TRIPTYCH BY 'THE MASTER OF MOULINS'

centuries. The very large choir narrows irregularly into the nave in a most haphazard fashion, devoid of interest except that which attaches to all old constructions; the mellowing action of time making even old farm buildings delightful to behold. The church, formerly that of an abbey, is flanked on the south side by a cluster of old conventual buildings converted now into dwellings of picturesque aspect. An old tower, a vaulted entrance, and the remains of a fifteenth-century cloister contribute to a picture delightful to the lover of old stones.

We had now passed out of la Limagne, all the big mountains had sunk below the horizon, and the rest of the distance to Moulins was in the wide valley of the Allier, a peaceful farming country interspersed with fine clumps of woods. We sped through pretty villages with enticing Romanesque churches, and by numbers of inhabited castles, tantalizingly concealed in wooded parks, until, long before we reached Moulins, the sky-piercing towers of the cathedral warned us that we were nearing a very important place.

The approach to Moulins from the left bank of the Allier is over a solid stone bridge of thirteen arches, a thousand feet long and forty-six feet wide, built between 1750 and 1763. Open to traffic before the United States was born, it is as sound to-day as it was then. We were soon threading our way in the confused maze of delightfully crooked streets, lined with houses equally rebellious to straight lines, which make the centre of Moulins typically representative of an ancient city. The *Hôtel de Paris* is on the outskirts of the old city, facing a wide, airy square and we enjoyed there all the comforts that one can reasonably hope for, good rooms, excellent food, and very willing, obliging servants.

The cathedral was a joy, perhaps the more so that for some time we had seen few important Gothic churches. Though not one of the grand cathedrals, yet it is very dear to us for the many things of interest that it possesses. The choir, built in the fifteenth century in the prevailing Flamboyant Gothic style of the day, is the only old portion of the edifice. The nave, its aisles, and the façade are wholly modern, having been erected in the middle of the nineteenth century in the Gothic style of the thirteenth. The western front is dominated by two spires of great beauty, three hundred and twelve feet high. While the nave is very impressive and a credit to modern church building, the choir naturally interested us most. The polygonal end of the choir is enclosed by a square apse, an awkward feature, much relieved, however, by the introduction, at both corners of the ambulatory, of a heavy pillar, a veritable palm tree of stone, bearing a vigorous growth of sustaining ribs for all the adjacent vaults. Behind the great altar, surmounted by a flashy modern gilt-brass canopy of Gothic style, is the choir of the chapter, at the east end of which, on a high platform, is the altar and the statue of *Notre-Dame-de-Moulins*, a much-venerated Black Virgin, carved in wood and dating from the thirteenth century (some authorities say eleventh century). In the crypt beneath is a fine Holy Sepulchre of the sixteenth century, in painted stone. The stained glass in the choir and in the lateral chapels pleased us greatly, for we had seen but little in the Midi. It is mostly of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and is important for the history of the Bourbonnais, on account of the numerous portraits it contains of donors, Dukes of Bourbon, their families, and those of prominent burghers. The coloring is excellent, the drawing good, and the figures expressive and lifelike. The window of

Saint Catherine is the finest. The saint, superbly dressed, is in the centre; at her left kneel Cardinal Charles II of Bourbon, Archbishop of Lyons, and Duke John II, sponsored by the Emperor Saint Charlemagne and Saint John the Baptist; at her right are Pierre II, the great Duke of Bourbon, his wife Anne de Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI, and their two children; behind is Catherine d'Armagnac, wife of John II, all sponsored by Saint Anne and the Virgin. All these figures of donors are evidently portraits. Some unfortunately were damaged in February, 1918, during the war, when the Moulins arsenal took fire and a series of explosions did much damage to the city and cathedral. A great window is that of the Virgin; another fine one depicts the principal events in a crusade. The donors are Geoffroy Aubery, once mayor of Moulins in 1552, his four sons, and Godefroy de Bouillon, the Aubery family claiming descent from one of the most faithful companions of the famous knight. Rather a far-fetched connection, but good evidence that 'little brothers of the rich' flourished as early as 1552. There is a fine window of The Church Triumphant so far as the glass is concerned, but the pictures of fiendish torments to which scores of martyrs are being subjected makes it awful for ordinary nerves. A chapel on the south side contains a curious little funerary monument, showing in low relief a body being eaten by worms. This cheerful artistic conception — apparently popular at the time, as it appears elsewhere — dates from 1557. Another chapel has a curious painting on wood, made in 1606, quite worth looking up, representing the Aubery family at their devotions.

The greatest treasure of the cathedral is in the sacristy. It is a superb triptych, painted in oils on wood, at the end of the fifteenth century, by an unknown art-

ist, who is known only as 'the Master of Moulins.' The centre panel represents the Virgin and Child, seated on a throne surrounded by a rainbow, with a crescent moon beneath her feet. Two angels above are placing a crown on her head, and a dozen others in groups of threes are in attitudes full of love and adoration. In the left panel Pierre II of Bourbon, gorgeously attired, is on his knees, while his patron, Saint Peter, presents him to the Virgin. The right panel shows his wife, Anne de Beaujeu, no less beautifully dressed, with her little daughter Suzanne, both accompanied by Saint Anne. When the triptych is closed, on the outside is seen an Annunciation in *grisaille.* This wonderful picture, which alone would repay the tourist for a trip to Moulins, has had a curious history. While the Revolution was yet young, the Archbishop began to fear for his treasures. Wishing to put this one at least in safety, he concealed it under a lot of old planks and timbers in the space between the top of the vaults and the roof of the cathedral. There it stayed for many years, forgotten and unknown, every one connected with its hiding having died before it was safe to bring it forth again. At last some one who remembered the picture caused a search to be made, which eventually brought it to light.

Unlike most French cities, Moulins cuts but a limited figure in French history. It was doubtless of some importance in Roman times, as is evidenced by numerous finds in the city and vicinity, but nothing is known of it before the twelfth century, when a document, dated 1147, tells us that it was governed by a *Messire Foulques.* It remained obscure until the Duke of Bourbon, Louis I, began to build a great château, which became inhabited only in 1379, when we know that the Duke Louis II and his court entertained the

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE TOWN BELFRY, MOULINS

ENTRANCE OF THE LYCÉE BANVILLE
MOULINS

Neurdein Phot.

THE DEANERY, MOULINS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

OLD STREET, MOULINS

Connétable Du Guesclin. After this the city developed rapidly, especially under Pierre II and his illustrious wife, Anne de Beaujeu. Then it was that the ramparts were built, to protect it against the English. Nothing remains of these works but a few towers, incorporated into houses, on the boulevards that circle the old city. The vast château of the dukes was destroyed by fire in 1755 and nothing remains of it but the old dungeon, now used for a prison, and a charming Renaissance pavilion named after Anne de Beaujeu, which long was the *Gendarmerie*, and is now used as a part of the museum. Moulins suffered much by the treason of the Connétable de Bourbon. Charles, Constable of France, was of the Montpensier branch of the family. Married in 1505 to the daughter of Pierre II de Bourbon, the little Suzanne of the Triptych, he then assumed the title of Duke of Bourbon. This marriage and the death of his elder brother made him the richest nobleman in Europe. Grave, haughty, and taciturn, his nature accorded ill with that of the sovereign François I, who at first loaded him with favors, but later turned against him. Perhaps his vast wealth and influence kindled in the King a feeling of resentment if not of fear. Certain it is that the Constable was most unjustly treated. Becoming the victim of a court cabal, headed by the grasping Louise de Savoie, the mother of François I, he was stripped of many of his estates, until, driven to exasperation, he plotted with Henry VIII of England and the German Emperor. His plans came to naught, but he escaped to Italy, where he headed the enemies of François I. In 1524 in command of an army he drove the French out of Italy. He took part in the battle of Pavia, where François I was defeated and taken prisoner. Cheated of the expectation of recovering his possessions by the Treaty of Madrid (1526), he was

obliged to be satisfied with the Duchy of Milan by way of compensation. When attempting to compel Pope Clement VII to join his cause and that of the Emperor, he was killed before Rome in 1527 by a shot which, Benvenuto Cellini, in his autobiography, claims to have fired. The dukedom was confiscated by François I and became a vast and melancholy retreat for royal widows. Subsequent Bourbons preferred to live in their great château of Chantilly. Deprived of the stimulus of a ducal court which had been regal in all but name, Moulins developed solely in commerce and agriculture, and for this very reason has it remained so typical an ancient city. Of the numerous religious communities which it harbored, most were destroyed by the Revolution. The Jesuits' convent was converted into the *Palais de Justice.* Just beyond our hotel we often admired the fine effect of its brick buildings, decorated with the pretty fretwork in geometrical designs, which is so characteristic of old Moulins. A noble chapel of the Renaissance, across the street, contains the superb tomb erected by his widow to the memory of young Henri de Montmorency, who was beheaded for treason at Toulouse in 1632 for having joined the party of Gaston d'Orléans, brother of the King Louis XIII. The harmony of the design, the beauty of the materials, the profusion of decorations, and the perfection of workmanship entitle it to a high rank among the grand-style funerary monuments of the time of Mazarin. While there does not seem to have developed any very distinct school of building in the Bourbonnais, one thing cannot fail to strike the stranger who visits Moulins. It is the very general use of brick, decorated with designs in diamonds, crosses, stars, and other geometrical patterns in black brick. This fashion, which has perpetuated itself

throughout the centuries, and of which there are innumerable examples, would add greatly to the beauty of our houses could it be adopted in our brick-built American cities. Moulins still contains many older houses of wood and plaster with overhanging stories. The timbers, with crossed beams in the form of a Saint Andrew's cross, are generally stained in red ochre or yellow, which makes a pleasant effect beside the lighter tone of the mortar, filling in the intervals. The curious pointed roofs give a last touch of quaintness to the *ensemble*.

The entrance to the museum is through the Pavilion of Anne de Beaujeu, which closed in the northern end of the vast court of honor of the old castle. Of Renaissance style it is composed of a two-storied projecting porch, open below and covered above by a curious, much-overhanging roof somewhat resembling a vessel's bottom inverted. The arcades supporting the second story are borne in front on channelled pilasters surmounted by inverted brackets. On either side of the porch, three arcades prolong the front of the building. The capitals, the archivolts, and the friezes are covered with chiselled ornaments in exquisite taste, in which are inserted the coats of arms, crests, and shields of the Dukes of Bourbon. The museum is justly famous for its collections. One of its treasures is the incomparable illuminated manuscript copy of the Bible formerly preserved at the Abbey of Souvigny. So accurate was its text that it had the honor of being sent as an authority to the Council of Constance in 1415. Dating probably from the end of the twelfth century, it is a masterpiece of calligraphy and miniature painting. It is kept in a great safe, unlocked for our especial benefit, and we were allowed to examine its charming miniatures at leisure and face to, without

the annoying interposition of a glass case. The colors, and noticeably so the gold tones, are still brilliant and have their original freshness; the drawing is accurate and free. The little personages come and go with delightful spontaneity and the decoration which sets them off is a masterpiece of elegance. There are large collections of Gallo-Roman remains — milestones, grave-monuments, inscriptions, an interesting series of little statuettes in white clay, products of local art representing divinities, busts of Roman ladies and children, dolls, magistrates, and a whole menagerie of birds and animals. Mediæval times are particularly well represented by archaic statues of the Virgin, a strikingly lifelike bust of Saint Mayeul, charming little mourning figures from the tomb of Duke Charles I at Souvigny, an exquisite little statue of a sixteenth-century lady in black marble, and other relics coming from the ruins of many neighborhood abbeys and convents. Three Flemish tapestries, early sixteenth century, representing the battle of Lepanto, are historical documents for the maritime warfare of the period. We see there our modern fighting tops anticipated by crossbowmen perched in baskets at the summit of the masts. The collection of paintings is especially rich in primitives, amongst which four paintings on wood, figuring episodes of the life of Saint Stephen, and four others, scenes from the Passion, are particularly worth attention. These date probably from the latter half of the fifteenth century. The personages, treated with a very realistic accent, show much animation and motion. The foreshortening of the figures is remarkable, as well as the excellence of the drawing and the vivacity of the coloring. As for the modern work, it can only be said that it is like much that is found elsewhere in provincial museums.

INITIAL LETTER OF THE BOOK OF DANIEL, BIBLE OF SOUVIGNY
MOULINS MUSEUM

GLAZED TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE OF SAINT-LOUIS, MOULINS MUSEUM

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

ABBEY OF SOUVIGNY

CHAPTER XXIV

ENVIRONS OF MOULINS

The Abbey of Souvigny, the tomb of the Bourbons — Treasures of mediæval architecture — Meillers — Bourbon l'Archambault, the cradle of the Bourbons — A marriage at the castle in the thirteenth century — The abbey church of Saint-Menoux — How to see nothing of France by automobile

One of our main objects in visiting Moulins was to make a pilgrimage to Souvigny, an old abbey which in mediæval times attracted almost as many pilgrims as Cluny, and to-day continues to do so, though now the attraction is artistic rather than religious.

The foundation, as a branch of the Abbey of Cluny, goes back to 916, only ten years after that of Cluny itself. Not until Mayeul, the Abbot of Cluny, fell ill and died at Souvigny, during a visit in 994, did it begin to acquire importance. Mayeul was reputed a saint even before his canonization, and pilgrims flocked to his tomb. Odillon, his successor, having gone to Saint-Denis to establish there the Benedictine rule, on many occasions visited King Hugues Capet, who was ill. He persuaded him that he would be cured by a pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Mayeul. The King, yielding to his entreaties, came to Souvigny, where attired as a monk he lived frugally for several weeks to the great benefit of his health. This was enough to establish the fame of the monastery and pilgrims came in such numbers that it soon became imperative to enlarge the accommodations. Odillon immediately started the building of a new church, though not neglecting meanwhile that of Cluny which he greatly embellished. The plan at Souvigny was doubt-

less that of a nave with two side aisles, double transepts as at Cluny, and a choir terminated by a rounded apse enclosing an ambulatory and the apsidal chapels. Odillon frequently came to Souvigny and was there when he died in 1049, before the completion of his church, which was dedicated in 1064. The body of Saint Mayeul and that of Saint Odillon were then buried in the choir. Archæologists are not agreed as to whether the Romanesque portion of the existing structure belongs to this church, an opinion endorsed by Mr. Louis Bréhier, or to a later one, erected soon after the beginning of the twelfth century, a theory based solely on an examination of the monument, for there are no documents extant to substantiate it. At any rate the authorities agree that it originally possessed but two aisles, and that it became necessary before the end of the twelfth century to enlarge it by the addition of two extra aisles. In 1376 the good Duke Louis II converted the south end of the easterly transept into a mortuary chapel, now called *la Chapelle Vieille*, for his tomb and that of his wife. Fifty years later the main structure was in a ruinous condition. Dom Chollet, Prior from 1424 to 1454, undertook to restore it thoroughly, and to this end he made numerous contracts with the Duke's master-builder. The restorations, though carried out in the Gothic style, do not affect unpleasantly the Romanesque architecture of the interior. The roof of the central nave was raised to introduce Gothic windows that bettered the lighting, the towers were repaired, and the choir largely rebuilt. We have thus a Romanesque interior enclosed in a Gothic envelope, a not unfrequent occurrence among the ancient churches of France. The cost was great, but Dom Chollet was a resourceful man. Through the intercession of the Duke and the Duch-

ess of Bourbon, he obtained from Pope Eugene IV the permission to sell indulgences throughout the kingdom, which enabled him to foot the bills and to complete the repairs by 1444. A little later, about 1453, Duke Charles I and his wife, Agnès de Bourgogne, desiring to have no less beautiful last resting-places than the magnificent monuments executed at Dijon for the Duke of Burgundy, their kinsman, for this purpose turned the north end of the easterly transept into a magnificent chapel, now called *la Chapelle Neuve.*

This was the heyday of prosperity for the monastic community. After the brilliant administration of Dom Chollet came a long period of torpor and inactivity. The pernicious custom of appointing court favorites, often laymen, as non-resident abbots, who were intent only on drawing as much money as possible out of the resources of their abbeys, had grown to be a crying evil. During the eighteenth century, under more honest administration, much was done to embellish the church and priory. The little Benedictine colony, still alive and even prosperous, was considering further enlargements when the Revolution broke out and swept everything away. Under the Terror the existence of the church itself was menaced. In 1792 it was made the parish church and soon after an attempt was made to demolish it. It escaped with the destruction of the tops of all the towers; the statues and the stained-glass windows were smashed, the treasury despoiled, and the bells melted down for cannon. The edifice thus mutilated served as a town meeting-place until the *Concordat* of 1804 restored it to religious worship.

To-day Souvigny, though robbed of the relics of Saint Mayeul and Saint Odillon, attracts many visi-

tors. The Saint-Denis of the Dukes of Bourbon has become the meeting-place of pilgrims of art. The church is imposing in its proportions, two hundred and seventy-five feet in length, ninety-two feet in width, and fifty-six feet high. The outside appears to be wholly fifteenth-century Gothic, the Flamboyant style prevailing. The façade, dating from Dom Chollet's time, covers up but strengthens the Romanesque structure which had become so ruinous in his day 'that none dared approach it.' The eleventh-century narthex, usual in Cluniac churches, was probably suppressed at this time. Traces of it still exist in the blind arcades at the right of the main portal against the wall of the adjoining priory. The lower part of the two towers is all that remains of the Romanesque period. These are of different epochs: the northern one of the late twelfth century; the southern, with its narrow twin windows, perhaps of the eleventh century. A third tower over the crossing was partly demolished in 1793.

Within the western doors, five steps descend to a short bay which, with two aisles, all groin-vaulted, serves as porch. Beyond extends the nave with four side aisles, those next the nave being very narrow. The Gothic vaults of the nave carry an unusual feature, a longitudinal midrib decorated with deeply undercut foliage. The vaults of the narrow aisles are barrel-vaulted; the capitals with slight relief are mostly decorated with rows of palmettes, ferns, interlaced designs imitating basketwork, bunches of twigs and wild plum bushes; only two are storied. The outer aisles are much lower than the inner ones and considerably wider. The northern aisle still has its original groined vaults; against the outer wall a long stone bench with blind arcades above it, resting on colonnettes and piers,

makes a delightful wall decoration. The capitals of the supports are carved with more skill and in greater relief than those in the narrow aisles. One notices human heads protruding amidst foliage, interlaced designs and fantastic animals. The Romanesque windows have not been altered. In the southernmost aisle the first two bays are similar to those of the northern aisle; the others, vaulted with Gothic ribs, have pointed windows in the Flamboyant style of the fifteenth-century restoration. Owing to the widening of the church, the westerly transepts do not protrude beyond the north and south aisles. They are vaulted with Gothic ribs and lighted at each end by windows with Flamboyant tracery.

We now come, on the south, to *la Chapelle Vieille*, the part of the easterly transept converted by Louis II into his mortuary chapel, which, with a Gothic veneer, still preserves some of the Romanesque features of the older church, vaulted round arcades against the outer wall, a Romanesque arch at the entrance, columns and some capitals of the same period. All else is Gothic, niches and canopies, gables and a richly carved openwork stone screen, separating the chapel from the body of the choir.

On the north side of the church a short bay taken out of the end of the easterly transepts precedes *la Chapelle Neuve*, the mortuary chapel of Charles I. In early days the abbey had been granted the right of coining money, a privilege which could be abolished only by purchase by the King himself. A capital in this bay, recalling this ancient grant, represents on three sides monks with a hammer striking the precious metal on the die, the weighing of the coins, and the filling of the money bags. *La Chapelle Neuve* is larger than *la Chapelle Vieille*, and more sumptuously decorated. It has its

own choir and altar and on the north side a private oratory provided with a fireplace. The carved stone screens separating it from the choir, the Flamboyant windows, and the sculpture on the walls are the last word in the exuberant Gothic of the fifteenth century.

The choir consists of four bays, including the crossing of the easterly transept. It is elevated four steps above the nave. Its vaults have flowered keystones of great beauty. The semi-circular end is closed in by narrow, very pointed arches supported on round columns with foliated capitals. Above are elaborate great windows now despoiled of the stained glass which adorned them before the Revolution. The ambulatory is decorated and vaulted much as is the choir, but the Romanesque character of the original construction is evident here and there, a round arch opening into the Lady Chapel, three stone benches in each of the lateral chapels, the bases of piers and columns, all reminiscent of the older parts of the nave.

The sacristy at the south of the choir is a fine vaulted chamber, panelled with exquisitely carved woodwork. In low relief, garlands enclose medallions representing the patrons of Souvigny, the busts of some popes friendly to the abbey, and those of former priors. The ceiling reproduces the same motives of decoration, the whole making a very charming *ensemble* of eighteenth-century workmanship.

The remains of several princes of the elder branch of the Bourbons are interred in vaults beneath the chapels of Louis II and Charles I. These have been examined and verified several times since the Revolution, even so recently as 1871, when all appeared to have been respected. The tombs in the chapels are merely symbolic, for the bodies lie below in the vaults. The tomb of Louis II and his wife is attributed to the

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE CHAPELLE NEUVE, ABBEY CHURCH OF SOUVIGNY

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

NORTH AISLE OF NAVE, ABBEY CHURCH OF SOUVIGNY

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHURCH OF SAINT-MENOUX

ABBEY CHURCH AND PRIORY, SOUVIGNY

sculptor, Jean de Cambray. It is very simple, quite in accordance with the wishes expressed in the Duke's will. On a white stone table lie the statues of the Duke and Duchess, both of white marble, originally painted. The former is clad in armor partly covered by a mantle, his hands joined over his breast. His short curly hair is shown beneath a crown of foliage held by a jewelled knot; his feet are guarded by a large dog. The Duchess Anne d'Auvergne is dressed in a long robe reaching to her feet which rest on two playing dogs. The bodice is *décolleté* and very tight, as was the fashion of the time. The hair covers the ears and on the head is confined in a crown. The physiognomy of both personages is very lifelike; the eyes are open and the features have such great individuality that they are evidently real portraits.

The tomb of Charles I and his Duchess, Agnès de Bourgogne, was unquestionably inspired by those of the Dukes of Burgundy at Dijon, ancestors of the Duchess. Charles I stipulated in the contract with the sculptor, Jacques Morel, which is still extant, that the tomb shall be 'as large as those at Dijon'; also that 'it shall have at least as many angels and mourners, more rather than fewer.' The tomb took five years to make and was delivered in 1453. It is now mutilated, and has lost all the statues of mourners which filled the niches around the base and the angels bearing crowns, about which the Duke was so solicitous. The statues, quite Burgundian in execution, are of alabaster; that of the Duke represents him in an ample flowing robe, whose many folds reach to the lion upon which rest his feet; the hair is long and confined by a jewelled band. The Duchess is dressed in a long robe under a tight tunic, jewelled in front and around the throat, her hair confined in a net. Notwithstanding

some mutilations, these are two very individualistic personalities. The wrinkles about the eyes of Agnès de Bourgogne indicate a faithful portrait of an energetic, masterful person. Both statues show superior art, and though not so charming as those in *la Chapelle Vieille*, they are the work of a master.

At the south end of the transept is a curious stone cupboard, about ten feet wide, the front of which is elaborately carved in Flamboyant style, with turrets, pinnacles, statuettes, and tracery in high relief. Four heavy wooden doors secured by complicated locks give access to compartments that formerly enclosed the relics of Saint Mayeul and Saint Odillon. The doors bear traces of paintings, unfortunately much damaged, representing the saints in the lower panels and their miracles above. This superb reliquary is a vivid reminder of the vanity of human things; like the tombs of the Pharaohs, it is now but a museum specimen, swept clean of its relics by the revolutionary storm. Near this is a superb octagonal carved shaft, known as the 'Calendar of Souvigny.' It belongs to the twelfth century and is of unknown origin. It is divided into sections of which only five remain, representing on one face the labors of the seasons, on the opposite face the corresponding signs of the Zodiac. The intervening panels are covered with interlaced designs enclosing palmettes, knots, bows of foliage, exquisitely carved in high relief. Near the west entrance, another fragment, not less mysterious as to its origin, has been preserved. Probably a work of the thirteenth century, it is composed of two stories of niches under Romanesque arcades, the archivolts decorated with rows of pearls, palmettes, etc., the jambs covered with sculptured foliage and rosettes. In the upper row are mutilated statuettes, amongst which can be made out the Christ

with a cruciform nimbus, and perhaps a bishop, the others being unidentifiable. Are these remains of the primitive tomb of Saint Mayeul, or possibly of the choir screen destroyed in 1792, or perhaps an altar back? We can only surmise! The whole is a beautiful bit of Romanesque sculpture, whose charm persists in the simplicity of the folds of the vestments and the nobility of the attitudes. Many other fragments, statues, and tombs deserve description, but we must refer the reader to more compendious accounts than can be included in a mere book of travel. This observation applies also to the conventual buildings still extant, the remains of the old cloisters, the chapter hall, the priory and its imposing entrance. We devoted a day to Souvigny, which is none too much to see the monastery, the church, and the town.

Having visited in detail the tombs of the Dukes of Bourbon, we could do no less than see their cradle, so the next excursion was to Bourbon l'Archambault. On the way we stopped at the charming little church of Meillers, a lovely monument of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, whose portal alone is worth a long *détour*. It is set into an extremely simple façade, and its semi-circular receding arches rest on two columns on each side crowned with capitals of superior execution. The outer right-hand one bears an animal playing on a musical instrument, reminiscent of the *âne qui vielle* of Chartres, and the left-hand one, the angel meeting Balaam and his ass; the inner ones are foliated. Two more columns with fine capitals form the jambs of the door, whose hinges are beautiful ancient forged ironwork. The doorway is surmounted by a lintel decorated with expressive little figures, representing the twelve Apostles, six on each side of Christ in Glory, in the centre. This spirited composition affects the penta-

gonal form, so common at Notre-Dame-du-Port, Mozac, and other places in Auvergne. The belfry, on the other hand, is that of another region. Its two stories are broad and square and pierced by numerous round arched windows, in pairs or triplets, separated by colonnettes with foliated capitals. The very open appearance of this tower, through which the sky is visible from side to side, gives it a peculiar elegance not common in Auvergne. It terminates in a stone spire of the shape known as a lance-head, more common in Burgundy than elsewhere.

A short run among hills in heavily wooded country brought us to Bourbon l'Archambault, the ruins of whose château announced it from afar. The town is now a thriving thermal station, whose warm mineral waters are used chiefly in the treatment of rheumatism, paralysis, and gout. The Romans were not slow in discovering the virtues of its springs, and they constructed here, according to Vitruvius, the largest bathing pool of his day, whose remains were discovered under a modern hotel in 1872. It is now an essentially French resort, but few foreigners having as yet heard of it. When the Bourbons fell into disfavor after the treason of the Connétable, through the popularity of its baths the town escaped the decadence which fell upon Moulins. In the seventeenth century Louis XIV in person, Madame de Sévigné, Boileau, and Henrietta of England were among its visitors. Madame de Montespan, fallen into disgrace, spent, almost forgotten, the last twelve years of her life at Bourbon l'Archambault, and died here in 1707. A melancholy interest attaches to the terraced park above the bath establishment, where shady alleys overlooking the town are bordered by trees planted by Madame de Montespan.

The considerable ruins of the château of the Bour-

bons crown the entire summit of the next hill, rising precipitously between a pond and a sinuous valley. Protected by these natural advantages it possessed in addition high crenellated walls flanked by seventeen towers, of which only five remain. The red granite of which they are built produces a great effect in the landscape and they still seem fit to brave the centuries to come. The castle was intended to serve above all else as a fortress, and though from the thirteenth century onward the Dukes of Bourbon lavished money upon it, they preferred to live at their more princely palaces at Moulins and at Chantelle. It is hard to realize that this forlorn platform, covered with ruinous buildings and heaps of stone, was once the scene of some of the most brilliant revels of the thirteenth century. We read in 'Flamenca,' a romance in verse of about 1234,[1] that on the occasion of the marriage of Archambault de Bourbon, splendid festivals lasting several days were given here. The King and Queen of France honored with their august presence the assembly, to which every one high and low was invited. The streets and the castle were decorated with strips of rich hangings, and enormous stores of provisions were accumulated: 'bustards, swans, partridges, ducks, geese, capons, fowls and peacocks, rabbits, hares, roebucks, deer, boars, bears, etc. Nothing is lacking in the hostelries: vegetables, oats and beeswax (for candles), spices, incense, cinnamon and pepper, cloves, mace, zedoary, so plentifully had all been supplied that at every street crossing of the city, full cauldrons of them were burnt; — it smelt as good as at Montpellier, when the grocers pound their spices at Christmas time. Five hundred suits of clothes, all of purple and beaten gold, one thousand spears, one thousand shields, one thousand

[1] C. V. Langlois, *La Vie en France au Moyen Âge*, vol. I.

swords, one thousand hauberks, one thousand war horses in prime condition, are prepared for the youths who are to be knighted by Archambault.'

The escort of the King was several leagues in length. The day of the feast of Saint John, the Bishop of Clermont said Mass, and forbade, by order of the King, any one to leave for fifteen days; such should be the length of the rejoicings. Then follow long descriptions of the banquets, of the beauty of the ladies, of the skill of the troubadours. 'While the knights prepare for the jousts, the rest of the company dance, to the music of two hundred fiddlers. *On s'amuse comme en Paradis.*' Nine hundred and ninety-seven knights received their arms and the accolade. Then succeeded days of feasts and tournaments. Ten thousand visitors were entertained at one time in the spacious halls of the château whilst many more filled the courts and bastions. Now the castle is a hopeless ruin, open to the sky.

The church is situated on a hill of its own at the other end of the town. We found it somewhat disappointing in that it has been so very much restored in the nineteenth century that it is difficult to distinguish the old. The façade is much like that of Meillers, but entirely without the charm of the smaller church. The nave is large, but lacks grace, and the garish colors in which it was painted in the last century disfigure it sadly. Some Romanesque capitals remain, of archaic appearance, but rather inferior workmanship. More interesting is a Virgin and Child, of the fourteenth century, coming from the ruins of the castle chapel, though even here the Virgin's head is modern. The reading-desk of forged iron was a gift of the Marquise de Montespan.

Bourbon l'Archambault still has a few old houses,

Neurdein Phot.

BOURBON L'ARCHAMBAULT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHOIR OF SAINT-MENOUX

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

PORTAL OF CHURCH OF MEILLERS

but none of the public buildings which adorned it in the days of Louis XIV. The lepers' hospital of the fourteenth century has disappeared except its chapel, now used as a hay barn. The Hôtel-Dieu, a half dozen chapels and churches, the convent of the Capucins, the abbey of the Bénédictines, all are gone, and modern hotels and boarding-houses have risen on their ruins in a town that should be a relic of the old Bourbonnais.

We returned to Moulins through Saint-Menoux, whose church had been recommended to us by competent authorities, nor were we disappointed. A Benedictine abbey existed here in the eleventh century and its church, now a *Monument Historique*, embraces, like that of Souvigny, all the styles of architecture from that period to the fifteenth century. A monographic study would be necessary to assign a date to the different portions, and this we believe has not yet been done. Though the enlargements and restorations were clumsily welded together, the impression was that of a very noble and striking building, distinguished by great height in relation to its width, abounding with interesting details of decoration, which included features we had not seen in Auvergne.

The church is preceded by a narthex of three bays. The three arcades on each side are supported on thick round pillars, whose capitals in slight relief are coarsely carved with shapeless monsters and heavy, graceless foliage; all this indicates the eleventh century. The façade is severely simple, even more so than in the little church of Meillers. The narthex leads into a nave of much greater elevation, with three bays separated by square pillars; the arches are wide pointed and the windows of the Flamboyant period. The crossing appears to be Gothic of the thirteenth century. High groups of columns surmounted by crocketed capitals

sustain a cupola at a considerable height. One of the pillars is enormous. It contains the spiral staircase leading to the belfry above the cupola. The choir, several steps higher than the nave, is, at the eastern end, enclosed by Romanesque arcades characterized by varied and rich ornamentation. The arches bear upon cylindrical pillars with skilfully carved capitals of much elegance, palmettes, boughs of foliage, and even crockets such as denote the beginning of the Gothic period. The ambulatory opens into five chapels, the middle one square as at Souvigny. The arcades of the ambulatory are supported outwardly upon channelled pillars, indicating the Burgundian school. We had seen one such pillar only at Souvigny. Another motive of decoration, taken from classical art, is a lovely Greek fret running all around the choir above the arcades as a wide frieze. The semi-circular portion of the choir is disconcertingly joined to the crossing by wide pointed arches. The purpose was evidently to diminish the push at the junction point of the two systems, but the result is not pleasing. Behind the main altar is a curious old tomb believed to be that of Saint Menoux. A circular opening at the side, large enough to insert one's head, is believed in the countryside to be efficacious in curing hallucinations. We found it contained a few offerings of copper *sous*.

The most satisfying part of the exterior is the apse. Distinctly Romanesque in style, the arrangement of the chapels is that of the period, but the *billette* decoration about the windows, the charming capitals of the engaged columns supporting the roofs of the chapels, and the carved corbels under the eaves have unusual elegance. There are also channelled pilasters supporting the roof of the choir; perhaps a fifteenth-century modification. The square belfry over the crossing is

altogether admirable. The lower story has two slightly pointed blind arcades on each side, enclosing each a pair of Romanesque windows, now blocked up. This arrangement is repeated in the upper story, but here the windows are open; a pyramidal roof surmounts the structure. The pencil-pointed stair turret beside the tower is an agreeable feature of the north side. A number of broken statues of the twelfth century, exhibited around the old narthex, proved sufficiently interesting to be photographed. An altar front, most probably, shows a row of arched niches sheltering figures of Apostles. A fragment of a tympanum, perhaps that of the original portal of the church, bears a Christ sitting in Glory, and several statues of saints — all of excellent workmanship.

After dinner we sat on the *terrasse* before the hotel, '*pour prendre le frais*,' as is the custom of Moulins, when we were joined by several English-speaking people who had excited our curiosity as they sat at the next table. We had not agreed as to where they came from, and no wonder, for it was New Zealand. This enterprising party, which was led by an English chauffeur, had left England a week before, motored to Paris, Marseilles, Genoa, Florence, Milan, and Geneva, and were due in England in two days. Truly an admirable record of mileage, but we could not help wondering what they got out of this headlong flight through France, Italy, and Switzerland. Our leisurely pace was evidently puzzling to them. They looked upon us as harmless freaks. — Perhaps we are!

CHAPTER XXV

NEVERS

A well-situated, clean city — The Cathedral of Saint-Cyr and Sainte-Julitte — The Romanesque Church of Saint-Étienne — The Château of the Dukes of Nevers — Lohengrin on the Loire — about Nevers pottery

We reached Nevers as the setting sun was gilding the roofs and towers of this picturesque city with the golden glow that lends to the humblest village an ethereal charm, often dispelled as soon as one penetrates its streets. Such was not the case this time, for Nevers is an agreeably clean and attractive city. Situated on the south side of a gently sloping hill, it descends in steps to the broad channel of the Loire. A long stone bridge of fifteen arches leads to a broad esplanade along the river, bordered by interesting-looking houses flanked by the grim *tour Goguin*, a relic of the ramparts which formerly surrounded the town. Turning sharply up a narrow street, we gazed with curiosity at the ancient houses on each side, the town belfry, several inviting-looking churches, then passing in style under the triumphal arch of the Porte de Paris, erected in 1746 to commemorate the victory of Fontenoy, we landed before the comfortable *Hôtel de France*, where are found all the creature comforts that influence so largely one's estimate of a city, '*bon souper, bon gîte, et le reste*,' as La Fontaine succinctly put it.

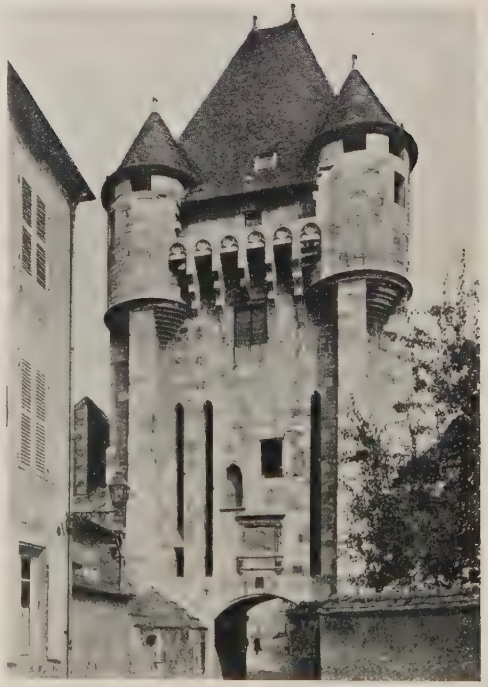
The Cathedral of Saint-Cyr and Sainte-Julitte, ranking as a basilica, occupies the summit of the eminence on which is built the city. It is an imposing church, three hundred and thirty-one feet long, one hundred and five feet wide at the transepts, and

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CATHEDRAL OF NEVERS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

INTERIOR OF SAINT-ÉTIENNE OF NEVERS



PORTE DU CROUX, ANCIENT CITY GATE
NEVERS

seventy-two feet high in the nave. The square belfry is one hundred and sixty-nine feet high. A curious feature, which was partly responsible for our visit to Nevers, is that it has no façade and possesses two apses, one at the east end, the other at the west. The entrance is through two lateral portals, north and south. The anomaly in its plan is due to its being really made up of two entirely distinct churches. The western one, dedicated to Sainte Julitte, mother of Saint Cyr, the patron saint of Nevers, was begun about 1028 and consecrated in 1058. Defects in construction necessitated a partial rebuilding in the twelfth century. The placing of the choir at the west was doubtless a late survival of the custom prevailing in early Roman and Byzantine basilicas, before the church ritual definitely established it at the east end. After a great fire in 1211, which probably destroyed the nave, the erection on its site of a great Gothic cathedral was undertaken. It was planned eventually to replace the earlier building, where worship was conducted meanwhile pending the completion of the cathedral. Another fire in 1308 necessitated the rebuilding of the new choir, after which the belfry was begun. Started in the fourteenth century, it was not finished till 1528. The north portal dates from about 1280, the south portal from the end of the fifteenth century. All this construction impoverished the chapter to such an extent, that the erection of the west front was never reached, and the choir of Sainte-Julitte, thus fortuitously preserved, has become the most interesting part of an altogether very beautiful basilica. This choir consists essentially of a semi-circular apse, lighted by three arched windows and raised a dozen steps above the floor of the nave. The half-spherical dome above it bears a precious fresco, attributed to the twelfth century, representing

Christ in Glory, surrounded by the Symbols of the Evangelists and the twenty-four Elders of the Apocalypse. It is preceded by a transept, two bays wide, the lower part of which is entirely Romanesque in construction and decoration. The vaults above it are early Gothic. Then come five bays, of thirteenth-century Gothic style, of noble proportions, leading to the choir, where the fourteenth century, with its bolder, more elegant construction, is unmistakable. The beautiful triforium of the nave is continued all around the choir, in a lighter, more delicate vein. The semi-circular eastern apse is pierced by three wide windows which have lost the old stained glass. Below them are three thirteenth-century chapels which escaped the fire of 1308. Other chapels were added in the sixteenth century, as is evident from the Flamboyant decoration which adorns them. It would fill a volume to describe fully the many delightful architectural details of this interesting building. We shall only call attention to the little personages, in attitudes of suffering or of meditation, that support, like caryatids, the colonnettes of the triforium. The capitals of these little columns are also a marvel of stone chiselling.

The outside of the cathedral, especially its eastern end, is a veritable forest of pillars, turrets, and pinnacles among which the double arches of the flying buttresses, connected by stone balusters, add to the confusion. It is all very beautifully done, but a little overdone. We really prefer the austere simplicity of the Romanesque apses of Auvergne. The square tower beside the south side of the Romanesque transept is flanked at each corner by turrets, one of which contains the spiral staircase leading to the top platform, like all the rest a marvel of the stonecutter's art. Delicately carved openwork balustrades mark the different

levels, emphasized by fantastic gargoyles that thrust their fabulous snouts in all directions. Each face of the belfry is pierced by large Gothic openings and all flat surfaces are profusely ornamented with tall narrow blind arcades, recalling the perpendicular style so frequently seen in England. Elaborate niches in the angle turrets, repeating the vertical lines of the four sides, shelter a multitude of statues of prophets, apostles, and saints, who in their elevated position fortunately escaped the hammers of the iconoclasts of 1793. The more easily reached north and south portals were both so barbarously mutilated by the fanatics of the religious wars and again by the vandals of the great Revolution that nothing is left to admire but the beautiful lines of the series of concentric arches over the doors.

We entered with a feeling of reverence the dignified Church of Saint-Étienne, a marvel of the eleventh century, so reposeful was it after the riotous display of imagery provided by the cathedral. Begun in 1063 and dedicated in 1097, it belongs essentially to the Auvergne type of Romanesque architecture from which it differs, in common with some of the Burgundian Romanesque churches, only in the elevation of the barrel-vaulted central nave a full story above the triforium gallery, thus allowing in each bay the opening of windows that directly light the nave. This bold innovation at that early period was not without danger of instability, but time has justified the audacity of the builders. Sculpture plays but a minor part in the ornamentation of this church; the capitals are very primitive in the nave, a little more sophisticated in the choir, where they present different motives, mostly foliated or interlaced. Only traces remain of primitive painting.

The façade of the church has suffered a good deal.

The two towers that surmounted it threatening collapse were taken down in 1792. The original narthex has entirely disappeared, leaving only a few traces above a much-despoiled portal. The north and south sides of the church are very simple, but interesting in possessing already the engaged arcades of the first story, a decoration of string courses of billet mouldings arched over the windows, and corbels along the roof line; characteristics that endured throughout the Romanesque period. The ends of the transepts are agreeably divided above the first story into five bays. The centre and end ones are pierced by arched windows and the arcature that surmounts all the bays is alternately arched and wedge-pointed. It rests on slender columns that show refinement in the chiselling of the capitals and bases. The apse, with its radiating chapels and its multiple stories of roofs, is noteworthy in that the supporting corbels are carved with grotesque figures, heads of animals and geometric designs of infinite variety, toothed wheels, chevrons, rosettes, twisted and interlaced designs, a form of decoration generally absent in Auvergne.

The old château of the Dukes of Nevers, built from 1464 to 1491, is now the *Palais de Justice.* It is a long rectangle flanked at each end, on one side with two large round towers, on the other with two smaller octagonal ones. In the centre of the façade an octagonal half-engaged tower contains the inconvenient spiral staircase affected by the entire Gothic period, the course of which is traced by the rising level of the windows. All the roofs are covered with slates. The high conical tops of the towers and the main roof, almost as high as the building itself, produce a very picturesque effect similar to that of the châteaux of Touraine. There are six graceful dormer windows in

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

FORMER PALACE OF THE DUKES OF NEVERS

FORMER BISHOP'S PALACE, NOW MUSEUM, NEVERS

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHURCH OF LA CELLE BRUÈRE

the Italian style of the beginning of the Renaissance, ornamented with chiselled foliage, vine leaves, oak branches, bunches of grapes, and knotted staves, over which crawl snails and squirrels, emblems of the early Counts of Nevers. The mullioned windows, of unequal size, are irregularly spaced in a façade marked by mouldings that emphasize the horizontal lines. Everything in it contributes to satisfy the eye: the proportions are harmonious, the masses are well balanced, and the silhouette is graceful and distinguished. The sculpture in the panels of the central tower and about the roof windows dates from 1491 to 1595. It portrays scenes in the history of Helias, the Knight of the Swan, from whom the Counts of Nevers claimed legendary descent through their connection with the House of Clèves. Helias is better known to us under the name of Lohengrin, and it was a surprise to find the familiar scenes of Wagner's opera carved on a château above the Loire. This explains the Swan, with a crown about its neck, emblem of the House of Clèves, seen in some of the panels.

The Dukes of Nevers were very grand people, ambitious of emulating the pomp and luxury of their neighbors the Dukes of Burgundy and of Bourbon. They spent lavishly for the furnishing of their castle. The Duke Charles I expended untold sums in clearing the space before it in 1607. All the houses that hemmed it in on the south side were demolished and gardens were planted on the site that is now the Place de la République. His plan was to go as far as the bank of the Loire, whence a monumental staircase and terraces would have led to the château. This would have done more for his fame than his ostentatious entry into Rome as ambassador in 1605, when he rode a horse shod with gold shoes, his suite being mounted on sixty horses with silver shoes.

We had expected to see very beautiful specimens of Nevers pottery, which is highly esteemed in France, at the Musée Frédéric Blandin. To our great disappointment we found that they were simply reproductions of the Italian majolicas of Faenza, Urbino, and Venice, or else imitations of the porcelains of China and Japan in the Delft style. These florid, ornate pieces are not to be compared with the distinctly French wares of Marseilles, Moustiers, and Strasbourg. Their popularity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was another manifestation of the craze for Italian art such as developed at Albi, when the frescoes of the ceiling of the cathedral were ordered of Italian artists. We find the potters were imported from Italy by Duke Louis de Gonzague about 1578. The industry flourished and expanded for two hundred years; under Louis XVI it languished, and most of the factories went out of business early in the nineteenth century. The building which houses the museum was the old bishop's palace, a very lovely eighteenth-century residence which was far more interesting than its contents.

We found greater pleasure in wandering aimlessly through the streets of old Nevers, which still have many houses with interesting façades, corner turrets, little inset shrines, and other reminders of the past. The numerous parks and squares are attractive and restful, and one often runs across unexpected choice bits of the old fortifications, or parts of the ruined churches and monasteries that once adorned Nevers, now incorporated into houses or public buildings.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEVERS TO BOURGES

Cuffy and the Corporation of the Mariners of the Loire — Germigny-l'Exempt — Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond — The Cistercian Abbey of Noirlac —La Celle Bruère, Roman centre of Gaul, the New York of American doughboys — A very ancient church — The grand Château de Meillant — Dun-sur-Auron — Bois-Sir-Amé and Agnès Sorel — Abbey of Plaimpied — Arrival at Bourges

In leaving Nevers we made a wide sweep to the south so as to visit certain *Monuments Historiques.* We crossed the Allier near its confluence with the Loire, picturesquely called in French the beak of the Allier, (*le bec d'Allier*). A huge bridge near this spot, nineteen hundred and forty feet long with eighteen solid masonry arches, carries the Loire canal over the river to connect it with the Canal de Berry. We were just in time to see several canal boats make the crossing. A short *détour* took us to Cuffy, where we stopped to see, in the nice little Romanesque village church, a small ship's model belonging to the ancient corporation of the Mariners of the Loire, who carried it in procession to the Bec d'Allier on the feast of Saint Nicolas, their patron. Another short stop at Germigny-l'Exempt was made to examine the church portal and tower of the thirteenth century, a *Monument Historique* of some value, after which, having a long way to go, we resolutely shut our eyes to all wayside temptations until we reached Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond, where we lunched. The country of le Berry is charming, but tame for travellers just from Auvergne. Well-cultivated fields and numerous milch cattle bespeak fertile productive soil, where farming repays the peasant far

better than in the mountains. It was easy to see why the Duke de Berry was said always to have had money in his pocket.

Saint-Amand is a large thriving market town which retains but few monuments of compelling interest. The church, which belongs to the transitional period, is worth more than the passing glance we gave it and we might say as much of the ancient convent of the Carmelites, but our goal was the old Abbey of Noirlac, about four miles north. This Abbey is particularly interesting as being one of the few that survive in its entirety. Founded in 1150, it is typical of the very simple architecture prescribed by the Cistercian order. After the Revolution it was occupied by a porcelain factory, then by an orphan asylum. During the Great War it was used to quarter American troops. Now owned by the *Département du Cher*, it was empty when we visited it. On a hillside within a walled enclosure, the buildings form a compact group above the sleepy Cher River. The church has suffered little from the civil commotions since 1175, when it was built, and never having possessed statues and stained glass, which were abhorrent to the Cistercian rule, it offered small temptation to the zealots of the Reformation and the Revolution. Its characteristic features are a square choir with square chapels in the transepts, an ogival vaulted nave with aisles covered by groined vaults. The façade is very plain, the only decoration being a few small lobed rose windows. All the interior furnishings, altars and stalls, are gone — nothing remains but the shell. There never were towers or bells — abominations prohibited by Saint Bernard, the founder of the order — but everywhere are seen most exquisite proportions, so harmonious and well balanced that one hardly notices the absence of ornamentation.

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

ABBEY OF NOIRLAC

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

STAIRCASE, ABBEY OF NOIRLAC

ROMAN COLUMN MARKING THE CENTRE OF GAUL, LA CELLE BRUÈRE

South of the church is a fine large cloister of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Ribvaulted galleries surround an inner court, from which they are separated by Gothic arcades supported on graceful columns, some of whose capitals are decorated with delicately chiselled leafage. We visited the chapter hall, kitchens, refectory, the large storerooms, ribvaulted like a church, and the apartments of the prior, most simple and modest, in striking contrast with the sumptuous priories one finds in Benedictine establishments. The monks' cells, austere enough to mortify the flesh as well as the spirit, with the workrooms and the farm, constituted the totality of the abbey and its appurtenances. An exquisite stair railing in wrought iron, cobweb-like in its tracery, is the only ornament that remains of sixteenth-century craftsmanship. It belongs to a period when the severity of the Cistercian rule had become somewhat relaxed by long prosperity. Nestled on this quiet fertile hillside facing the west, with the sombre background of the forest of Meillant behind it, the now deserted monastery must have been, in the old days, a perfect spot in which to pray, think, and work, secure from the turmoil and temptations of the world.

At La Celle Bruère, the next village, a square pillar set at the intersection of two roads marks the spot which the Romans conceived to be the centre of Gaul. The American doughboy, who seems to have been ubiquitous in this region, also left his mark to commemorate his occupation; every street corner being inscribed enduringly with the name of some New York thoroughfare. We proceeded to the Church along 'Fifth Avenue,' passing on the way 'Madison Square' and 'Broadway.'

The church of La Celle is very ancient. In plan it is

a Latin cross, with an apse at the end of the nave and each side aisle. The nave and the very narrow aisles are of the same height and all are barrel-vaulted. The vaults of the nave are supported on pillars with primitive capitals, almost devoid of ornamentation. Those of the choir rest on heavy cylindrical columns, whose capitals show all the wealth of Byzantine decoration of the later Romanesque period. The nave, doubtless much older than the choir, may be of ninth or tenth century construction, if we can believe Prosper Mérimée, who examined this church when the classification of *Monuments Historiques* was just beginning. The façade, probably rebuilt at the time of the erection of the choir, has but one portal surmounted by three plain windows all arcaded, above which is a peaked gable with a string of billets along each side. Curious bas-reliefs, inserted in the plain walls, appear to come from some more ancient construction, perhaps the original façade. These are, on the right, two heads of horses, very ill carved; on the left, a bull stepping upon a globe, then two men wrestling, one of whom carries on his back a quiver or a basket. The workmanship of all this decoration is most crude and apparently of very ancient style. Of much more value is, inside the church, a panel of the front of the sarcophagus of Saint Sylvanus, representing the Entry into Jerusalem. The Lord, mounted astride a mule and followed by numerous disciples, is approaching Jerusalem, figured by a stone castle; a youth spreads a mantle for Him to step on and another in a tree is cutting branches to strew in His path. The almost classical draping of the personages, the posture of the Christ on the mule, and some minor details make its date an interesting problem which we have not the presumption to solve.

Neurdein Phot.

CHÂTEAU OF MEILLANT

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

STAIR TOWER, CHÂTEAU OF MEILLANT

Four miles east of La Celle, on the farther side of the forest of Sully, is the great Château de Meillant. The way thither is through the Bois de Sully, which is but an offset of the greater forest of Meillant, woods rich in beech and oak trees many times centenarians. As one approaches from La Celle, a long range of high buildings, flanked with many round and square towers, suddenly appears at a turn in the road. The accretion of succeeding centuries is evident in the diversity of the constructions. The mere mass, rather grim and feudal, is of an imposing bulk, dominated by the machicolated parapets of the towers with conical or pyramidal roofs, tall chimneys, and prominent buttresses, strengthening the walls. The castle was begun in the early years of the fourteenth century, then greatly enlarged in the fifteenth by Charles I of Amboise, chamberlain of Louis XI. Charles II of Amboise, Marshal of France, erected the existing living quarters which are decorated with a sumptuousness that is only realized after having reached the eastern side and entered into the court of honor, where an entirely different aspect bursts into view. The La Rochefoucaulds were the next owners, then it passed through various hands into those of the present proprietor, the Marquis de Mortemart. It is usually open to visitors, but we arrived at an inauspicious hour and had to content ourselves with gazing at the exterior, which was indeed well worth a visit. The buildings erected by Charles II bear some marvellous ornamentation in the late Gothic style. Most striking are the dormer windows surmounted by pinnacles of amazing boldness and complexity, the exquisitely wrought balconies, chimneys, and doorways. Especially noteworthy is the Lion's tower, which contains the stairs and is literally covered with sculpture and carved emblems, from the ground

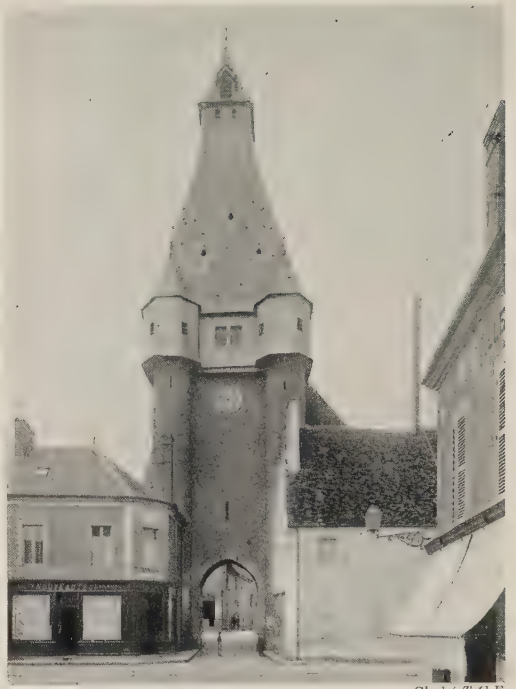
up to the leaden lion which surmounts it. It shows such prodigious fertility of imagination in design and skill in execution that it captivates the beholder notwithstanding its exuberance, which is tempered with a fine sense of measure by the plain surfaces left in the adjacent walls. A charming chapel stands all by itself in the court, but it was impossible to get even a glimpse of the art treasures it is said to contain. The park, however, was open to us. A footbridge over one of the branches of the river which flows through it, with railings made of forged iron so cobwebby as to appear like the work of fairies, led us into magnificent shady walks, scientifically laid out to give long vistas of verdure to the fortunate inhabitants of the castle. It is indeed a fascinating estate, well worthy of the great reputation it enjoys in France.

Eight miles from Meillant, after a refreshing run through the great oak and beech forest of Maulne, we came to Dun-sur-Auron. Though we had intended to pass it by, we could not resist the enticing aspect of its old ramparts and castle towers, suggestive of marvels within, so we turned up the broad boulevard that crosses the Canal du Berry and the river Auron, to penetrate the narrow streets. We passed under the fourteenth-century town belfry surmounted by a huge fortified conical roof and, through a maze of interesting old lanes, reached the church of Saint-Étienne, a remarkable Romanesque church of the twelfth century, with belfry of the fourteenth and stained glass of the fifteenth. We only passed through the ancient edifice, but saw enough to make us hope for a more leisurely visit another day.

Eight miles beyond are the ruins of the Château of Bois-Sir-Amé, an early fifteenth-century construction, where '*la bonne et belle amie*' of Charles VII, Agnès

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

CHAPEL OF CHÂTEAU OF MEILLANT



Cliché T.C.F.

TOWN GATE, DUN-SUR-AURON

DUN IN 1615
From an old painting

RUINS OF BOIS-SIR-AMÉ, CHÂTEAU OF AGNÈS SOREL

Sorel, '*la belle des belles*,' once resided. The extensive buildings that constituted the castle are now hopeless ruins, over which ivy wanders at will. Nature has resumed its sway in the courts and gardens and invested the whole place with a romantic charm all its own, perhaps greater even than it possessed in the days of its glory. Agnès Sorel was the first of the long line of official mistresses acknowledged by the French kings, and her memory is dear to the people of the land. A legend has grown about the story of her life which, though wholly unauthenticated, throws a glamour over all the places she lived in.

The last stop of the day we made at Plaimpied, where in 1082 was founded an abbey, of which the twelfth-century church and buildings of the fifteenth are the only remnants. The church is a fine edifice in the Romanesque style of Poitou, in the shape of a Latin cross with an apse in three parts. The nave and its two aisles possess a multitude of storied capitals similar to those in the churches of Auvergne. Also suggestive of Auvergne is the ornamentation about the windows and the corbels around the outside of the apse made of bundles of cylindrical billets whose axes are parallel to the wall supporting them, not a single one being a sculptured head as at Saint-Étienne de Nevers.

And now at last, having for the day reached the point of saturation, we shut our eyes to churches, châteaux, and antiquities, and did the few remaining miles to Bourges without stopping. We were soon in sight of the enormous mass of the cathedral that towers over the city as high again as anything else in sight, but the hour was late and nothing could tempt us but the comfort we knew we should find at the *Hôtel Central*, one of the cosiest and most homelike inns we know of in all the provinces of France.

CHAPTER XXVII

BOURGES

History — Sketch of the life of Jacques Cœur — His palace — The Hôtel Cujas — Musée du Berry — Stair tower of the ancient Hôtel de Ville — The Hôtel Lallemant — Old portal of Saint-Ursin — Churches of Bourges — The Archevêché — Conflicting estimates of Bourges as a residence.

AVARIC was an important city long before the Romans seized it and turned its name into Avaricum. It was the capital of a populous nation of Gaul, the Bituriges, from which is derived Bourges, the name it has born since the third or fourth century of our era. It was captured by Cæsar only after a long and heroic defence, which was followed by a ruthless massacre of the inhabitants, accompanied with pillage and destruction of houses and public buildings. After the fall of the Roman Empire, its first rulers were the bishops, but they were gradually ousted by the feudal Viscounts and Counts of Bourges, until supreme authority was attained by the Dukes of Berry. The most famous of these was le duc Jean (1340–1416), a harsh ruler, but a great patron of the arts, who drew to his court several of the greatest artists of the day and made of Bourges a centre of culture, to which later the influence of Jacques Cœur contributed a large share. The town obtained its communal charter in 1179 and thence grew in wealth and importance until about 1422, when in the blackest period of the English wars it was almost the only considerable city left to Charles VII, derisively called by the English, the 'King of Bourges.' Charles VII and his son Louis XI often lived here, the former proclaiming here in 1438 the law of the Pragmatic

Sanction which regulated the relations of Church and State; the latter in 1463 founded the University which soon became famous, especially when under the direction of Jacques Cujas, who lectured at Bourges from 1577 until his death in 1590. Calvin was one of his students and it was at Bourges that he joined the Reformation. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew was very deadly at Bourges as also was the Great Revolution.

This sterile sketch, which I find in the guidebook, becomes imbued with life and interest as we lean out of our windows and discover, down the street a bit, the palace of Jacques Cœur, with its great roofs, tall chimneys, and dormer windows, only a stone's throw from us. We are in presence of the real thing, history has touched with a magic wand all these old stones that were silent witnesses of the procession of centuries. They are ready to speak to us and we sally forth to hear their story.

Jacques Cœur (*c.* 1395–1456) is one of the most sympathetic figures of the Middle Ages. Born at Bourges, this son of a well-to-do fur dealer was the founder of the trade between France and the Levant, which, though often interrupted, was for several centuries a chief commercial glory of France. About 1418 he married Macée de Léodepart, daughter of the Provost of Bourges. Toward 1429, in partnership with two brothers named Godard, he began to trade with the Levant and soon established himself at Montpellier, where he entered upon financial operations on a scale equal to those of our great modern financiers. As a result of his enterprises, he became a great shipowner and monopolized most of the trade between his country and the East, and even acted as banker for the Knights of Rhodes and for Venice.

In 1436, Charles VII appointed Jacques Cœur master of the mint, a difficult position, as the country was flooded with the debased coin of three reigns and a drastic change was needed. This reform in the currency was successfully carried out between 1435 and 1451, by the genius of the banker. In 1438, he was made steward of the royal expenditure; in 1451, he and his family were ennobled by letters patent. In 1444, he entered politics as one of the royal commissioners, presiding over the new *parlement* of Languedoc. Because of his vast interests in the East, he was able to negotiate treaties between Egypt and the Knights of Rhodes. He continued his diplomatic career by serving on a embassy to Amadeus VIII, former Duke of Savoy, who had become Pope Felix V, and by representing the French King at the court of Pope Nicholas V, when he brought about an agreement between Nicholas and Amadeus which ended the papal schism. Nicholas honored him with many marks of distinction and gave him a special licence to trade with the Infidels. About this time he began to supply Charles VII with large amounts of money for carrying on his wars. In 1449, after fighting at the King's side through the Normandy campaign, he entered Rouen in his train.

Jacques Cœur had now reached the height of his glory. He had successfully served the King as ambassador, and had enjoyed the doubtful honor of financing the war that drove the English from Normandy. It is amazing to read of the offices he held and of the colossal fortune he amassed. Like a modern capitalist, he expended his money on public works, building houses and chapels, and even founding colleges at Paris, at Montpellier, and at Bourges. The sacristy of the cathedral at Bourges was a gift from him; his own private house there was a magnificent palace and

remains one of the finest structures of the Gothic period in France. His family too shared in his honors; his brother Nicholas became Bishop of Luçon; his sister married Jean Bochetel, the King's secretary; his daughter married the son of the Viscount of Bourges, and his son Jean became Archbishop of Bourges. But Jacques Cœur's gigantic monopoly led only to his ruin. It was not the gods who envied his success, but the corrupt courtiers and the jealous merchants who declared that their business was ruined by 'that Jacquet.' They all owed him money, even members of the royal family, as well as the King himself, and they plotted for a chance to overthrow him.

At last in 1450, eighteen months after the death of Agnès Sorel, the King's mistress, the opportunity presented itself and Jacques Cœur was accused of having poisoned her. Though there was not the slightest pretext for such a charge, the King ordered the merchant to be arrested and his goods to be seized. He was brought for trial before a court composed of his debtors and the holders of his confiscated estates. Every conceivable charge of fraud and extortion was made against him, and though his innocence was manifest, his enemies secured his conviction. After twenty-two months of imprisonment, he was condemned to do public penance, to pay the King a sum equivalent to five million dollars of modern money, and to remain in prison until this was paid. Confiscation of his property and exile completed his sentence. Jacques Cœur probably remained in prison, and there is no doubt that his vast possessions were distributed among the King's intimates.

By some means, in 1455, Jacques Cœur managed to escape into Provence, and finally reached Rome. It

is a proof of the esteem with which he was held in Italy that he was honorably welcomed by his old friend Nicholas V, who was fitting out an expedition against the Turks. On the death of Nicholas, Calixtus III continued his work, and appointed Jacques Cœur to the command of a fleet of sixteen galleys sent to the relief of Rhodes. He set out on this expedition, but he was not destined to carry it to success. Shortly after starting he was taken ill at Chios, where he died on the 25th of November, 1456. After his death Charles VII, as if repentant, showed himself well disposed to the family, and allowed Jacques Cœur's sons to inherit whatever was left of their father's fortune.

That Jacques Cœur's wealth, though acquired through monopolies established by royal favor, was used generously cannot be gainsaid, nor can it be disputed that Charles VII, who profited by it so largely, acted as a contemptible cur in abandoning his faithful servant to a greedy pack of unprincipled courtiers. His conviction will ever remain a hideous stain on the memory of the monarch who never lifted a finger to save another devoted subject, to whom he owed even greater gratitude, the unfortunate but now beatified Jeanne d'Arc.

Begun in 1443, the palace of Jacques Cœur was but just finished in 1450, when a great house-warming party was given there to celebrate the arrival of his son Jean, as Archbishop of Bourges. It consists of a vast aggregation of low buildings enclosing a large inner court, and, standing just on the edge of the hill upon which old Bourges was built, the west side, or rear of the palace, plunges to a much lower level than the court to rest on the foundations of the Gallo-Roman walls. Two towers, incorporated into the west face of the house, made in their lower parts of layers

Neurdein Phot.

HOUSE OF JACQUES CŒUR, EAST FAÇADE, BOURGES

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

HOUSE OF JACQUES CŒUR, WEST FAÇADE, BOURGES

of stone embedded in cement alternating with courses of bricks, are indeed remnants of the city walls built in the fourth century. These ramparts have almost totally disappeared, but their foundations still encircle the old city, providing a solid base for many modern structures. The difference of level makes the rear façade of Jacques Cœur's house two or three stories higher than the front on the court. It has on the west side the simple and severe aspect of a large feudal castle, whose severity is somewhat mitigated by a pretty square in front, la Place Berry, adorned with flower beds and shrubs. A bronze statue of Louis XI by Jean Baffier, so lifelike that it compels attention, was placed here in the last century.

It is on the eastern façade and in the large court of honor that the architects displayed the treasures of ornamentation which make this residence perhaps the most precious relic extant in France of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. The façade consists of a central pavilion, between two wings only two stories high. Charming stone parapets run above the eaves of the high roofs; the mullioned windows, the gables and chimneys, all are profusely ornamented with tastefully carved designs and there is a great deal of curious and beautiful detail. The entrance is through a coach door with a small one beside it, as was usual in important private houses from the thirteenth century onwards. An elegant Gothic window in the centre pavilion indicates the position of the chapel; below is a balcony covered with a richly carved canopy which sheltered until the Revolution an equestrian statue of Charles VII in full armor. At the right and left in blind windows a man and a woman, apparently household servants, are represented in sculpture looking down the street. 'They appear to be watching for the

return of their master who left his beautiful house one morning and never came back.'[1]

The buildings containing the principal living apartments are at the bottom of the inner court, their rear windows opening on the Place Berry. A covered gallery on the ground floor, open toward the court through low arcades somewhat like cloisters, runs around the other three sides. Above it, on the north and south sides, are long enclosed halls, and in front, between the courtyard and the street, are more apartments and the chapel. The main building at the rear is agreeably diversified by three elegant stair towers projecting irregularly beyond the façade, for Gothic builders realized that a broken front is more effective than a straight one. Windows, cornices, chimneys, and roofs bear abundantly sculptured ornamentation. Notwithstanding its profusion there is no feeling of overloading. It is all in good taste, and trivial though many of the subjects in the carved panels may appear at first sight, they are all parts of a consistent whole. The decorated panels over the doors are intended to show the use of the apartment they lead to; thus, the entrance to the kitchens is made evident by a child turning a spit, a woman washing a dish, another manipulating a pestle in a mortar. The chapel is reached by a special staircase, just within the main entrance at the left. To indicate its destination the panels over the three archways leading to it represent religious subjects; in the first a bell-ringer pulls the bell-rope, a priest is advancing with a prayer-book in one hand, in the other an aspersion brush which he dips in the holy water; in the background is a mendicant with begging-bowl and crutch. The second panel shows a man holding his beads and a penitential whip; another re-

[1] Henry James, *A Little Tour in France.*

moves his fur cap and holds a maniple, while at the right is a man uncovering an altar upon which is a cross above a shell. In the third panel a lady with a tall headdress, accompanied by two ladies of honor followed by a page, is going to church. Shells and hearts, emblems in the arms of Jacques Cœur, are constantly met with as subjects of decoration, often in conjunction with his motto, '*A vaillans cœurs, riens impossible.*' Many panels are devoted to representations of the different sources of the fortune of the owner. Several show his ships and scenes on his farms; one, bearing date-palms and orange trees, recalls the connection of Jacques Cœur with the Levant trade; on another are workmen fulling cloth, a reminder of his interests in factories; still another shows Jacques himself, in a dress ornamented with embroidered shells, wielding a hammer, an allusion to his office of master of the mint. These panels, egotistical though they may be, are full of charm, grace, and naïveté. The man who could take pleasure in such homely reminders of his trade, could never have been guilty of the villainies imputed to him.

The interior of the house, which has been used since 1858 by the law courts of the city, is so much denatured by successive alterations, that it is now almost impossible to judge what it may have been in 1451. We remember many delightful mantelpieces with curious little decorated panels, and two halls whose ceilings are made in imitation of the framework of inverted vessels, an allusion to the maritime pursuits of the owner. The chapel is a high square apartment with richly frescoed ceiling, and so many exquisite details of carving as to defy description. We climbed the stairs leading to a terrace above the chapel, whence there is a striking view of the cathedral of Bourges and a chance to exam-

ine at close range the fine details of cornices, chimneys, and roof ridges.

In the year 1450, large gardens extended to the south, so as to include the land where now stands the Théâtre. Though the plan of the palace lacks almost every feature which we should to-day consider indispensable for comfort and convenience of service, it must have been a delightful residence. It was certainly still so, in the opinion of a loquacious Frenchman who accompanied us through most of the visit. This was such a *rara avis* in France that we cannot forbear mentioning him. Contrary to the common American impression, the French are very reserved; if any advances toward conversation must be made, we have always had to be the ones to break the ice. No notice whatever is usually taken of the stranger.

The Hôtel Cujas, that now houses the Musée du Berry, was so near that we decided to postpone our visit to the cathedral, keeping it purposely as a *bonne bouche* with which to end our long vacation. Jacques Cujas (1520–90) was a learned jurisconsult, whose title to fame rests on his studies of the Roman law, which in his time had become much debased. Disgusted with the teachings of ignorant commentators, he went back to the original documents, expounding in his works, which are still considered authoritative, the Justinian and Theodosian Codes. He was born at Toulouse, where he studied law and lectured in the University. In 1554, he was appointed Professor of Law at Toulouse and the following year at Bourges. Here he encountered such strong opposition from jealous rivals that he departed and went to Valence, where he won for himself a European reputation. After lengthy visits at Grenoble, Turin, and Paris, in which cities, besides lecturing on civil law, he held by appointment of King

Neurdein Phot.

GOTHIC STAIR TOWER OF FORMER HÔTEL DE VILLE, BOURGES

Neurdein Phot.

TYMPANUM OF PORTAL OF CHURCH OF SAINT-URSIN, BOURGES

Charles IX offices of trust and responsibility, he returned to Bourges about 1577 and there he remained until his death. In 1585, he purchased the residence which has since borne his name. The same sort of decorative features are to be seen there as in the Hôtel de Jacques Cœur, but on a much more modest scale. Though built toward 1506, the house is still a distinctly Gothic building, the Renaissance decoration having been added at various times by successive proprietors. An interesting detail at the right of the entrance is the stall of a mediæval money-changer. The museum contains important collections of antique and mediæval sculptures, furniture, and *bric-à-brac* from the entire neighborhood. It is in fact a veritable little Musée de Cluny for the Berry. The modern exhibits are negligible. We spent there a pleasant hour or two receiving 'a deep impression of vanished things,' as Henry James has so aptly put it.

On the way to another ancient house, the Hôtel Lallemant, we stopped to examine a delightful stair tower in the yard of the Petit Collège. It proved to be what is left of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, erected in the fifteenth-century. Its architecture and ornamentation are among the best to be seen in Bourges. Most amusing are the two stone warders, in panels of the tower facing the street, that have stood their guard for some four hundred and fifty years.

The Hôtel Lallemant is another interesting specimen of a rich burgher's house of the fifteenth century, though some of the decoration must belong to the reign of François I. Just as in the Hôtel Jacques Cœur and the Hôtel Cujas, the carvings are like jewelry work, and will repay careful examination. Stair towers, windows, and roofs bear exquisitely sculptured ornaments, marvellously light and ingenious. It is as though the

sculptor laughed at difficulties and amused himself with every fanciful device that could be worked out in stone for his pleasure and that of all beholders. The interior is rich in elegant sculptured fireplaces, lintels, and doorposts; the ceiling of the chapel, of deeply coffered stone, contains thirty sculptured panels that are precious little gems of varied subjects: a celestial globe with meridians, parallels, and the ecliptic, a beehive, a horn of plenty, an open book surrounded by flames, a winged child holding a garland, another who is using a *sabot* for his private purposes; still another winged cherub who is playing with a hobby horse. There is a joyful spirit in these little figures and one cannot behold them without being amused and delighted. We came away full of the mirth that doubtless animated the artist while he immortalized in enduring stone the exuberant fancies of his happy humor. The Hôtel Lallemant, now owned by the city, is devoted to the use of many scientific societies.

Another bit of quaint design must not be missed by the visitor at Bourges. It is a portal from the long-ago destroyed collegiate Church of Saint-Ursin, which has been reërected in the wall of a house in the Avenue de Sérancourt. Dating probably from the end of the eleventh century, the tympanum represents in the lower tier the twelve months of the year, each depicted by a man engaged in an occupation appropriate to the season. The middle tier is a spirited hunting scene; huntsmen, afoot and on horseback in a forest, are pursuing with dogs a stag and a boar. The upper tier represents on the left the fable of the stork and the wolf who was choking with a bone in his throat; on the right the burial of Renard the fox, who comes to life again and is about to spring on the cocks who are taking him to his grave. Not all church sculptures pointed a moral

lesson. These very comical scenes appear to have been simply an embellishment.

There are several churches in Bourges that should be seen, — Saint-Pierre-le-Guillard (twelfth century), Saint-Bonnet and Notre-Dame (both sixteenth century). We paid our respects to them too hastily, perhaps, for we were a little disappointed to find them as a whole composites of many different periods, the heavy hand of the restorer having, besides, well-nigh obliterated the greater part of the original construction. Such as remains is of interest, and probably more intimate acquaintance would lead us to revise our perhaps too sweeping estimate. The old houses of Bourges, on the other hand, are a joy, and there are scores of them; houses with curious carved wooden fronts, Renaissance houses with delightful portals and mullioned windows, intimate little *hôtels particuliers* of the seventeenth century with tantalizing high walls and *portes cochères* which conceal something worth seeing, the old building of *La Grange aux dîmes*, where the tithes were collected, with its quaint outside staircase, houses of notable citizens of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — houses with overhanging stories, many with little angle turrets or small corner shrines, and everywhere high peaked roofs with sweeping curves, at all sorts of queer angles with each other, and innumerable decorated chimneys. The fine buildings of the *Archevêché* have become the Hôtel de Ville; adjoining it are its gardens gay with flower beds and shady walks, laid out in the old French style by Le Nôtre, the landscape architect of Versailles. It is a pleasant place to sit of a summer afternoon, with the fine south side of the cathedral as a background on which to feast the eyes, while a regimental band plays good music in the distance. Bourges is headquarters of the Eighth Army Corps and a dis-

tinctly military character is imparted to it by the several imposing barracks and arsenals in the near suburbs. A fine new park joins on to the gardens of the *Archevêché*, with shady alleys and tastefully planted flower beds, beyond which are the architectural waterworks of the city, designated, as is usual in France, by the grand name of *Château d'Eau.*

Bourges offers many attractions for a protracted stay, there is much to see and study, the environs are delightful, the city is clean, and when we add that the living there is of the best — for the Berry is a land of plenty — that its inhabitants are courteous and gentle, its shops excellent, well supplied and all prices very moderate, no one will wonder that it is one of the cities of France we love most. One must not count on artificial diversions, however. A cinema theatre or two and occasional band concerts are the only excitements to be expected. Bourges is a typical *petite ville de Province,* where life flows on monotonously except for the student. We met once a French colonel of artillery who had been stationed there. His frank verdict was '*Bourges — ça ne me dit rien. On y meurt d'ennui,*' which may be freely rendered 'Bourges, I have no use for, one is bored to death there.' He had to admit, however, that it possessed admirable records of the past and that if one were interested in such things it might be '*passable.*' To many persons the charm of the cathedral will be vastly enhanced by its restful, even somnolent, environment. There is much here of the peaceful quietude, one might even say the reverential atmosphere, so characteristic of an English cathedral close.

Neurdein Phot.

ARMS OF ANNE OF BRITTANY AND LOUIS XII, HÔTEL LALLEMANT, BOURGES

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE TITHE BARN, THIRTEENTH CENTURY, BOURGES

SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL, BOURGES

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CATHEDRAL SAINT-ÉTIENNE OF BOURGES

History of the monument — General description — The west front — The Romanesque portals — The nave and choir — The spell of its wonderful stained glass — The different periods and where they may be seen — The crypt — Conclusion

We come now to the Cathedral of Saint-Étienne, before which we feel keenly the inadequacy of words to describe it. For some intangible reason it impressed us almost as much as Chartres, certainly more so than Paris, Beauvais, or Amiens. We are not so fortunate as to have known Reims before the war, and though we are aware that Saint-Étienne, in the estimate of competent judges, is outranked by all of these grand churches, we love it as much or more. It has some obvious defects — the western towers are unequal and too low for the great width of the façade; the southern one, stumpy though it be, would collapse without the support of the singular buttress that props it like a crutch; there are no transepts, nor any longer a spire, where the choir joins the nave. These criticisms are well founded, yet the beauty of the whole is such that minor defects are forgotten, just like an imperfection on the face of a beloved friend.

The cathedral stands on the site of the first Christian church, built about the end of the third century. A new one replaced it about 380 and another again in 850. A gallery thirty-five feet long, with rough arcades resting on square pillars, back of the crypt, is believed to be a remnant of this. A much grander edifice took its place at the beginning of the twelfth century. It must

have been very large and fine if we can judge it by all that is left — two portals incorporated in the present cathedral, apparently never disturbed. It was probably finished or at least well along in 1137, for Louis VII was crowned there in that year. According to some authorities, the existing cathedral was begun in 1190; others say 1194. Only two important churches in France are older — Sens Cathedral begun in 1144, and Paris in 1163. Chartres was rebuilding in 1194 after a disastrous fire, Reims was begun in 1211, and Amiens in 1220. It is probable that some of the defects which developed later at Bourges were due to the early date of its construction, when architects were still feeling their way in the new Gothic style and by no means certain that their buildings would stand. The crypt, which, on account of the slope of the hill, is practically above ground, was finished first, then the choir above it; the nave and façade not being completed until the beginning of the fourteenth century. The cathedral was dedicated on the 5th of May, 1324. Even then a good deal of the construction must have been temporary, for we know that the great rose window of the façade was put in about 1390 by the Duke Jean de Berry, and that several chapels were added in the course of the fifteenth century, notably that of Jacques Cœur, as also the large sacristy at the north side of the choir, a gift to the chapter in 1446 from the rich merchant. The massive building called *le pilier butant*, at the right of the façade, built to receive the thrust of the enormous flying buttresses that stay the south tower, was put up at the end of the fifteenth century when it began to show signs of weakness. The chapter should have taken warning and looked to the north tower, for this one collapsed on the 31st of December, 1506. Rebuilding was started in 1508 and lasted till 1536, money

being obtained in part by the sale of indulgences permitting to purchasers the use of milk and butter in Lent. The people appropriately named it at once *la tour de beurre.*

The cathedral was scarcely finished when the religious wars broke out and the work of destruction began. The statues of the façade and those of the choir screen were pulled down or defaced during the few weeks in 1562 when the Calvinists occupied Bourges. More chapels were completed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, notably those of the Montigny and Laubespine families. The chapter, during the eighteenth century, was almost as destructive as the Calvinists had been, the splendid sculptured stone choir screen, fragments of which are in the Musée du Berry and at the Louvre, and several thirteenth-century stained-glass windows being removed by its orders. Then came the Revolution when more damage was done. The nineteenth century was, on the whole, more considerate, but a good deal of ornamentation of questionable taste was added, chiefly on the outside of the building, overloading the primitive simple outline with useless pinnacles, crockets, and balustrades. Such in the main is the history of this noble church, which for six hundred years has stood virtually as its unknown builders conceived it.

This is not the place to describe every detail of construction, especially since the publication of the monograph of Amédée Boinet. We shall confine ourselves to calling attention to some features that struck us as most worthy of attention, our object being always to make others wish to see what has given us great pleasure.

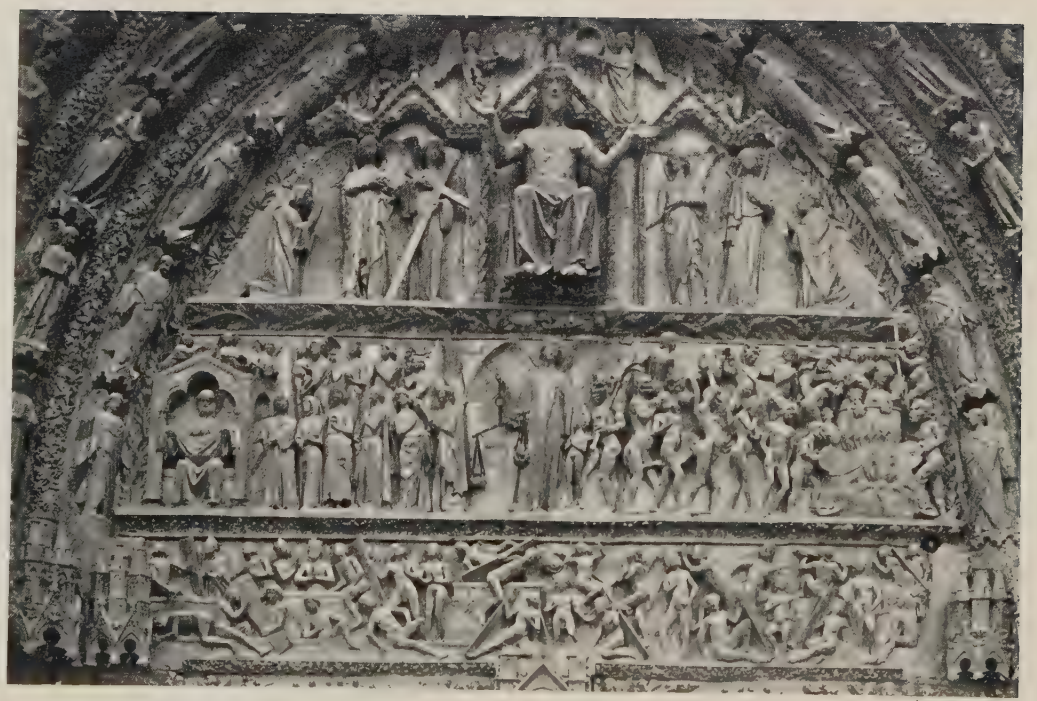
Contrary to the rule adopted for nearly all the great Gothic churches, the plan is not cruciform. It is a long

parallelogram without transepts terminated by a semicircular east end. The total outside length of the edifice is four hundred and ten feet, inside length three hundred and eighty-seven feet; the outside width is one hundred and sixty-four feet, the inner one hundred and thirty-five feet. The central nave and choir, both forty-nine feet wide, have double aisles on each side, continued around the east end as ambulatories. The outer aisles are only twenty-nine and one half feet high. The inner aisles, seventy feet high, are surmounted by a triforium and clerestory. The central nave also has a triforium and clerestory, so that standing in the centre the visitor beholds two triforiums and three tiers of windows, providing unusually good illumination of the entire church.

The plan is reflected in the disposition of the façade, which has a portal before each section of the nave, five in all, an arrangement unique in France. One should note the manner in which the vertical lines are emphasized by the great projecting buttresses. There is nothing better anywhere. The happy disposition of the galleries, marking the different stories on the towers, is a point to be noted, as also the richly decorated balustrades and arcades in the *tour de beurre*, though it must be admitted that the architectural lines in the south tower are better. Though the statuary of the facade is much mutilated or altogether missing, there remains such a wealth of interesting detail as will more than satisfy the most exacting student. The central portal and the two at its right date from the end of the thirteenth century; the other two were rebuilt after the fall of the north tower. Each portal is divided into two bays by a trumeau. The central portal is surmounted, as is usual in many thirteenth-century churches, by a realistic representation of the Last Judg-

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

THE FIVE WESTERN PORTALS OF THE CATHEDRAL, BOURGES



Neurdein Phot.

THE LAST JUDGMENT, TYMPANUM OF CENTRAL PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL, BOURGES

ment, but this one is famous in being treated more powerfully than elsewhere; one should read the fine description in Émile Mâle's '*Religious Art in France in the Thirteenth Century.*' The next portal, dedicated to Saint Étienne shows incidents in the life of the saint. The southerly portal, dedicated to Saint Ursin, the Apostle of Berry and Bourbonnais, is devoted to events in his life. The statues on the trumeaux of these portals are modern and of no particular merit. Directly north of the great portal is that of the Virgin, rebuilt in the sixteenth century, but containing many statues of the thirteenth. The statue of the Virgin, which originally adorned the trumeau, has disappeared; the tympanum represents the death of the Virgin, her Assumption and Coronation. By a singular iconographic error which would not have been made in the thirteenth century, the Christ has the Virgin at his left. The last portal is devoted to Saint Guillaume, an early Archbishop of Bourges; though entirely of the sixteenth century, it is in the Gothic style. The statue on the trumeau is by Marsault Paule, a sixteenth-century sculptor of great ability, who contributed more than any other to the decoration of this portal and that of the Virgin. The two stories of niches which decorate the sides of all five portals are for the greater part empty, the statues they contained having been destroyed by the Protestants, but an admirable series of little bas-reliefs is still extant in the spandrels above the arcades of the niches. Beginning at the left, they represent scenes in the life of the Virgin, followed by events in the life of Christ; these are of sixteenth-century workmanship. When we reach the central portal, they become thirteenth-century work, and it is noticeable that the carving is better and the relief greater, some of the personages being sculptured almost in the round. The subjects are now

taken from the Old Testament, and we find the Creation, followed by incidents in the lives of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah, then the Ark and the Deluge, episodes of the planting of the vine and Noah's drunkenness. There are sixty-one subjects in all, teaching the Scriptures in a naïve, direct manner, accessible to the most illiterate, and once seen, never forgotten.

Passing to the north side of the cathedral, we must stop and examine the twelfth-century Romanesque portal, under the graceful thirteenth-century porch that protects it. This portal being dedicated to *Notre-Dame-de-Grâce*, the Virgin is shown under a dais upon the tympanum, with the Child on her knees, but the figures that surround her have been so mutilated that the scenes represented can only be conjectured; they appear to be the Magi, the Annunciation, and the Visitation. The vaulting of the porch is decorated with curious strings of monkeys and of owls. All the sculpture is of extreme beauty and we see here storied capitals of superior merit, no longer the naïve productions of the Limousin and Auvergne. At the left of this porch and projecting some twenty feet from the wall of the cathedral is the old chapter house. It communicates with a large hall above the porch, where the archives were formerly kept. Still farther to the left another projecting construction houses the sacristy and new chapter hall built through the munificence of Jacques Cœur. At the right of the portal of *Notre-Dame-de-Grâce*, in the northeast corner of the *tour de beurre*, the turret containing the staircase makes its dizzy ascent to the summit, reached by three hundred and ninety-six seemingly interminable steps. We did not attempt it, but young and enthusiastic members of our family did so and were apparently well repaid for the effort. The eight admirable statues on the tower

date from the thirteenth century. They were formerly, it is thought, at the right and left of the portal of Saint Guillaume, and were placed here after the rebuilding of 1508. A few are remarkable and deserve to be classed among the finest works of grand Gothic sculpture.

Retracing our steps past the western façade, we come now to the south side of the cathedral by passing under the arches of the wide flying buttresses that span the space between the south tower and the *pilier butant.* The prisons of the chapter were located on the lower floor of this grim building, lighted only by narrow slits in walls of great thickness. Just beyond a wide semi-circular bay belonging to the *Chapelle du Sacré-Cœur*, the largest in the cathedral, we come to the twelfth-century south portal, which corresponds to the one on the north side, and like it is preceded by a thirteenth-century porch. The decoration is richer and better preserved. Over the tympanum is represented a Christ in Majesty with the Symbols of the Evangelists. Below, instead of the usual twenty-four Elders of the Apocalypse, the twelve Apostles converse two by two. Against each side wall three splendid statues of prophets stand on short columns under little canopies surmounted by miniature churches, no two alike. Still higher up are four storied capitals on each side, then the archivolts, all profusely carved, sweep over the portal in retreating semi-circles. The sculpture is most exquisite and of extreme richness of conception and execution. The capitals especially represent a far higher development than anything of the period we had yet studied. We picked out the fall and punishment of Adam and Eve, David playing the harp, the sacrifice of Isaac, Samson and the lion. The geometric and foliated designs are wonderful little masterpieces,

more like silversmith's work than the stonecutter's craft. A fine twelfth-century Christ, in a fair state of preservation, stands against the trumeau between the two beautiful Gothic doors, so the portal is called *Portail du Christ.* The *ensemble* is amazingly like the twelfth-century west portal of Chartres. We find here the same sort of hieratic statues, so appropriately architectural in their columnar attitudes, the same rigidity in the serried folds of the garments, and the same marvellous expression in the powerful faces of the personages. This portal alone would be worth the visit to Bourges, were there nothing else to be seen!

The mass of the cathedral as seen from the side is tremendously impressive. It is relieved from heaviness by the beauty of the forest of pinnacled piers joined together by the bold sweep of double flying buttresses and the exquisite tracery of the great Gothic windows. A curious tower-like pier on the south side of the choir, capped with a pencil point of stone, puzzled us until we discovered that it contained the staircase of Saint Guillaume which gives access to the several roof levels. The topmost is reached by very narrow steps, on the upper side of a flying buttress, thus bridging the gap between the tower and the upper clerestory wall. Protected by a frail iron rail, this staircase is only practicable for persons to whom dizziness in high places is unknown. The apsidal chapels, with their high conical roofs covered with overlapping stone slabs, connect in the happiest way the lighter upper structure, by an easy descent, firmly with the ground.

We now enter the cathedral, preferably by one of the western doors. The impression of size is overwhelming. Imagine one of our twelve-story skyscrapers standing within the nave. The top of the vault, one hundred and twenty-two feet above the flooring, easily clears it.

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

SOUTH PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL
BOURGES

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

DETAIL OF SOUTH PORTAL OF THE
CATHEDRAL, BOURGES

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, BOURGES

Nor is the width less impressive — one hundred and thirty-five feet from wall to wall. Nothing interferes with the view, no transepts interrupt the perspective, choir and nave follow each other and continue lengthening till the end of the church seems infinitely distant. The height is further emphasized by the great elevation of the first aisles. This has been objected to by some critics, but we cannot agree with them, considering it rather one of the beauties of the edifice. No ornament distracts the attention, the pillars of nave and choir rise in a bold unbroken jet, made lighter by the great spaces between them, and behind this imposing and gigantic colonnade the radiant stained-glass windows shed on the white stone their effulgent beams in an infinite variety of tones of color.

The disposition of the interior is well shown in our illustration. It will be noticed that the vaults of the main nave and choir are sexpartite — that is, each unit covers two bays — an arrangement found only in very early Gothic churches when architects believed that ribbed vaults must be built on a square plan. The nave being about as wide as two bays, in order to obtain a square, the cross-ribs were carried over a pair of bays and reënforced besides by ribs running from the intersection to the intermediate piers. As this pier took the load of a single rib, it could have been made lighter than the main piers where three ribs meet, but hardly any difference is noticeable at Bourges. By the year 1200 the advantages of the quadripartite vault, covering only one bay, had come to be generally recognized and sexpartite vaults became the exception. The builders of Bourges evolved a system of their own for carrying the load of roof and wall arches to the ground; eight shafts grouped around each main pillar give a graceful soaring effect to the huge piers that

spring with no interruption to a height of fifty-six feet.

The windows of the clerestory, divided into three panels in nave and choir and two around the apse, occupy all the wall space between piers, thus affording the maximum of light possible, a light tempered by the thirteenth-century stained glass, always mellow, never harsh and brutal. Unlike Paris and Laon, the triforium has no gallery behind it, only a narrow passage for communication. Galleries went out of use at about the same time as sexpartite vaults, and this is one of the first examples of the form of triforium that was destined to prevail throughout the Gothic period. The little arcades of the triforium, relieved of the superincumbent weight by a pointed arch that concentrates it on the main piers, are marvels of lightness and elegance, a long step in advance from the triforiums of such churches as Saint-Étienne-de-Nevers and Notre-Dame-du-Port. The same dispositions are observed in the triforium and clerestory of the inner aisles, though necessarily on a reduced scale. The vaulting of the aisles is quadripartite in both nave and choir. It is of interest to study the vaulting of the aisles in the semi-circle of the apse, where the surface to be covered was of trapezoidal shape. The early builders were under the impression that the ribs must cross midway of the width of the aisle. To achieve this, they gave the ribs the shape of a reversed curve, producing a very curious twisting effect; besides being unnecessary this construction weakened the vault and gave some trouble later.

The windows of Saint-Étienne are perhaps the crowning glory of the interior. 'With the single exception of Chartres, no church contains so rich a treasure of stained glass. This gives it a charm of

perspective, a poetry that at once place it in the front rank of Gothic cathedrals.'[1] Another distinguished student of the mediæval period says: 'The development of stained glass was a work of Christian times, its inception and its progress an answer to spiritual needs. The mysticism of the Middle Ages was to cultivate with fervour an art that helped it to expand. In those radiant openings pierced in the stone, between the heaven of the blessed and the earth of the wretched, this mysticism expressed all its dream, its faith, its legends, by a splendour that was real. The stained glass of Christianity is doubly symbolic. It is the path by which God sends to men a vision of the glory of Heaven, and the way by which their prayers ascend to the Infinite. . . . God knows that the Middle Ages in their never ending misery had need of faith; the hymn of stained glass is its song of hope.' [2]

Specimens of every period from the twelfth to the seventeen centuries are to be seen here, a range unequalled anywhere else. A window of the outer aisle, just west of the south lateral portal, contains a single precious fragment of twelfth-century glass, picturing the Annunciation and the Adoration of the Magi. There is a wealth of thirteenth-century glass in the great windows of the choir clerestory, where the Virgin and Child with Saint Étienne occupy the place of honor high above the main altar. To the right of the Virgin (north side) are the prophets, to the left of Saint Étienne (south side) the apostles, all grand standing figures of huge size with expressions of uncompromising might and power. Eight thirteenth-century windows remain out of the twenty-six that existed originally in the middle tier above the inner ambulatory. These

[1] Buhot de Kersers, *Essai sur l'architecture religieuse en Berry.*
[2] Edmond Haraucourt, *L'Histoire de France au Musée de Cluny.*

represent early bishops of the diocese of Bourges; the others, now filled by *grisailles*, show the utter lack of appreciation of stained glass on the part of the eighteenth-century canons of the chapter. On the pretext of lack of light in the choir, eighteen were removed and destroyed to the lasting shame of these faithless custodians. Glass of the thirteenth century is chiefly remarkable for its color. Émile Mâle says of it, 'That profound poetry of light unknown to our climate, the brilliancy of eternal verdure, the splendor of distant mountains and of the sea, all that enchantment of which the man of the north dreams, our artists put in their stained glass.' Later on, glassmakers sacrificed color to design and perspective, producing interesting results, as we may see in the chapels of the nave and some of the choir, yet always lacking the peculiar spiritual glow that illuminates the earlier glass. Owing to their nearness, many windows in the outer ambulatory and the apsidal chapels afford the best opportunity to study this glass.

Beginning on the left of the choir at the first window of the ambulatory with the parable of Lazarus and the rich man, the thirteenth-century glass continues all the way around the apse to the last apsidal chapel, where is pictured the life of Joseph. The subjects represented are largely taken from the Bible and Voragine's Golden Legend such as: the life of Saint Mary the Egyptian, discovery of the relics of Saint Étienne, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the New Alliance, the Last Judgment, the Passion, the Apocalypse, the life of Saint Thomas. The stories should be followed from left to right and from below upward, except in the window of the Good Samaritan, which must be read from above downward. Very interesting are the small lower panels recording the donors, usually guilds of

craftsmen. Thus the masons are shown by men mixing mortar, building a church, and carrying stones and hods; the weavers are at work before a loom; the tanners, the butchers, the furriers, the stonecutters are indicated by scenes appropriate to the various crafts.

Fourteenth-century glass, rare everywhere — for that period of wars and domestic turmoils produced but little — is nevertheless splendidly recorded at Bourges in the great rose of the west portal, placed there toward 1390 by the Duke Jean de Berry. The rays of the rose are a mosaic in which yellow and white predominate. In the centre is a dove on a red background, symbolizing the Holy Ghost. One should see this rose toward evening when the rays of the setting sun are full upon it. Then it is like a fairy stream of precious stones; sparkling sheaves of golden light play about it, the mullions melting into the glow. Below the rose are represented, in the fifteenth-century lancet windows under superb silvery canopies of the period, great standing figures of Saint Guillaume and Saint Jacques at the left, the Annunciation in the centre, and Saint Étienne and a bishop, perhaps Saint Ursin, at the right.

The stained glass of periods subsequent to the fourteenth century, extending to the seventeenth, is mostly in the chapels of the nave and choir, private foundations of rich families. The first on the north nearest the west portal was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, long after the fall of the *tour de beurre*, by the widow of the Maréchal de Montigny. Of the sumptuous mausoleum she erected, only a noble statue of the Maréchal remains and a fine window, dated 1619, representing the Assumption of the Virgin. The donors, the Maréchal and his wife, both gorgeously apparelled, are the most conspicuous figures of the composition. The second

chapel — des Fradets, erected between 1462 and 1467 — has a superb window, representing in four lancets the Evangelists, and above, the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove soaring above the Virgin, and various scenes from the New Testament. The window of the third chapel, dating from about 1470, represents Saint Gregory, Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome, and Saint Ambrose, holding scrolls whereon are inscriptions relating to the life of Saint Martin. An identical window, probably by the same artist, is in the Sainte-Chapelle of Riom. A typical scene follows in the fourth chapel, the legend of Saint Denis, in sixteen panels of early sixteenth-century glass (1517–1518), an illustration of a mystery play. The subject in the fifth chapel is an Adoration of the Magi. The left panel shows the donors, Jean de Breuil and his brother Martin, presented by Saint John. The window is dated 1467. One should examine while passing here the beautiful fifteenth-century doors of the sacristy, given by Jacques Cœur, and that leading to the crypt, both charming specimens of late Gothic style. The next chapel, with a window dated 1404–1406 is that of the Trousseau family. That no doubt may be entertained as to their being on the best of terms with the Church, the entire family is pictured being presented to the Virgin by their sponsors. We see here Jacques Trousseau and his wife, their son Pierre, canon of the cathedral, offering a model of the chapel of which he was the founder, and his two brothers and a sister. The last chapel on the north side is that of Jacques Cœur. A lovely window given by him, dating from 1448 to 1450, represents, between Saint James and Saint Catherine, a fine Annunciation taking up the two centre panels. Needless to add, the quality of the glass is superb, for Jacques Cœur always had the best of everything. The arms above these pictures are

those of the Laubespine family, who, not content with acquiring Jacques Cœur's house in 1552, must also substitute their crest for his in the house of God. They also destroyed his tomb, which it is true he never occupied, erecting in its stead a superb mausoleum of their own that was smashed in 1793. Three statues were saved, and these stand on the floor beside the little oratory where Jacques Cœur and his wife sat on days of great ceremonies. They represent the Chancellor Guillaume de Laubespine, his wife, and their son Charles, once Keeper of the Seals; very interesting are all three, as probably authentic portraits in costumes of the period.

Passing now to the other side of the choir, we must stop a moment to look at the statues of Duke Jean de Berry and his second wife, Jeanne de Boulogne. Placed on either side of the Lady Chapel, these figures, clothed in very grand apparel, formerly knelt before the Virgin in the Sainte-Chapelle of the ducal palace, which Duke Jean had erected for his last resting-place. The heads of these statues, smashed during the Revolution, have been replaced by new ones, made from very accurate sketches of the originals drawn by the celebrated painter Hans Holbein, during a visit he made to Bourges, and now preserved in the Museum of Bâle. We can pass by the first chapel we come to, that of Saint Solange, for the windows are modern and the restorer has done his worst with what he found that was old. The next chapel — of the Aligret family — has a fine window of very early fifteenth-century glass, representing the whole family of the founder presented by Saint Michel and an unknown bishop to Saint Catherine and Saint Nicholas. The full rich tones of early glass are strikingly apparent, after looking at the hard garish windows of the preceding chapel. The

Tullier family were the owners of the next, where the window, dated 1532, is a veritable *tableau de famille.* The Saints, Peter, John, and James, are presenting to the Virgin the father and mother, the donor and six brothers and nephews, all ecclesiastics. A charming Virgin and Child, with a little Saint John the Baptist, occupy the left panel of the window, the other three being none too many to take care of this large crowd. The next chapel is beyond the twelfth-century south portal. It is that of the Sacré Cœur and contains only fragments of old glass, but the chapel of the Le Roy which adjoins it possesses rich windows dating from 1473 and 1474, containing pictures of the Apostles. Though somewhat damaged, the glass is typical of the best the fifteenth century could produce. The upper window contains the Assumption of the Virgin, while the donor and his wife modestly occupy but two small panels at the bottom. Next comes the chapel of the Copin family, where the windows of about 1518 represent the martyrdoms of Saint Étienne and Saint Laurent, repellent though admirable scenes of ferocious cruelty.

We descended into the crypt to see the tomb of Duke Jean de Berry, made about 1457 by the order of his nephew Charles VII. All that is left of it since the Revolution, when it was seriously damaged, is a large black marble slab upon which reposes the white marble figure of a man who rivalled in wealth and power the great Dukes of Bourbon and of Burgundy. The head is large and square and the face expresses good nature and sweetness of disposition, though not without a suggestion of strength of will, all done with such artlessness as to convince one that it is a faithful portrait. The clothing is simple and natural, the feet rest on a muzzled bear. Like the other great dukes, Jean had

Cl. Archives Phot., Paris

WINDOW OF CHAPEL OF THE TULLIER FAMILY (1532),
CATHEDRAL OF BOURGES

Neurdein Phot.

Cl Archives Phot., Paris

DUKE JEAN DE BERRY AND HIS SECOND WIFE, JEANNE DE BOULOGNE, CATHEDRAL, BOURGES

Neurdein Phot.

RECONSTRUCTED TOMB OF JEAN DE BERRY
BOURGES MUSEUM

prepared for himself a sumptuous resting-place in his palace. La Sainte-Chapelle was built as a replica of that of the same name in Paris, but even larger and more ornate. This was demolished in 1757 by order of Louis XV, and the tomb was removed to the cathedral. It was then an elaborate sarcophagus surrounded by many statuettes of mourners, some of which we had admired at the Musée du Berry. Enough of these have been recovered to allow a complete restoration, which may be seen at the Trocadéro Museum in Paris. A large group of sixteenth-century statues in the back part of the crypt represents the Entombment of Christ. The feeble rays of a lantern provided by the beadle failed to illuminate it sufficiently to judge of its merit, which appeared to us questionable in spite of the assertion of the *bedeau* that it was *très admiré*. We were more interested by the crypt itself, which reproduces exactly the plan of the choir — that is, a large chapel with double ambulatories. It is unusually high and spacious, admirably lighted for a crypt and vaulted with splendid ribbed arches supported on enormous columns, giving an impression of indestructible solidity.

Our travels for that season ended at Bourges. In the course of less than eight weeks, covering approximately thirty-five hundred kilometres, we had become familiar with the mediæval schools of religious architecture and sculpture of Poitou, Auvergne, and Périgord; as well as with domestic architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The scenic beauty of a part of France, which is practically unknown to American travellers, had been an unexpected revelation. Of Gothic architecture we had seen but little, for it belongs more properly to the north of France. It

seems fitting to end this volume at Bourges, in the presence of this grand Gothic cathedral that illustrates well the full development of this peculiarly French art, so representative of the religious, architectural and artistic achievements of a period when the minds of the people were stimulated by faith and self-sacrifice, rather than the pursuit of wealth and material well-being.

THE END

GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY

Ambulatory. Any part of a building intended for walking, as the aisles of a church; particularly those surrounding the choir and apse.

Apsidiole. A small apse, a secondary apse.

Archivolt. An ornamental moulding or band of mouldings on the face of an arch.

Barbican. A fortified outpost outside of the moat, protecting the approach to the drawbridge.

Bay. A principal compartment or division in the architectural arrangement of a building, marked by pillars or buttresses on the walls, by the position of main ribs in the interior vaulting, or by any other leading features that separate the design into corresponding parts.

Billet Moulding. An ornament much used in early mediæval work, consisting of an imitation of a wooden billet, or a small section of a rod, of which a series are placed at regular intervals in or upon a moulding.

Chemin de ronde. A continuous footway upon the top of ramparts protected by the battlements and affording means of communication between towers and bastions.

Clerestory. The upper story of a church, perforated by a range of windows lighting the central portion of the building.

Corbel. A bracket of wood, stone, or iron projecting from the vertical face of a wall to support some superincumbent object.

Crocket. An ornament most frequently treated as recurved foliage placed on the angles of the inclined sides of pinnacles, canopies, or gables, etc.

Flamboyant architecture. The last phase of Gothic architecture, characterized by wavy, flame-like tracery, as in windows and openwork.

Grisaille. A stained-glass window in gray tints of various shades.

Île-de-France. The government of the Île-de-France, though not one of the Provinces of ancient France, was by the sixteenth century much more extensive than the ancient part of France so designated. It has constituted the modern *départements* of the Seine, almost the entire Seine et Oise, important parts of those

of Seine et Marne, Oise, and Aisne, and minor parts of the *départements* of the Loiret and the Nièvre.

Machicoulis. An opening in the floor of a projecting gallery, made for the purpose of hurling missiles or pouring down molten pitch or lead on an enemy attempting to enter or place a mine.

Mandorla. An almond-shaped space, opening, or panel Also a work of art placed in such a space, as a bas-relief or the like. In painting, the aureola or nimbus surrounding a figure.

Monstrance. Any receptacle in which sacred relics were held up to view. Also the glass-faced shrine in which the Host is presented for the adoration of the people.

Narthex. A capacious lofty vestibule usually of the full width of the church. In primitive times the narthex was the part of the church to which the catechumens, the energumens, and certain classes of penitents were admitted. Sometimes it was set apart for the women of the congregation.

Pendentive. One of the triangular segments of the lower part of a hemispherical dome left by the penetration of the dome by two vaults intersecting at right angles.

Phylactery. A strip of parchment on which were written certain texts, generally from the Old Testament.

Pyx. The vase or vessel in which the reserved Eucharist is kept.

Reredos. A screen or a decorated part of the wall behind an altar in a church, especially when an altar does not stand free, but against the wall. An altar piece.

Spandrel. The triangular space comprehended between the outer curve of an arch, a horizontal line drawn through its apex, and a vertical line drawn through its springing.

Squinch. A small arch or a series of arches thrown across an angle, as in a square tower, to support the side of a superimposed octagon. In Western architecture it is frequent as performing the function of the Eastern pendentive.

Storied capital. Adorned with scenes from a story or from history, executed by means of sculpture, painting, or other art.

Triforium. A gallery above the arches of the nave and choir and often of the transepts of a church, opening into the nave and choir by a series of arcades in each bay. Some authorities consider the triforium as only the series of openings between the gallery and the body of the church.

Trumeau. Any piece of wall between two openings, particularly the central pillar often dividing great doorways.

Tympanum. The space above a door or a window bounded by the arch above, often constituting a field for sculpture in relief or for a painting.

Voussoir. A truncated wedge-shaped stone which forms one of the units of an arch.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Auriol, A. *Pour visiter Saint Sernin de Toulouse.* Imp. J. Fournier, Toulouse, 1920.

Les Peintures de Sainte Cécile. Albi, n. d.

Blomfield, Reginald. *History of French Architecture from the Reign of Charles VIII till the Death of Mazarin* (1494–1661). G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London, 1911.

Bodington, Oliver E. *The Romance Churches of France.* Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 1925.

Bonnefoy, l'Abbé. *L'Abbaye de Saint Robert, de la Chaise-Dieu.* Imp. Moderne, Aurillac, 1903.

Bouillet, l'Abbé A. *L'Église et le Trésor de Conques.* Carrère, édit. Rodez, 1914.

Bréhier, Louis. *L'Art Chrétien.* Henri Laurens, Paris, 1918.

Corroyer, Édouard. *L'Architecture Romane.* Ancienne Maison Quantin, Paris, 1888.

L'Architecture Gothique. Ancienne Maison Quantin, Paris, 1891.

Darsiles, H. Buriot, et Jean Locquin. *Le Musée de Moulins.* Cahiers du Centre, Moulins, 1915.

De la Croix, Le R. P. Camille. *Le Baptistère Saint Jean de Poitiers.* Imp. Blais et Roy, Poitiers, 1904.

Emerson, William, and Georges Gromort. *Old Bridges of France.* American Institute of Architects, 1925.

Fabre, Abel. *Pages d'Art Chrétien.* Bonne Presse, Paris, 1920.

Farcy, L. de. *Les Tapisseries de la Cathédrale d'Angers.* Desclée, de Brouwerdt et Cie, Lille, 1889.

Foville, Jean de, et Auguste Le Sourd. *Les Châteaux de la France.* Librairie Hachette, n. d.

Funck-Brentano, Frantz. *Le Moyen Âge.* Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1922.

Les Origines — Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1925.

L'Ancien Régime — Arthème Fayard et Cie. Édit. Paris, 1926.

Gauchery, P., et A. de Grossouvre. *Notre Vieux Bourges.* Léon Renaud, édit., Bourges, 1912.

Haraucourt, Edmond. *L'Histoire de France expliquée au Musée de Cluny.* Libr. Larousse, Paris, 1922.

James, Henry. *A Little Tour in France.*

Jourda de Vaux, Gaston de. *Polignac.* Imp. Peyriller, Rouchon et Gamon, Le Puy, n. d.

Labbé de la Mauvinière, H. *Poitiers et Angoulême — Villes d'Art Célèbres.* Henri Laurens, édit., Paris, 1925.

Lahondès, Jules de. *Les Monuments de Toulouse.* Édouard Privat, Imp. Toulouse, 1920.

Langlois, Charles Victor. *La Vie en France au Moyen Âge.* Vol. I. *D'après des Romans Mondains du Temps.* Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1924.

Vol. II. *D'après des Moralistes du Temps.* Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1925.

Lasteyrie, R. de. *L'Architecture Religieuse en France à l'Époque Romane.* Alph. Picard, Paris, 1912.

Le Brun, l'Abbé. *L'Abbaye et l'Église de Saint Savin.* Imp. P. Oudin, Poitiers, 1888.

Lefèvre-Pontalis, E., Publiées sous la direction de Mr. *Petites Monographies des Grands Édifices de la France:*

L'Abbaye de Moissac, par Auguste Anglès.

La Cathédrale d'Albi, par Jean Laran.

La Cathédrale de Bourges, par Amédée Boinet.

La Cathédrale de Limoges, par René Fage.

Souvigny et Bourbon l'Archambault, par F. Deshoulières. Henri Laurens, édit., Paris, n. d.

Locquin, Jean. *Nevers et Moulins, Villes d'Art Célèbres.* Henri Laurens, édit., 1913.

Mâle, Emile. *L'Art Religieux du XIIe Siècle en France.* Librairie Armand Colin, Paris, 1922.

L'Art Religieux du XIIIe Siècle en France. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris, 1923.

L'Art Religieux de la Fin du Moyen Âge. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris, 1922.

Malègue, Hippolyte. *Album photographique des Tapisseries de la Chaise-Dieu.* M. Didron, aîné, Paris, n. d.

Martin, Henry. Sous la direction de:

La Grammaire des Styles. Librairie d'Art, R. Ducher. *Paris,* n. d.

L'Art Roman.

L'Art Gothique.

La Renaissance Française.

Le Style Louis XIII.

Le Style Louis XIV.

Le Style Louis XV.
Le Style Louis XVI.
Le Style Empire.

Mérimée, Prosper. *Notes d'un Voyage en Auvergne.* Librairie H. Fournier, Paris, 1838.

Merson, Oiivier. *Les Vitraux.* Ancienne Maison Quantin, Paris, 1895.

Monmarché, Marcel. *Guides Bleus,* publiés sous la direction de:
Bords de la Loire et Sud Ouest. Librairie Hachette, 1922.
Auvergne et Centre. Librairie Hachette, 1924.
Pyrénées. Librairie Hachette, 1921.
Vallée du Rhône et Cévennes. Librairie Hachette, 1923.

Muret, Frédéric. *Album des Curiosités de la basilique de Saint Julien à Brioude, Haute Loire.* (Photographs of the church, sculptures, and capitals.) Brioude, n. d.

Olivier, Dr. Paul. *L'Ancienne Statue Romane de N.D. du Puy — Vierge Noire Miraculeuse* — Badiou-Amant — Le Puy. 1921.

Ourgand, Ernest, et Pierre de Pindray. *Petite Monographie de Brantôme.* P. Dumont, Imp. Limoges, n. d.

Pennell, Elizabeth R., and Joseph. *French Cathedrals, Monasteries and Abbeys.* Century Company, New York, 1910.

Peyrony. *Les Eyzies et les Environs.* Imp. G. Eyboulet et fils, Ussel, 1922.

Porter, Arthur Kingsley. *Medieval Architecture.* Yale University Press, New Haven, 1912.

Rey, Raymond. *La Cathédrale de Cahors et les Origines de l'Architecture à Coupoles d'Aquitaine.* Henri Laurens, édit., Paris, 1925.
Les Vieilles Églises Fortifiées du Midi de la France. Henri Laurens, édit., Paris, 1925.

Rochias, l'Abbé G. *Étude Iconographique des Chapiteaux de Saint Nectaire.* Henri Delesques, Imp. édit., Caen, 1910.

Sherrill, Charles Hitchcock. *Stained Glass Tours in France.* John Lane Company, New York, 1908.

Théodore, Frère. *Histoire de l'Église Angélique de Notre Dame du Puy.* Antoine Delgarde, Imp. au Puy, 1693.

Thiollier, Noël et Félix. *L'Architecture Religieuse à l'Époque Romane dans l'Ancien Diocèse du Puy.* Le Puy, Marchesson, éditeur, n. d.

Vissouze, Jean. *Monographie de l'Église de Saint Victor et de Sainte Couronne d'Ennezat.* L. Balmet, Imp., édit., Clermont-Ferrand, 1924.

Anonymous

Congrès Archéologique de France. LXXIe Session. Le Puy, 1904.

Domme et ses Environs. Imp. Bessot et Guisnie, Brive, 1914.

L'Église de Besse (P. de D.) Imp. Schmidt, Montrouge, 1914.

Rodez et sa Cathédrale. Imp. Carrère (maison fondée en 1624), Rodez, n. d.

Société Archéologique du Midi de la France, *Albums des Monuments et de l'Art Ancien.* Édouard Privat, Toulouse, 1893–97.

INDEX

Abadie, Paul, architect, 72, 73, 77, 81.
Abbeys: Brantôme, 76; Conques (Sainte-Foy-de-Conques), 161–67; Fontevrault, 26, 27, 29; Gaillac (Saint-Michel), 139; La Chaise Dieu, 210; La Couronne, 75; Le Ronceray, 21; Limoges (Saint-Martial), 62; Moissac, 108–13; Mozac, 250–53; Noirlac, 306–07; Plaimpied, 311; Saint-Aubin, 19; Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, 41; Saint-Savin, 51; Souvigny, 281, 283–91; Thiers, 257.
Abri du Cap Blanc, 87.
Abri de Laussel, 87.
Academies of Toulouse, 129, 130, 134.
Adams, Henry, quoted on church-building in France, 59–60.
Agen monastery, 161, 162.
Aguessac, 176.
Aigoual, L', 182.
Aigueperse, 273–74.
Airvault, church of, 42–43.
Alagnon, the, 220.
Albas, 104.
Albi, Cathedral (Sainte-Cécile), 140–42, 145–47; episcopal palace, 147; Hôtel du Grand-Saint-Antoine, 140; Pont Vieux, 147; Saint-Salvi, church of, 147; streets of, 147.
Albigensians, heresies of, 118–19; the crushing of, 119–24.
Alesia, 224–25.
Allard, Gaston, 12.
Allier, the, 193, 305; sources of, 190; valley of, 192, 216, 259, 275.
Alzou, the, 154.
Amboise, d', Charles I, 309.
Amboise, d', Charles II, 309.
Amboise, d', Georges, 145.
Amboise, d', Louis I, 145.
Amboise, d', Louis II, 145.
Amiens, neglect in churches of, 61; Cathedral, 326.
Angers: Abbey of Le Ronceray, church of, 21; aspect of, 22; Bout du Monde, 7; Cathedral (Saint-Maurice), 3–6; Château d'Angers, 7–8, 11; episcopal palace (museum of religious art), 8; history of, 2; Hôtel du Cheval Blanc, 2, 6; houses of, 7; Jardin du Mail, 13; La Trinité, church of, 22; Maison d'Adam, 6; Musée David d' Angers, 11; Musée Pincé, 20; Musée Saint-Jean, 13, 20–21; Pont de la Haute Chaîne, 13; Préfecture (Abbey of Saint-Aubin), 19–20; quarters of, 3; Saint-Serge, church of, 3, 22; tapestries, 5, 8–11.
Angoulême, arrival at, 70; Cathedral (Saint-Pierre), 72; Hôtel de France, 70, 71, 74; Hôtel de Ville, 73–74; houses of, 72, 74; lindens of, 72; Lycée, 72; markets, 74; military centre, 71; Place Beaulieu, 72; public gardens, 72, 74; site of, 71–72.
Anjou, vintages of, 2, 6; customs of, 12.
Anne of Austria, 46.
Arbrissel, d', Robert, 26.
Arcades, at Angers, 19–20.
Arches, pointed, in Romanesque buildings, 66.
Arlempdes, 194.
Armagnac family, 173.
Aubery, Geoffroy, 277.
Aurillac, 220.
Auron, the, 310.
Automobiles, hired, 91; as an adjunct to the farm in France, 93.

Auvergne, art of, 162, 163.
Auvergne, Counts of, 226.
Auvergne Romanesque architecture, 222, 228, 238.
Avaricum, 312.
Aveyron, the, 151, 173.

Bachelier, Dominique, 128.
Bachelier, Nicolas, 128, 129.
Baffier, Jean, 317.
Balsièges, 187.
Balzac, Honoré de, on the lindens of Angoulême, 72.
Bandol, Jean, 8.
Bargoin, Monsieur, 234.
Bassignacs, family of the, 255–56.
Bastides, 89, 139.
Bataille, Nicholas, 8.
Baths, at Royat, 232, 233.
Beaulieu-sur-Ménoire, 220.
Beaumont, 236.
Beauronne, the, 78.
Bec d'Allier, 305.
Bégon III, Abbot, 166, 167.
Bellac, 57.
Bergerac, 220.
Berry, de, Duke Jean, and his palace at Poitiers, 47, 48; Poitiers, 47; donor of window, Riom, 249; always had money, 306; a harsh ruler, 312; and Cathedral of Bourges, 326, 337; statue of, 339; tomb of, 340.
Bertrand de l'Île, Bishop, 125, 126.
Besse-en-Chandesse, 263–67.
Béturzon, the, 182.
Beynac, 91; Château of, 85.
Bible of Souvigny, 281–82.
'Bible of Theodulph, The,' 204.
Bituriges, 312.
Boeswilwald, Paul, 81.
Boétie, de la, Étienne, 95.
Boileau, Nicolas, 292.
Boinet, Amédée, 327.
Bois-Sir-Amé, Château of, 310.
Boniface VIII, Pope, 118.
Bonnes, 55.
Bourbon l'Archambault, 291–94.
Bourbon, Archambault de, marriage of, 293–94.
Bourbons, Dukes of, 278–80; tombs of, 288–91; cradle of, 291–94.
Bourdeilles, 78.
Bourges: Archevêché (Hôtel de Ville), 323; arrival at, 311; as residence, 324; Cathedral (Saint-Étienne), 325–42; history, 312–13; Hôtel Central, 311; Hôtel Cujas, 320–21; Hôtel Lallemant, 321–22; Hôtel de Ville, 321; houses, 323; Musée du Berry, 320–21; Notre-Dame, church of, 323; palace of Jacques Cœur, 313, 316–20; Saint-Bonnet, church of, 323; Saint-Pierre-le-Guillard, church of, 323; Saint-Ursin, church of, 322.
Boys and priest, 61.
Bramabiau, 182.
Brantôme, 76–78.
Brantôme, Abbé de, 78.
Bréhier, Louis, 284.
Breuil, de, Jean and Martin, 338.
Bridges: Albi, 147; Brantôme, 77; Cahors, 102–03; Limoges, 64–65; Montauban, 114; Quézac, 184; Toulouse, 128–29.
Brioude, 218–20.
Brugère, architect, 81.

Cabrol, François, 160.
Cæsar, Julius, and Vercingetorix, 224–25.
Cahors: Cathedral (Saint-Étienne), 98–101; Château du Roi, 101; *fontaine des Chartreux*, 103–04; from Sarlat to, 96–97; hermitage, 104; history of, 97; Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, 97; houses of, 101, 102; Maison Roaldès, 102; Pont Valentré, 102–03; streets of, 101, 102; *tour des pendus*, 102; walls of, 101–02.
Calviac, 92.
Calvin, 313.

Cambray, Jean de, 289.
Camisards, 185.
Campagne, 84–85.
Canals, 305.
Candes, 26.
Candle extinguishers, 92.
Canyons, of the Tarn, 174–75, 177; on the Jonte, 174, 183.
Capdenac, 159.
Capitals, at Poitiers, 50; at Chauvigny, 54; at Brioude, 218; at Issoire, 223; at Clermont-Ferrand, 229; Romanesque, 229–30, 238; at Mozac, 252; at Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut, 261; at Besse-en-Chandesse, 264; at Meillers, 291; at Nevers, 301.
Cardinal, Peire, 123.
Casilhac, de, Bernard, 144.
Castanet, de, Bernard, 142.
Castelbouc, 183.
Castelnau, Pierre de, 120.
Castelnau de Montratier, 106.
Castelnaud, castle of, 90.
Castelsarrasin, 114.
Catalan, Arnaud, 142.
Cathedrals: fortified, 142–145.
Albi (Sainte-Cécile), 140–42, 145–47; Amiens, 326; Angers (Saint-Maurice), 3–6; Angoulême, 72; Bourges (Saint-Étienne), 325–42; Cahors, 98–101; Chartres, 21, 326; Clermont-Ferrand (Notre-Dame), 227–28; Le Puy (l'Église Angélique de Notre-Dame-du-Puy), 198–225; Limoges, 58–61; Mende, 187–88; Montauban, 114–15; Moulins, 276–78; Nevers (Saint-Cyr and Sainte-Julitte), 298–301; Paris, 326; Périgueux (Saint-Étienne), 83; Périgueux (Saint-Front), 80–82; Poitiers, 36–38; Reims, 326; Rodez, 169–72; Sarlat, 94; Sens, 326; Toulouse, 125–27.
Causse Méjean, 181.
Causse de Sauveterre, 175, 187.
Causses, 106, 174.
Caves, of prehistoric men, 85–87, 177; Padirac, 88; under Domme, 90; in cliffs, 176; of Argilan, 182; Grottes de Jonas, 267.
Célé, the, 153.
Cère, the, 220.
Cévennes, the, 185, 190, 194.
Chabreuge, Château de, 220.
Chamalières, 232, 243.
Champeix, 259, 267.
Chanac, Abbot, 214.
Chantilly, Musée Condé, miniatures in, 48.
Charente, the, 71, 72.
Charlemagne, 50, 51, 76.
Charles I and Duchess, tomb of, 289–90.
Charles VII, 312, 314, 316.
Chartres, Cathedral, 21, 326.
Château l'Évêque, 78.
Châteaugay, 243.
Châteauneuf-de-Randon, 191–92.
Châteaux: Angers, 7–8, 11; Beynac, 85; Bois-Sir-Amé, 310; Bourbon l'Archambault, 292–94; Bourdeilles, 78; Cahors (Château du Roi), 101; Campagne, 84–85; Capdenac (Château de Sully), 159; Castelnaud, 90; Chabreuge, 220; Champeix, 259; Chavaniac-Lafayette, 216–17; Cunault, 24; Dissais, 46; of Dordogne region, 89–90; Fage, 91; Fayrac, 90; Fénelon, 92; Laguépie, 151; Langeais, 16–17; La Roche Beaucourt, 75; La Rochefoucault, 69–70; Laroque Gageac, 90, 91; Léotoing, 220; Luzech, 104; Marzac, 86; Meillant, 309–10; Mercuès, 104; Montaigut-le-Blanc, 259; Montfort, 96; Montsoreau, 25; Murols, 262; Nevers (of Dukes of Nevers), 302–03; Paluel, 91; Polignac, 208–10; Pontgibaud, 244–47; Recoules, Loupiac, 173; Rocamadour, 154; Rocheblave, 184; Rochechouart,

67–68; Roquedol, 182; Roufillac, 92; Saint-Généroux, 42; Saumur, 25; Torsac, 75; Torsiac, 220; Toufou, 55; Tournoël, 253.
Chaudeyrac, 192.
Chauvigny: chapel, 55; feudal castles, 54; Notre-Dame, church of, 51; Saint-Pierre, church of, 54.
Chavaniac-Lafayette, Château of, 216–17.
Cher, the, 306.
Chestnut trees, 57.
Chollet, Dom, 284.
Churches, building of, 59–60; domed, 98; fortified, 142–45, 154, 233.
Aigueperse (Notre-Dame), 273–74; Aigueperse (Sainte-Chapelle), 274; Airvault, 42–43; Albi (Saint-Salvi,) 147; Angers (Abbey of Ronceray), 21; Angers (La Trinité), 22; Angers (Saint-Serge), 3, 22; Beaumont, 236; Bellac, 57; Besse-en-Chandesse (Saint-André), 263–66; Bourbon l'Archambault, 294; Bourges (Notre-Dame), 323; Bourges (Saint-Bonnet), 323; Bourges (Saint-Pierre-le-Guillard), 323; Bourges (Saint-Ursin), 322; Brantôme, 76, 77; Brioude (Église Saint-Julien), 218–20; Candes (Saint-Martin), 26; Castelbouc, 183; Chamalières, 232; Chaudeyrac, 192; Chauvigny (Notre-Dame), 51; Chauvigny (Saint-Pierre), 54; Clermont-Ferrand (Carmes Déchaux), 231; Clermont-Ferrand (Notre-Dame-du-Port), 228–31; Conques, 151, 161–67; Cordes (Saint-Michel), 150; Cuffy, 305; Cunault, 24; Dun-sur-Auron (Saint-Étienne), 310; Ennezat, 254–56; Figeac (Notre-Dame-du-Puy), 157; Figeac (Saint-Sauveur), 158; Fontevrault, 28; Fontevrault (Abbey), 29–30; Gaillac, 139; Gannat (Sainte-Croix), 274; Germigny-l'Exempt, 305; Gourdon (Saint-Pierre), 96; Issoire (Saint-Paul), 221–24; La Bourboule, 239; La Celle Bruère, 307–08; La Chaise-Dieu (Saint-Robert), 210–15; La Couronne, 75; Langogne, 193; La Roche Beaucourt, 75; La Rochefoucault, 70; Le Puy (Saint-Laurent), 206–07; Le Puy (Saint-Michel d'Aiguilhe), 207–08; Les Baumes (Saint-Ilère), 180; Limoges (Saint-Michel-des-Lions), 62; Limoges (Saint-Pierre-du-Queyroix), 62; Lisle-sur-Tarn, 139; Meillers, 291–92; Mirebeau, 40; Moissac (Abbey), 108–13; Moissac (Saint-Martin), 113; Montauban (Saint-Jacques), 114, 115; Montferrand, 235; Mozac, 251–53; Nevers (Saint-Étienne), 301–02; Orcival, 237; Pelouse, 191; Peyreleau, 183; Plaimpied, 311; Poitiers (Montierneuf), 31; Poitiers (Notre-Dame-la-Grande), 31, 34–36; Poitiers (Saint-Hilaire-le-Grand), 49–50; Poitiers (Saint-Porchaire), 49; Poitiers (Sainte-Radegonde), 44–46; Quézac, 184; Rabastens, 138; Richelieu, 30; Riom (Notre Dame du Marthuret), 250; Riom (Saint-Amable), 250; Riom (Sainte-Chapelle), 248–50; Rocamadour (Saint-Sauveur), 155–56; Rochechouart, 68; Rochefort-Montagne, 240; Rodez (Saint-Amans), 172; Royat (Saint-Léger), 233–34; Rudelle, 153–54; Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond, 306; Saint-Généroux, 40, 42; Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, 41; Saint-Junien, 65–67; Saint-Menoux, 295–97; Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut, 260–62; Saint-Paulien, 210; Saint-Pourçain-sur-Sioule, 274–75; Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe, 52–54; Souvigny, 283–91; Tayac, 86; Thiers (l'Église

du Moûtier), 256; Thiers (Saint-Genès), 258; Thiers (Saint-Jean), 258; Torsac, 75; Toulouse (Notre-Dame-de-la-Dalbade), 127–28; Toulouse (Notre-Dame-la-Daurade), 134; Toulouse (Jacobins), 135; Toulouse (Saint-Sernin), 130–34; Toulouse (du Taur), 130; Trèves, 24; Vernines, 237; Villefranche-de-Rouergue (Notre-Dame), 152; Villeneuve-d'Aveyron, 152; Volvic, 254. *See* Cathedrals.
Church *trésors*, 164–67, 262.
Circus, 154, 157.
Cirque des Baumes, 177, 180, 181.
Clement VI, Pope, 210, 214.
Clermont, Council of, 226.
Clermont-Ferrand: arrival at, 225; Carmes Déchaux, church of the, 231; cathedral (Notre-Dame), 227–28; history of, 226–27; Hôtel de la Poste, 225; houses, 231; Museum of Art and Archæology, 231; name of, 226; Notre-Dame-du-Port, church of, 228–31.
Cloisters, at Cahors, 101; at Moissac, 112–13; at Toulouse, 136; at Le Puy, 204; at La Chaise-Dieu, 214.
Coal mines, 160.
Cœur, Jacques, 312, 338, 339; his palace, 313, 316–20; sketch of his life, 313–16.
Col de la Ventouse, 236.
Coligny, Admiral, 34, 41.
Colin, Michel, 128.
Comestor, Peter, 203.
Conques, 151, 160–68.
Coppersmiths, 192.
Cordes, 149–51.
Courançon, the, 260.
Couverts, 107, 139.
Couze, the, 259, 260.
Crevant, 256.
Cro-Magnon cave, 86.
Crusade, First, 226.
Cuffy, 305.
Cufic characters, 200.
Cujas, Jacques, 313, 320–21.
Cunault, Château of, 24; church at, 24.
Cutlery, of Thiers, 257–58.

Daly, César, 141.
Dance of Death, La Chaise-Dieu Church of Saint-Robert, 212–13.
Dauphin, Robert, 144.
David d'Angers, 11.
Decazes, Duke, 160.
Decazeville, 159, 160.
De Croy, Prince, 91.
De Dammartin, Guy, architect, 48.
Délicieux, Bernard, 143.
Denise, volcano, 208.
Dissais, Château of, 46.
Divona Cadurcorum, 97.
Domed churches, the first, in France, 98.
Domme, 78, 89.
Dordogne, the, 92, 96, 220, 238, 239; valley of, 89–90; châteaux of, 90.
Dourbie, the, the canyon of, 174.
Dourdou, the, 160.
Dovecote, a curious, 107.
Dronne, the, 76, 78.
Du Guesclin, Bertrand, 33, 191, 192, 206, 207, 279, 292.
Dumas, Alexandre, his 'La Dame de Montsoreau,' 25.
Dun-sur-Auron, 310.
Durolle, the, 257.

Edith, widow of Edward the Confessor, tomb of, 212.
Eleanor de Guyenne, tomb of, 30; and Poitiers, 33, 37.
Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, 50.
Enamels, Limoges, 63–64, 253.
Ennezat, 243, 254–56.
Episcopal gardens, 65.
Europe, the profit of travel in, 43–44.

Family, the French, 19.

Farm, long tenure of, by one family, 107.
Fayrac, castle of, 90.
Fénelon, Château of, 92.
Fénelon, de, François, 92.
Fénelon, La Mothe, the family, 92.
Figeac, 152, 153, 157–58.
Firmi, 159, 160.
'Flamenca,' 293.
Florac, 185–87.
Flowers, 95.
Folquet, monk, 120.
Font-de-Gaume, caverns, 86.
Fontevrault: abbey, 26–30; church, 28.
Forez, the, 243.
France, the people of, 17–19; edifices of historical interest in, disposition of, 27.
French family, the, 19.
Frescoes: Albi (cathedral), 146; Cahors (cathedral), 99, 101; Château de la Caze, 179; Ennezat, 254–56; Nevers (cathedral), 299; Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe, church of, 52–53.
Funerary lanterns, 28.

Gaillac, 139.
Gambetta, Léon, 97, 102.
Gannat, 273, 274.
Gardais, Gustave, chauffeur, 23; his travels, 68–69.
Gaul, Roman centre of, 307.
Gautier, Théophile, 135.
Gergovia, 224, 225.
Germigny-l'Exempt, 305.
Gerzat, 243.
Glass, stained, 334–40.
Glastonbury, abbey kitchen at, 29.
Godefroy de Bouillon, 277.
Gorges of the Tarn, 173, 174, 177.
Gourdon, 96.
Gramat, 154.
Grandvabre, 159.
Grottes d'Argilan, 182.
Grottes de Jonas, 267.
Grottoes, at Brantôme, 77. *See* Caves.

Hauréau, quoted, 142.
Heat, in the south of France, 55–56.
Henri III, 41.
Henri IV, 102.
Henrietta of England, 292.
Henry II of England, 30, 37.
Heptameron, 70 *n.*
'Home,' the cult of, in France, 19.
Hôtels: Albi (Hôtel du Grand-Saint-Antoine), 140; Angers (Cheval Blanc,) 2, 6; Angoulême (Hôtel de France), 70, 71, 74; Bellac (Hôtel de la Pyramide), 57; Bourges (Hôtel Central), 311; Brantôme (Chabrol), 76; Brioude (Hôtel du Nord), 218; Cahors (des Ambassadeurs), 97; Clermont-Ferrand (Hôtel de la Poste), 225; Figeac (Hôtel des Voyageurs), 153; Gorges of the Tarn (Château de la Caze), 177–78; La Bourboule (Hôtel de Russie), 239; Laguépie, 151; Le Puy (Grand Hôtel), 194; Le Rozier (Grand Hôtel du Rozier), 177; Limoges (de la Paix), 58, 61; Mende (Hôtel de Paris et de la Poste), 187; Montauban (Hôtel du Midi), 114; Moulins (Hôtel de Paris), 275; Nevers (Hôtel de France), 298; Périgueux (Hôtel des Postes et du Commerce), 79; Poitiers (Hôtel du Palais), 31; Rocamadour (Le Lion d'Or), 154, 155; Rochechouart (Beausoleil), 67, 68; Rodez (Broussy), 168; Sarlat (Hôtel de la Madeleine), 88, 91; Toulouse (Capoul), 137; Toulouse (Grand Hôtel Tivollier), 116.

Ingres, J. A. D., 115.
Innocent III, Pope, crusade of, against the Albigensians, 120–24.
Inquisition, the, 124.

Isabelle d'Angoulême, tomb of, 30.
Isaure, Clémence, patroness of the fine arts of the Midi, 129, 130.
Ispagnac, 184, 185.
Issoire, 221–24.

Jacquemart, M., his porcelain collection, 63.
Janin, General, 68.
Jansenists, 118.
Jean de France. *See* Berry.
Jeux Floraux, Académie des, 129.
John XXII, Pope, 97, 101, 150.
Jonte, the, 182; canyon of, 174, 183.

Kitchens, abbey, 28–29.

La Bourboule, 239.
Lac de Guéry, 238.
La Celle Bruère, 307–08.
Lace-making, 196, 206, 208, 215.
La Chaise-Dieu, 210–15.
La Couronne, 75.
Lafayette, Marquis de, birthplace of, 216; a castle of ancestors of, 244–47.
Lafayette Memorial Association, 217.
La Fontaine, 298.
La Française, 107.
Laguépie, 151.
La Limagne, 243.
Lalutte, the, 107.
La Madeleine, grotto of, 86.
La Malène, 180.
Langeais, Château of, tapestry at, 16–17.
Langogne, 192–93.
Lanternes des morts, 28, 95.
Laqueuille, 240.
La Roche Beaucourt, 75.
La Rochefoucault: castle of, 69–70; church of, 70.
La Rochefoucaults, the, 69–70, 309.
La Roque Bouillac, 159.
Laroque Gageac, 90, 91.
La Sauvetat, 194.
Laubespine family, 339.
Lava flows, 244.
'Lay of the Crusade,' 121.
Le Bugue, 84.
Lemercier, Jacques, architect, 30, 129.
Le Moustier, 87.
Lempdes, 220.
Le Nôtre, André, 323.
Léodepart, Macée de, 313.
Léotoing, castle of, 220.
Lépine, Madame, 179.
Le Puy: arrival at, 194; beginnings of, 196–98; Cathedral (l'Église Angélique de Notre-Dame-du-Puy), 198–205; Fourth of July at, 216; Grand Hôtel 194; Musée Crozatier, 215; Rocher Corneille, 205–06; Saint-Laurent, church of, 206–07; Saint-Michel d'Aiguilhe, chapel of, 207–08; site of, 195–96; staircase, 207.
Le Rozier, 177.
Les Baumes, 181.
Les Eyzies, 78, 84, 85, 86.
Les Gorges d'Enfer, grottoes of, 86.
Les Orgues d'Espaly, 206, 208.
Les-Ponts-de-Cé, La Maulévrie, 11–12, 23; its name, 23.
Lexos, 151.
Lezoux, 258.
Limoges: bridges of, 64–65; butchers of, 62, 63; Cathedral (Saint-Étienne), 58–61; Évêché, 65; Hôtel de la Paix, 58, 61; impressions of, 65; Musée Adrien Dubouchet, 63; neglect in churches of, 60–61; porcelain and enamels of, 63–64, 253; quarters of, 58, 65; Saint-Michel-des-Lions, church of, 62; Saint-Pierre-du-Queyroix, church of, 62; streets of, 62–63.
Limosin, Léonard, 64.
Limousin, 62.
Lintel, arcaded trilobed, 100.
Lisle-sur-Tarn, 139.
Loches, 82.
Locke, W, J., his description of

Brantôme in 'The Wonderful Year,' 76.
Lohengrin, 303.
Loire, the, 194, 298, 305.
L'Oisellerie, 75.
Lot, the, 97, 104–05, 159, 187, 190; valley of, 152.
Louche, the, 161.
Louis II of Bourbon and Duchess, tomb of, 288–89.
Louis XI, 67, 312, 317.
Louis XIV, 292.
Lozère, the, 190.
Luzech, 104.

Magdalenian Period, 86.
Mâle, Émile, his *Religious Art in France in the Thirteenth Century*, 329, 336.
Marcillac, 168.
Marguerite d'Angoulême (Marguerite de Valois or de Navarre), 70, 74.
Mariners of the Loire, 305.
Markets, 74, 80, 125, 152, 192.
Marot, Clément, 97.
Marriage, in France, 73.
Marron, 57.
Marzac, Château de, 86.
Master of Moulins, The, 278.
Mediæval town, a, 102–03.
Meillant, Château de, 309–10.
Meillers, 291–92.
Mende, 187–89.
Mercuès, Castle of, 104.
Mercury, temple and statue of, on Puy de Dôme, 241.
Mérimée, Prosper, 201, 204, 223, 308.
Merle, Captain, 189.
Meyrueis, 182.
Mézens, 138.
Midi, the, 117–24.
Military ceremony at Poitiers, 46–47.
Mirebeau, 40.
Miremont, Grottes de, 87.
Mistral, Frédéric, 129.
Mitchell, Senator, 70.
Moissac, 108–13.
Moles, de, Jean and Armond, 126.
Molières, 107.
Molinier, Estienne, 144.
Mont Cornadore, 260.
Mont Dore, 236.
Mont Dore, thermal village of the, 239.
Mont Gerbier des Joncs, 194.
Mont Lozère, 187.
Mont Mézenc, 194.
Montagne du Goulet, 190.
Montaigut-le-Blanc, Château of, 259.
Montauban: bridge of, 114; Cathedral, 114–15; *cornières* of, 116; Hôtel du Midi, 114; Musée Ingres, 115; Place Nationale, 115–16; Saint-Jacques, church of, 114, 115.
Montcontour, 41.
Montespan, Madame de, 292.
Montferrand, 226, 234–36.
Montfort, castle of, 96.
Montfort, de, Simon, 121–23.
Montigny, Maréchal de, 337.
Montmorency, Duke of, 130.
Montmorency, Henri de, tomb to memory of, 280.
Montrognon, 236.
Monts du Velay, 194.
Montségur, 124.
Montsoreau, Château of, 25.
Monuments, preservation of, 27.
Monuments Historiques, 27.
Morel, Jacques, 289.
Mortemart, Marquis de, 309.
Moulins: approach to, 275; Cathedral, 276–78; history of, 278–80; Hôtel de Paris, 275; houses, 280–81; museum, 281–82.
Mousterian Age, 86.
Moustier, Grotte du, 86.
Mozac, Abbey of, 250–53.
Murat, 220.
Murols, 262.
Museums: Albi, 147; Angers (David d'Angers), 11; Angers (museum of

religious art, episcopal palace), 8–11; Angers (Pincé), 20; Angers (St.-Jean), 13, 20–21; Angoulême, 73; Bourges (Musée du Berry), 320–21; Château de la Caze, 178; Clermont-Ferrand (Museum of Art and Archæology), 231; Conques, 167; Le Puy (cathedral), 205; Le Puy (Musée Crozatier), 215; Les Eyzies (prehistoric remains), 85; Limoges (Musée Adrien Dubouchet), 63; Limoges (Bishop's palace), 65; Montauban (Musée Ingres), 115; Moulins, 281–82; Nevers (Frédéric Blandin), 304; Périgueux (Musée du Périgord), 83; Poitiers (Roman and Christian archæology, Baptistère Saint-Jean), 39; Rochechouart, 67; Toulouse (Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture), 136; Toulouse (Musée Saint-Raymond), 134, 137.

Nébouzat, 247.
Nerra, Foulques, 25.
Nevers: arrival at, 298; Cathedral (Saint-Cyr and Sainte-Julitte), 298–301; Château of the Dukes of Nevers, 302–03; Hôtel de France, 298; houses, 304; Musée Frédéric Blandin, 304; pottery, 304; Saint-Étienne, church of, 301–02.
Nevers, Dukes of, Château of, 302–03.
New York, in France (La Celle Bruère), 307.
Nicholas le Gendre, 46.
Nohanent, 243.
Noirlac, Abbey of, a typical Cistercian abbey, 306–07.

Olby, 247.
Orcival, 237.
Osborn, Henry F., his 'Men of the Old Stone Age,' 86.
Osma, Bishop of, 120.
Overpopulation, 176.

Padirac, 88, 93.
Paluel, Château of, 91.
Panne, 91, 94.
Paris, Cathedral, 326.
Paule, Marsault, 329.
Pelouse, 191.
Pénicaud, 64.
Perfecti (Cathari), the, 118–19.
Périgord, famed for truffles and *pâtés de foies gras*, 76; Quebec roof in, 84.
Périgueux: arrival at, 78–79; Cathedral (Saint-Étienne), 83; Cathedral (Saint-Front), 80–82; Château Barrière, 83; Hôtel des Postes et du Commerce, 79; houses of, 82; market, 80; mediæval ramparts, 83; Musée du Périgord, 83; Préfecture, 82; public gardens, 83; river-banks of, 82; Roman remains, 83–84; streets of, 82.
Peter the Hermit, 226.
Peter the Venerable, 28.
Pétronille de Chemillé, 26.
Peyreleau, 183.
Pic de Finiels, 190.
Pierre II, King of Aragon, 122.
Pigeons, as food, 108.
Pilgrimage, places of, 91, 154–56.
Pilgrims, 237.
Plaimpied, 311.
Plateau du Palais du Roi, 190.
Plauzat, 259.
Plessis-Macé, feudal castle, 14–17.
Poitiers: arrival at, 31–32; attractions of, 56; Baptistère Saint-Jean, 38–40; Cathedral (Saint-Pierre), 36–38; country about, 51; Grande Rue, 31; history of, 33–34; Hôtel du Palais, 31–32; military ceremony at, 46–47; Montierneuf, church of, 31; Notre-Dame-la-Grande, church of, 31, 34–36; Palais de Justice, 47–49; provin-

cial capital, 34; Saint-Hilaire-le-Grand, church of, 49–50; Saint-Porchaire, church of, 49; Sainte Radegonde, church of, 44–46.
Poitou, 43.
Polignac, 208–10, 216.
Pont de Dore, 256.
Pont de la Miouze, 247.
Pont-de-Montvert, 185.
Pontgibaud, 243, 244–47.
Pontgibaud, Comte and Comtesse of, 246–47.
Porcelain, Limoges, 63.
Pottery, of Nevers, 304.
Pradelles, 193.
Pragmatic Sanction, 312–13.
Pré des Moines, La, 160–61.
Préfets, their quarters, 82.
Prehistoric men, caves of, 85–87, 267.
Protestantism, persistence of, in Southern France, 186.
Prunier, 179.
Puy de Dôme, 236, 240.
Puy de Dôme, *Département* of, list of noteworthy places in, 268–72.
Puy de Sancy, 236.
Puys, 236.

Quebec roof, the, 84.
Quercy, the, 106.
Quézac, 184–85.
Quick and the Dead, fresco at Ennezat, 254–56.

Rabastens, 138.
Radegonde, 44.
Raymond IV, Count, 117.
Raymond VI, 120, 121, 122.
Raymond VII, 149.
Recoules, Castle of, 173.
Reims, Cathedral, 21, 326.
Reliquaries, 166, 253.
Renaud de Montclar, Abbot, tomb of, 212.
René d'Anjou, King, 8, 9, 11.
Rey, Raymond, 101.
Richard Cœur de Lion, tomb of, 30.
Richelieu, 30–31.
Richelieu, Cardinal, 30, 31.
Riom, 243, 247–50, 273.
Roads, 40, 174–75.
Robin, André, 5.
Rocamadour, 91, 93, 95, 148, 154–56.
Rocheblave, Château de, 184.
Rochechouart, 67–69.
Rochefort-Montagne, 240.
Roches Tuilière and Sanadoire, 238.
Rodez: arrival at, 168; Cathedral (Notre-Dame), 169–72; episcopal palace, 172; history, 173; Hôtel Broussy, 168; houses, 173; position of, 169; Saint-Amans, church of, 172; views from, 169.
Roland, the sword of, 156.
Roman remains, Angers, 2, 8; Poitiers, 39; Périgueux, 83–84; Luzech, 104; Rodez, 173; Le Puy, 196, 202; Clermont-Ferrand 231; Royat, 233; Puy de Dôme, 241; Moulins, 282; Bourbon l'Archambault, 292.
Romanesque architecture of Auvergne, 222, 228–30, 238, 260.
Roquedol, Château of, 182.
Roufillac, Château of, 92.
Routes Nationales, 40.
Royat, 232–34.
Rudelle, 153–54.

Saint Amadour, 155, 156.
Saint Amand, 108.
Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond, 305–06.
Saint Aurélien, brotherhood of, 63.
Saint Bartholomew, 313.
Saint-Chély-du-Tarn, 181, 183.
Saint-Cyprien, near Figeac, 159–60.
Saint-Cyprien, near Sarlat, 91.
Saint-Cyprien, near Toulouse, 128.
Saint Cyr, 299.
Saint Dalmas, 172.
Saint-Diéry, 267.
Saint Dominic, 120.
Saint-Généroux: Château, 42; church, 40, 42.
Saint-Genès, 247.

Saint Hilaire, 33.
Saint-Jouin-de-Marnes, 41.
Saint Junien, 66.
Saint-Junien: bridge at, 67; chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Pont at, 67; church of, 65–67; market place of, 67.
Saint Martial, 62.
Saint Martin, 26.
Saint Mayeul, 283, 284.
Saint-Menoux, 295–97.
Saint Nectaire, 260.
Saint-Nectaire-les-Bains, 260.
Saint-Nectaire-le-Haut, 260–62.
Saint Odillon, 283, 284.
Saint-Paulien, 210, 216.
Saint-Pourçain-sur-Sioule, 274–75.
Saint Robert, 210, 211.
Saint Saturnin (Sernin), 117.
Saint-Savin-sur-Gartempe, Château, 54; church, 51–53; gendarmerie, 53.
Sainte-Enimie, 181, 183.
Sainte Foy, 161–67.
Sainte Julitte, 299.
Salles la Source, 168.
Saracens, 161.
Sarlat, 78, 88, 91, 94–95, 220.
Saumur, 25.
Sauveterre, Causse de, 175.
Sculpture, twelfth-century, 100, 109–12.
Sénectaire, Jacques de, 213.
Sens, cathedral, 326.
Sequoias, 234.
Sévérac-le-Château, 174.
Sévigné, Madame de, 292.
Siegfried, M., 17.
Sioule, the, 244, 247, 274.
Sioulet, the, 237.
Sorel, Agnès, 310–11.
Souffron, Pierre, 128.
Souillac, 92, 220.
Souvigny: Abbey of, Bible, 281–82; history of, 283–85; church, 286–91.
Stained glass, 334–40.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, his 'Travels with a Donkey,' 185, 194.
Tapestries: Angers (Museum or Cathedral, 'Tapestries of the Apocalypse,' of fifteenth to eighteenth century), 5, 8–11; Conques (church), 167; La Chaise-Dieu, 213; Langeais (château), 16–17; Mende (cathedral), 188; Riom (Sainte-Chapelle), 249–50; Toulouse (cathedral), 126.
Tarn, the, 114, 138, 147, 176; valley of, 107, 176; Gorges of, 173, 174, 177, 183; rapids of, 180; source of, 190.
Tarnon, the, 185, 186.
Tayac, church of, 86.
Teas, afternoon, 14.
Terrasse, la, 153.
Thefts, of holy reliques, 162.
Théodore, Brother, 195, 196, 203.
Thiers, 256–58.
Tilleul, 68.
Tiretaine, the, 233.
Tombs of Bourbons, 288–91.
Torsac: Château, 75; church, 75.
Torsiac, castle of, 220.
Toufou, Château of, 55.
Toulouse: Academies, 129; Augustins, Les (Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture), 136; Cathedral (Saint-Étienne), 125–127; dungeon, 130; Grand Hôtel Tivollier, 116; history, 117–24; Hôtel Capoul, 137; Hôtel d'Assézat, 129; Hôtel de Ville, 130; houses, 127; Jacobins, church of the, 135; *Maison de pierre*, 127; Black Virgin, 134; Musée Saint-Raymond, 137; Notre-Dame-de-la-Dalbade, church of, 127–28; Notre-Dame-la-Daurade, church of, 134; Pont Neuf, 128–29; restaurants, 137; Saint-Sernin, Basilica of, 130–34; streets, 137; Le Taur, church of, 130; University, 124, 137.
Touraine, 1.
Touring, in Europe, the profit of, 43–44.

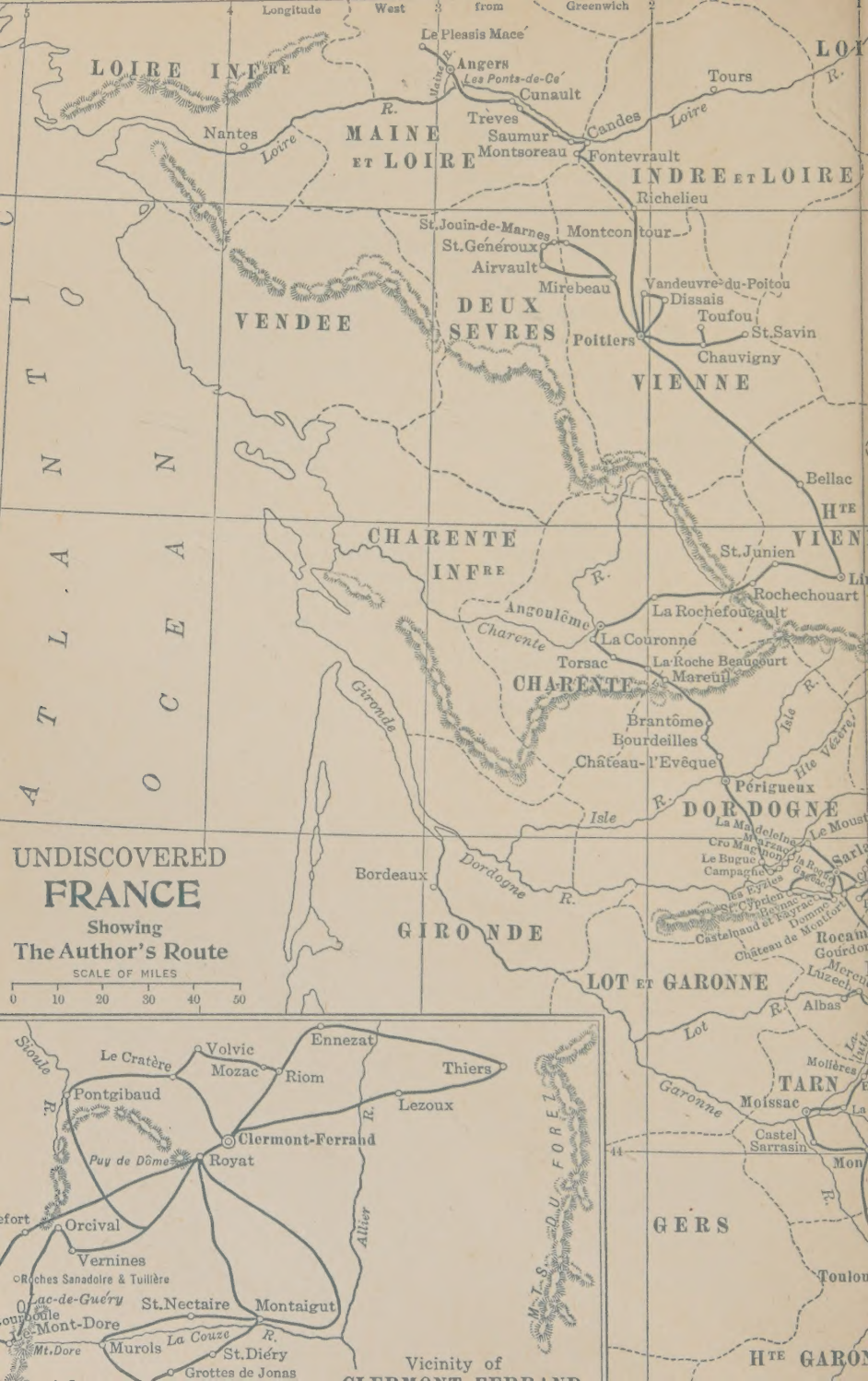
Tourists, a source of profit to France, 27.
Tournoël, Château de, 253.
Tours, Council of, 119.
Trèves, 24.
Triptych, in Cathedral of Moulins, 277–78.
Troglodyte habitations, 24.
Troubadours, 122–24.
Trousseau family, 338.
Truffle preserves, 156–57.
Turenne, family of, 96.

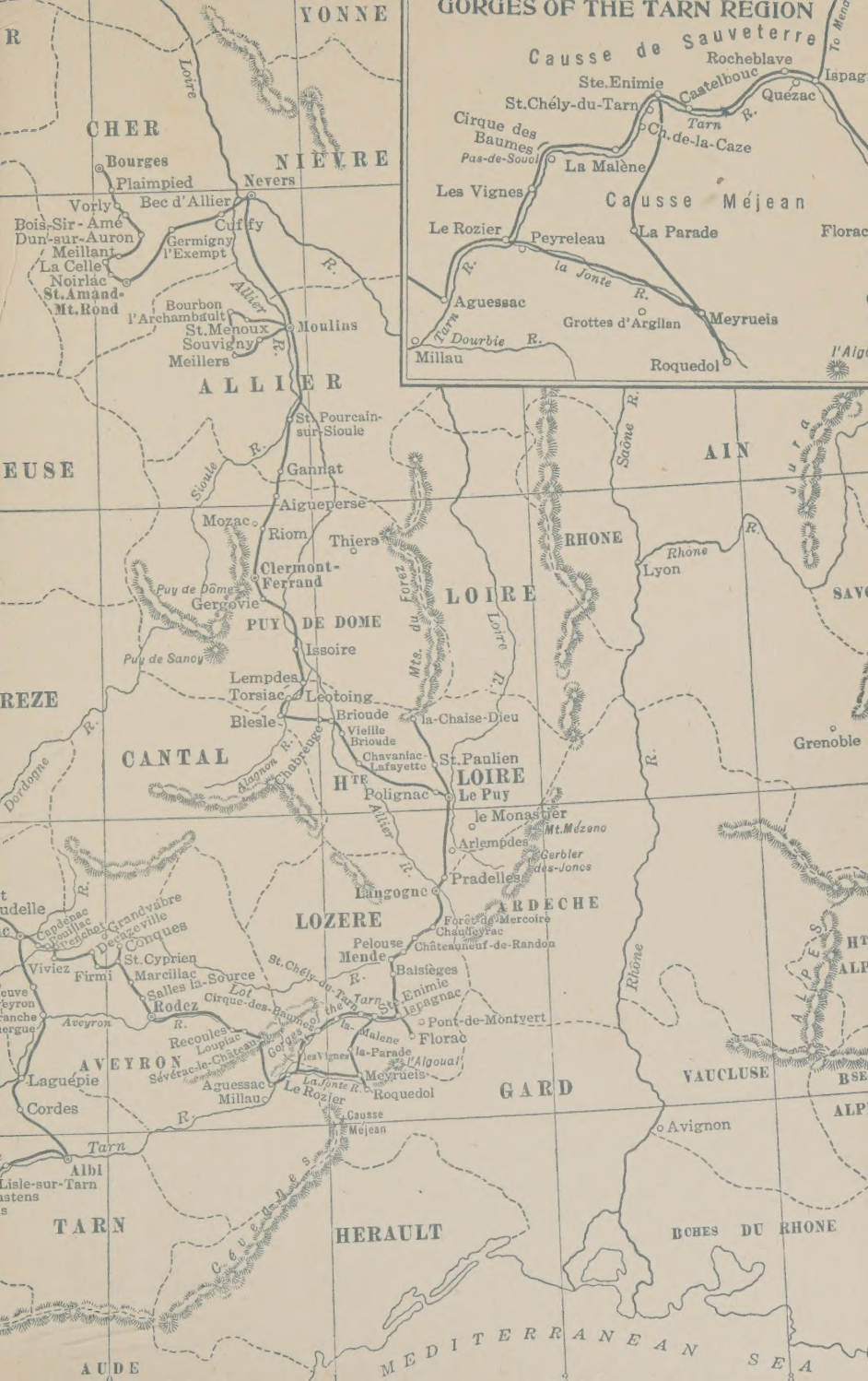
Urbain II, Pope, 226.
Urbain V, Pope, 184, 188.
Uxellodunum, 97, 104.

Vassivière, 264–66.
Vaux Cernay, de, Pierre, 122.
Vercingetorix, scene of his defeat of Cæsar (Gergovia), 224; scene of Cæsar's defeat of (Alesia), 224–25; statue of, 224, 225.
Vernines, 237.
Verrières, 260.
Veyre, 259.
Vézère, the, 84, 86.
Viaur, the, 151.
Vic-sur-Cère, 220.
Villefranche-de-Rouergue, 151–52.
Villeneuve-d'Aveyron, 152.
Virgins, black, Toulouse, 134; Rocamadour, 156; Quézac, 184–185; Mende, 188; Le Puy, 203; Clermont-Ferrand, 230; Besse-en-Chandesse, 264–66.
Volvic, 243, 244, 253, 254.

Waldensians, 119.
Waldo, Peter, 119.
Wall belfries, 192.
Windows: Angers (cathedral), 5; Angers (Musée Saint-Jean), 13; Bourges (cathedral), 334–40; Clermont-Ferrand (cathedral), 228; Limoges (church of Saint-Michel-des-Lions), 62; Moulins (cathedral), 276–77; Poitiers (cathedral), 37–38; Poitiers (church of Sainte-Radegonde), 46; Riom (Sainte-Chapelle), 248–49; Toulouse (cathedral), 126.

Zaccheus, 156.


Longitude West from Greenwich
LOIRE INFRE
Le Plessis Macé
Angers
Les Ponts-de-Cé
Cunault
Tours
Nantes
Loire
MAINE ET LOIRE
Trèves
Saumur
Montsoreau
Candes
Fontevrault
INDRE ET LOIRE
Richelieu
St. Jouin-de-Marnes
Montcontour
St. Généroux
Airvault
Mirebeau
Vandeuvre-du-Poitou
Dissais
Toufou
St. Savin
Chauvigny
VENDEE
DEUX SEVRES
Poitiers
VIENNE
Bellac
CHARENTE INFRE
St. Junien
Rochechouart
Angoulême
La Rochefoucault
Charente
La Couronne
Torsac
La Roche Beaucourt
Mareuil
CHARENTE
Brantôme
Bourdeilles
Château-l'Evêque
Périgueux
DORDOGNE
Isle
Girondo
Dordogne
Bordeaux
GIRONDE
UNDISCOVERED FRANCE
Showing The Author's Route
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
LOT ET GARONNE
Albas
Lot
Garonne
TARN
Moissac
Castel Sarrasin
GERS
Toulou
Le Cratère
Volvic
Mozac
Riom
Ennezat
Thiers
Lezoux
Pontgibaud
Clermont-Ferrand
Puy de Dôme
Royat
Orcival
Vernines
Roches Sanadoire & Tuilière
Lac-de-Guéry
St. Nectaire
Montaigut
Mont-Dore
Mt. Dore
Murols
La Couze
St. Diéry
Grottes de Jonas
Allier
Vicinity of CLERMONT-FERRAND


GORGES OF THE TARN REGION
Causse de Sauveterre
Rocheblave
Castelbouc
Ispag
Quézac
Ste.Enimie
St.Chély-du-Tarn
Tarn R.
Ch.-de-la-Caze
Cirque des Baumes
Pas-de-Souci
La Malène
Les Vignes
Causse Méjean
Le Rozier
Peyreleau
La Parade
Florac
la Jonte R.
Aguessac
Grottes d'Argilan
Meyrueis
Millau
Dourbie R.
Roquedol
YONNE
CHER
NIEVRE
Bourges
Plaimpied
Nevers
Vorly
Bec d'Allier
Bois-Sir-Amé
Cuffy
Dun-sur-Auron
Germigny l'Exempt
Meillant
La Celle
Noirlac
St.Amand-Mt.Rond
Bourbon l'Archambault
St.Menoux
Souvigny
Meillers
Moulins
Loire
Allier R.
ALLIER
St.Pourçain-sur-Sioule
Sioule R.
Gannat
Aigueperse
Mozac
Riom
Thiers
Clermont-Ferrand
Puy de Dôme
Gergovie
PUY DE DOME
Issoire
Puy de Sancy
Lempdes
Torsiac
Leotoing
Blesle
Brioude
la-Chaise-Dieu
Vieille Brioude
Chavaniac-Lafayette
St.Paulien
Chabreuge
Algonon R.
CANTAL
Dordogne R.
HTE LOIRE
Polignac
Le Puy
le Monastier
Mt.Mézenc
Arlempdes
Gerbier des-Joncs
Pradelles
Langogne
LOZERE
ARDECHE
Forêt de Mercoire
Chaudeyrac
Châteauneuf-de-Randon
Pelouse
Mende
Balsièges
St.Chély-du-Tarn
Ste.Enimie
Espagnac
Pont-de-Montvert
Florac
Rodez
Cirque-des-Baumes
Gorges de la Malene
Les Vignes
la-Parade
l'Algoual
Meyrueis
Roquedol
Le Rozier
Causse Méjean
Millau
Aguessac
Rhône
Saône R.
AIN
Jura
RHONE
Lyon
Grenoble
Avignon
VAUCLOUSE
GARD
HERAULT
TARN
AVEYRON
Aveyron R.
Laguépie
Cordes
Albi
Lisle-sur-Tarn
Viviez
Firmi
St.Cyprien
Marcillac
Selles la-Source
Decazeville
Conques
Grandvabre
Cendénac
Bouillac
Bréchet
Reconles
Loupiac
Sévérac-le-Château
Lot
Tarn
Garonne R.
Cévennes
Alpes
AUDE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA